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Jackey Sax's Book
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November 1: 1761

Master Jackey Sax
His Book
March 5: 1763

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T H E
Pleasing Instructor:
O R,
ENTERTAINING MORALIST.

CONSISTING OF
Select Essays, Relations,
VISIONS and ALLEGORIES,

COLLECTED FROM

The most Eminent ENGLISH AUTHORS.

To which are prefixed, New THOUGHTS ON

E D U C A T I O N.

Designed for the Use of SCHOOLS, as well as the
CLOSET; with a View to form the rising Minds of
the YOUTH of both Sexes to Virtue, and destroy in
the Bud, those Vices and Frailties, which Mankind, and
Youth in particular, are addicted to.



L O N D O N:
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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE sole View of the Editor, in the following Sheets, is to exhibit a connected Plan of Morality for the Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes, free from that incoherent Jumble so remarkable in all Collections of this Kind which have hitherto been published. — The *Utile Dulci* has been consulted, and Morality here appears smiling, and free from that unpleasing Formality with which she is too often disguised by partial or mistaken Pedants. — The several Relations, Eastern Stories, Dreams, &c. (some of which are Originals) will, it is to be hoped, recommend it to young Minds, whose At-
tentions

The P R E F A C E.

tions are thereby particularly engaged, and by the Assistance of which Morality steals insensibly into their good Graces, and makes a more lasting Impression: The most elegant Writers have been consulted by the Editor; so that the young Reader, by being conversant with the following Essays, will, at the same Time, acquire a true Taste to an Ease and Elegance in his Native Tongue; an Accomplishment too much neglected by the Teachers of Youth, who seldom look on it as an Improvement so absolutely necessary as it really is. — And though the Pleasure and Instruction of Youth has been principally considered in the following Collection, it will not (it is presumed) be unworthy the Attention and Perusal of those more advanced in Years, and be in general approved of by the Polite and Judicious throughout the Kingdom.



Thoughts



Thoughts on Education,
BY WAY OF
INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH EDUCATION be a Subject that *almost* all Authors, of all Ages, have writ upon ; yet *many* have attempted it who were Strangers perhaps to the most extensive Definition of the WORD : *Others* have laid down very *plausible* Rules and Systems for it, which, upon Experience, have been found impracticable ; while *others* have obliged the World with such *valuable* and *plain* Plans, that any thinking Man must be apt to wonder how *they* should have been missed or neglected ; yet these *able* Writers have to *ignorant* and *undiscerning* Pretenders planned and planned in vain ; from which it may plainly be inferred, that *different* Passions and Dispositions require *different* Management and Application, to so endless a Variety, that it is merely impossible to enumerate Methods for the *proper* Correction of every Enormity in every human Mind, or lay down Rules for the best Incitements to, and Encouragements of Virtue and Science : So that the *main* Point after all their Prescriptions, must center in the Tutors or Governesses of Schools and Seminaries. Much Learning and great Abilities, (though material Articles) are not the *only* Essentials ; he who has the *most* Learning does not always convey it in the *best* and

ii *The* INTRODUCTION,

clearest Manner to others; some cannot or will not be at the Pains to find out *particular* Methods (where *general* ones fail) to render what they would communicate intelligible to the *various* Capacities of their Pupils; nor do Learning and Knowledge *always* center in the same Person. *Useful* Knowledge, or what I would have comprehended by the Word * Politeness, is the *grand* Mark or Summit of Education we should aim at; Learning, as a famous Author has expressed himself, is but the Vehicle that carries us to it.

A n austere or learned Pedant has sometimes *whipped* *Latin, Greek, &c.* into a Lad, whose very Disgust to it increased, perhaps, with the Acquisition thereof; but it is a *manifest* Absurdity to maintain or imagine that *any one* can be *awed* into a *Love* of Learning and Virtue. A Boy is not at all cured of a Fault who only *avoids* it for Fear of Punishment, he must be *influenced* by a Love for Honour and Credit, with a laudable Ambition to *pursue* them: Any Master, who, if himself a GOOD and DISCERNING Man, will not be *much* at a Loss how to *confirm* and *ratify* him in his Choice, being capacitated as a *good* Man, to communicate to him the secret Impulses, the benign Reflections, of his own honest, and, therefore, happy Mind; as a *discerning* Man to observe and remark to him what *wild* Havock and
various

* " To define Politeness, we may say, it is all moral Virtues in
" Epitome: It is a Combination of Discretion, Civility, Complaisance
" and Circumspection, to pay every one the Respects they have a Right
" to demand of us; besides an exact Knowledge of Decorum, and of
" what every one owes to his respective Quality, duly to maintain his
" Character as becomes him: And all this must be dressed and set off
" with an agreeable and insinuating Air diffused through all our Words
" and Actions.

various Desolation, Vice and Folly never fail to bring on their Votaries, which may be clearly demonstrated either by *living* Examples, among their Acquaintances, or from Books by similar Relations, Allegories, or Essays, (such as are inserted in this Collection) *applied* at proper Times on proper Occasions, *judiciously* explained and *wisely* inculcated: But an *ILL* Man, though *ever* so learned can *never* be a good Schoolmaster, it being impossible he should, with a *due* Sensibility, *describe* or enforce Impulses of Goodness he does not feel, or *demonstrate* to others with Clearness and Impartiality the *Effects* of those Vices and Follies to which he himself is so *particularly* biased and attached; nay, even the very *best* Precepts and Documents (could a Master of this Stamp be capable of such) would fail of their *due* Force and Influence from the Mouth of one whose *own* Manners and Dispositions are Contradictions to them: Therefore a *bad* Man in the Point of Edification *must* miscarry; and even a *good* Man *may*, for as no Man ought to be *well-bred* (if a Man can be well bred) at the Expence of Religion and Virtue, so *neither* ought any Man to practise them in so *morose* or *surly* a Manner as to *deter* others from Imitation. I shall endeavour to explain myself yet more clearly by the *two* following *Characters*, which I shall represent by the Names of CANDIDUS and DENUNCIUS.

CANDIDUS is a Man of *extensive* Learning, has an *exact* Knowledge of human Nature, a *great* Experience of the World, and of *those* Differences which result from Constitution, Age, *received* Opinions, *external* Fortune, Education, Custom, and Conversation; manages the Tempers of his Pupils with *indescribable* Artfulness, so consequently can *adapt* or *address* his Admonitions or

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Instructions to the most *salutary* Ends, be his Scholars *ever* so * *numerous*, or their Dispositions *ever* so *various*.

As to the *Qualities* of his Mind he is *mild, humane, affable, affectionate*, and even invitingly *accessible, encouraging* his Pupils in the Display of *all* their little Doubts, Queries, and *divided* Opinions; teaching them at the same Time *not* to persist in an Opinion, &c. because they had *once* avowed it; but to come *frankly* into Conviction, and would frequently with a *condescending* Bow, Smile, &c. *thank* a Scholar for any little officious Services, or *intended* Obligations; nay, frequently apologize, or ask Pardon, for *any* Omission, Mistake, Misapprehension or similar Modes of Behaviour, such as frequently occur among the *best* bred and polite; and thus by being *treated* as Men, they become *emulous* of being such. Familiarities in a Tyrant are observed to beget Contempt, in *him* Respect and Gratitude; for as he has not even a *Thought* that is ambitious, wrong or malicious, he never *was* or *can be* seen by them in a little mean or ridiculous Light; but his whole Conduct is the *living* Object of their Imitation. Thus as his Character is *uniform*, his Temper *serene* and *steady*, the Influence acquired in his School is unlimited: He applauds with *so much* Pleasure, and reproves with *so much* tender Concern and Affection, that they *love* him as a Parent. So *constantly* devout, and fervent in the Duties of Religion and Morality, that they *reverence* him as a *Saint*, and *consider* him as a *Mentor*: They are *awed* by his
Virtues,

* By numerous is not meant here many at once, but at various Times, as perhaps no Man can, to Perfection, teach more than twelve or fourteen at a Time.

ON EDUCATION. ▼

Virtues, not by his Severities; and by a constant Attention to his Doctrines, exemplified in his own Life, his Pupils frequently acquire “such a Conviction of the “Consciousness of a Deity to *all* their Thoughts, that “every inordinate Wish, becomes *secretly* suppressed by “the most scrupulous Circumspection.”

SUCH is the amiable *Candidus*, and *such* the engaging and successful Methods, he *makes* use of

———“To rear the tender Thought,
“To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
“To pour the fresh Instruction o’er the Mind,
“To breathe th’ enliv’ning Spirit, and to fix
“The gen’rous Purpose in the glowing Breast.”

DENUNCIUS too is a Man of Learning, but not so *notorious* for his Learning as the *Offentation* of it: Therefore Knowledge he *cannot* have much of, because if he had, he would see *so much* Weakness *even* in the Perfection of human Reason, that he would in Consequence *despise*, not be proud of, his own *miserable* Pittance: Watching and assisting the *Openings* of little Minds, enlarging their *Ideas*, sowing the Seeds of *Goodness*, or weeding out *Enormities*, though very essential *Points*, are yet such as he is *equally* ignorant and unconcerned about, wanting that *necessary* Discernment to *deduce* the Actions of Men to their *minute* Sources, or to *infer* Consequences from their Manners or Actions; but his Incapacity in this is not the least Obstruction to his *general* Acceptation, which my *wisest* Readers will, on *first* Thoughts, wonder at; but then let them *consider*, that there are Hundreds of Parents who can *judge* of a Lad’s Advancement

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ment in Sounds, Syllables, Words, or Languages, who are utterly *incapable* of discerning the Enlargement of his *mental* Faculties, and their Wonder will cease. I have observed before, that he is *vain* and *ostentatious*; I should have *added* *passionate*, *pedantic*, *arrogant*, *morose*, and *ill-natured*, *the natural Produce of a narrow and ignorant Mind*. As *passionate*, he frequently *opposes* Commotion with Commotion: So that his Scholars look upon his Severities as *Revenge*, or the Gratification of his own *contesting* Humour, not the *necessary* Correction of their Faults. His Passion too drives him to *such* Lengths as *often* subjects him to *undue* Concessions, so that he *destroys* the Authority and Order of his School by his *very* Endeavours to *preserve* them; in short, as his Behaviour in School is *exactly* the Reverse to that of *Candidus*, so are its Effects, for *Denuncius* is as *heartily* ridiculed and despised, as the other is revered and beloved: While *their* Boys, though perhaps with the *equal* Approbation of their several Parents, leave their *respective* Schools with *this* Difference; *i. e.* The Instructions and Example of *Candidus* having *dispelled* from before his Pupils the Mist of Ignorance, and *enabled* them to see clearly and *judge* infallibly of the Merits and Demerits of Good and Evil, and of the *natural* Consequences thereof, his *young* Men are thereby enabled to *guard* against *all* Incitements to the *visionary* Pleasures of *guilty* Life, and to *steer* their Course with Security and Credit *through* the World: Whereas *those* of *Denuncius* not having had their *Senses* and reasoning Faculties *exercised*, or their Judgments *cultivated*, but tyrannized into *implicit* Obedience, and perhaps into an *irreparable* Meanness, Abjectness, and Slavishness of Spirit, *fally* forth into Action and the *wide* World

at

at Random, ignorant of the Roads that lead to true Honour or Happiness, and unapprized of the latent Dangers of Vice and Error till they are perhaps surprised, swallowed up, or otherwise undone by their Consequences.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Reverseness of these two Characters, they are almost always miserably confounded by the undiscerning World, who are ever liable to be deceived by false Appearances. Narrow Reserve and pedantic Moroseness have passed for sound Wisdom and profound Discretion; Instructors of Youth have degenerated into the Corrupters and Depravers of it, Authority into Tyranny, and Submission into Slavery: Hence it is that the most despicable and worthless Pretenders have put up for that Veneration and Esteem only due to Men of Ability and Worth; and oftener Men of Ability and Worth have been obliged to share the Contempt due to Knaves and Dunces: By this Means the most laudable and honorary Profession in the World, i. e. the Instructing of Youth, is esteemed mean, dependent and servile; and thus in far more Instances than immediately relate to my Purpose, a nice Observer may discern "the Bounderies of Distinction, between Good and Evil, almost lost in the World."

GRAMMATICAL Learning is at present, perhaps, too much out of Fashion, especially among the Ladies. Most of our English Grammars are so dependent upon the Latin, that they appear only Translations of them, introducing many needless Perplexities; as superfluous Cases, Genders, Moods, Tenses, &c. Peculiarities which our Language is exempt from: Therefore it
must

viii *The* INTRODUCTION,

must proceed from Ignorance or Parade in *any* School-master to teach, or pretend *much* Advantage therefrom, to a *mere English* Scholar; and, it is owing to *this* Ignorance or *unsuccessful* Pretence, that *English* Grammar is *so much* neglected or so lightly esteemed as it is, *even* amongst Men of Learning, though it is generally allowed that NONE can speak or write properly who are ignorant of Grammar; therefore it becomes necessary that a *Practical English* Grammar * should be consistent with itself, and *independent* of the *Latin*, except in *such* Articles as are *common* to both.

NONE can *ever* display their Talents to *much* Advantage, either in Writing or Conversation, unless they have a Taste for the Beauty and Propriety of their *Mother* Tongue; and which they can *never* have, without learning it, *so* as to know the *Nature* and *Kinds* of Words with their Connections and Dependencies upon one another. That many Women read *much* and yet *not* to Edification is, chiefly, because they are ignorant of *these* Connections and Dependencies, and thereby *apply* Relatives to *wrong* Antecedents, Verbs to *wrong* Names, particularly when there is a *Genitive* Case between a *Nominative* Word and the Verb, *mistake* Things for Persons and Persons for Things, and are thereby *misted* in the Sense of what they are about to trace, especially in *circumstantial* Authors, or such as the Generality call *dark* and *obscure* Writers, meaning those who by Transpositions, &c. deviate from the *general* Order of the Language: They feel an Entanglement, though
they

* See FISHER's *English* GRAMMAR.

ON EDUCATION. ix

they *know not* what or where, and are equally *blind* to the Beauties and Idioms of Language. I could *easily* exemplify this; but it would be tedious to demonstrate it to those who know *nothing* of Government or Construction, and *needless* to those who do, and *have ever experienced the Want of it in others*.

WOMEN being thus left *lame* in their Learning, are in a great Measure incapable of *further* improving themselves in Spite of *all* the Pains that Writers *have* taken, or *may* take till the Obstacle be removed: And *still* to aggravate the Case, they are mostly put to *Sewing* or similar Articles, und r the Care of some Mistress, who is perhaps *either* utterly incapable of assisting them in the Pursuit of Knowledge, or who, from a Crudity of Scholars, *wants* Time to point out or explain to them *such* Places or Subjects in Books as are *best* adapted to their several Wants, or *even* to direct them in their Choice of Books Others there are who have not a Book in their Schools, or such only as are *noway* suitable for Youth. These Impediments are *very* lamentable, *especially* as they occur in the *very* Nick of Time a *young* Lady *should* be taught to think, reflect, and form a *Taste* of Life in.

I do not mean to recommend READING at the Expence of SEWING, but would *only* make a *Principle* of the former. There are several Governesses *doubtless* who are *very* capable of instructing *young* Ladies in *both*, which would form an *agreeable* Variety, by relaxing or relieving them from *one* by the *other*.

THOSE

x The INTRODUCTION, &c.

THOSE who have no Taste for intellectual Amusement will seize upon the next Thing at Hand, be it of ever so light or fantastical a Kind. "A Love for Diversions, where it has once got Footing, steals upon Persons insensibly till it engrosses their whole Time: "It therefore becomes necessary to get the Start of it, "and prepossess them early with a Love of Books."



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O N I D L E N E S S.

IDLENESS is so general a Distemper. that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it ; and Thousands besides myself spend more Time in an idle Uncertainty, whether of two Affairs to begin first, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more ; for I should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's Time a little straitned by Business, like Water inclosed in its Banks, it would have some determined Course ;

A

but

2 *The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR.*

but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Use or Motion.

When *Scandeberg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a Piece of his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little Use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of *John Trott* for Dancing, and a Specific to lessen the Inclination *Mrs Fridge* has to Motion, and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mummy was ever half so useful in Physic, as I should be to these feverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of the Mind,
which



which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be tost in a Storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed : And it is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a Thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to an Equality ; and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the meanest Understanding : A Faculty of doing Things remarkably Praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more Use to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified : To-morrow comes, it goes and still I please my self with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality ; unmindful that the present Time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced.

The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Number of Years, but by the Use which has been made of it ; thus it is not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals ! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no Purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous Improvement of every Part of Time ; it is a Report must be shunned as one tenders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the dreadful Character of a laborious

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Plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation, by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucilius* assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my Game, I may at the least bring home some of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.

Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recal to Mind, and what Arguments I use with my self, to regain my Liberty: But as I am afraid it is no ordinary Persuasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject, with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal Use. For there is no Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleased with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable Character: Whether it be that they like the State itself, or that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour and Application, which others attain to but with the greatest Diligence.

SIMON SLOW.

On spending TIME.

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with ourselves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life, in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter Day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place Things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years; and travel through Time as through a Country filled with

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many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our Way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softening the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those retired Hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature

ture ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him : It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do ; but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the Time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has Opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage ? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable

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sonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a Man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well-chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any Way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thought and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolutions, soothes and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are Qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something rather than suffer the Mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste in Music, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense when

when compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many Ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

On the same SUBJECT.

THE human Species only, to the the great Reproach of our Natures, are filled with Complaints, that *the Day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a Loss how to pass away their Time*, with many of the like shameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouth of those who are stiled reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures, who have the Labours of the Mind, as well as those of the Body, to furnish them with proper Employments; who, besides the Business of their proper Callings and Professions, can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion, to Meditation, to the reading of useful Books, and to Discourse; in a Word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded Pursuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some Time in this Course of Thought, I diverted myself with a Book according to my usual Custom, in order to unbend my Mind before I went to Sleep. The Book I made use of on this Occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my Thoughts for about an Hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which in all Probability produced the following Dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the Entrance
of

of the Infernal Regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the Judges of the Dead, seated in his Tribunal. On his Left Hand stood the Keeper of *Erebus*, on his Right Hand the Keeper of *Elysium*. I was told he sat upon Women that Day, there being several of the Sex lately arrived, who had not yet their Mansions assigned them. I was surpris'd to hear him ask every one of them the same Question, *what they had been doing?* Upon this Question being proposed to the whole Assembly they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the Earth about fifty Years: What have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have Time given me to recollect. After about half an Hour's Pause she told him, that she had been playing at Crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the Keeper on his Left Hand, to take her into Custody. And you, Madam, says the Judge, that look with such a soft and languishing Air; I think you set out for this Place in your nine and twentieth Year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of Business on my Hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve Years of my Life, in dressing a jointed Baby, and all the remaining Part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your Time to good Purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain Country Woman: Well Mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? If it please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty Years; and in that Time brought my Husband seven Daughters, made him nine thousand Cheeses, and left my eldest Girl with him, to look after his House in my Absence, and who I may venture

ture to say is as pretty a Housewife as any in the Country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the Simplicity of the good Woman, and ordered the Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Care. And you, fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty Years? I have been doing no Hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he; but what Good have you been doing? The Lady was in great Confusion at this Question, and not knowing what to answer, the two Keepers leaped out to seize her at the same Time; the one took her by the Hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenious Modesty in her Countenance and Behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a Re-examination when he was more at Leisure. An old Woman, of a proud and sour Look, presented herself next at the Bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten Years in a very wicked World, and was so angry at the Behaviour of a Parcel of young Flirts, that I past most of my last Years in condemning the Follies of the Times; I was every Day blaming the silly Conduct of People about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like Errors and Miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful Eye over your own Actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the Faults of others, that I had no Time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the Left, and make Room for the venerable Matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? You have heard the Question, what have you been doing so long in the World? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done,

done; but I had made a firm Resolution to have changed my Life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely End. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your Leader; and spying another of the same Age, interrogated her in the same Form. To which the Matron replied, I have been the Wife of a Husband who was as dear to me in his old Age as in his Youth. I have been a Mother, and very happy in my Children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every Thing that is good. My eldest Son is blest by the Poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own Family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Radamanthus*, who knew the Value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a Manner, that the Keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his Office, reached out his Hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her Wrinkles vanished, her Eyes sparkled, her Cheeks glowed with Blushes, and she appeared in full Beauty. A young Woman observing that this Officer, who conducted the Happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifiser*, longed to be in his Hands, so that pressing through the Croud, she was the next that appeared at the Bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty Years that she had past in the World, I have endeavoured, says she ever since I came to Years of Discretion, to make myself Lovely and gain Admirers. In order to it I past my Time in bottling up *May Dew*, inventing white Washes, mixing Colours, cutting out Patches, consulting my Glass, suiting my Complexion, tearing off my Tucker, sinking my Stays.—*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the Sign to take her off. Upon the Approach of the Keeper of *Erebus* her Colour faded, her Face was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her whole Person lost in Deformity.

I was then surpris'd with a distant Sound of a whole
Troop

Troop of Females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the Reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that *Rhadamanthus* would spoil their Mirth: But at their nearer Approach the Noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some Time, reflecting in myself on the Oddness of this Dream, and could not forbear asking my own Heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a Use of this Work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a Work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short Self Examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his Heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious Moments of Life, lift up his Mind when it is running on in a Series of indifferent Actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a Word, it will very much alleviate that Guilt which the best of Men have Reason to acknowledge in their daily Confessions, of *leaving undone those Things which they ought to have done, and of doing those Things which they ought not to have done.*

The Practice of V I R T U E recommended.

WHEN *Hercules*, says the divine *Prodicus*, was in that Part of his Youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what Course of Life he ought to pursue, he one Day retired into a Desert, where the Silence and Solitude of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was musing on his present Condition, and very much perplexed in him-

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self

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self on the State of Life he should chuse, he saw two Women of a larger Stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very notable Air and graceful Deportment ; her Beauty was natural and easy ; her Person clean and unspotted ; her Eyes cast towards the Ground with an agreeable Reserve ; her Motion and Behaviour full of Modesty ; and her Rayment as white as Snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridness in her Countenance, which she had helped with an artificial White and Red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a Mixture of Affectation in all her Gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her Complexion to an Advantage. She cast her Eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure she made in her own Shadow. Upon her nearer Approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed Carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following Manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Way of Life that you ought to chuse : Be my Friend, and follow me ; I will lead you into the Possession of Pleasure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noise and Disquietude of Business. The Affairs of either War or Peace shall have no Power to disturb you. Your whole Employment shall be to make your Life easy, and to entertain every Sense with its proper Gratifications. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roses, Clouds of Perfumes, Concerts of Music, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a Readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this Region
of

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of Delights, this World of Pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Business.—

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, desired to know her Name ; to which she answered, my Friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness* ; but my Enemies, and those who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of *Pleasure*.

By this Time the other Lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

Hercules, (says she) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Descent by your Love to Virtue, and Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established Truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without Pains and Labour. The Gods have set a Price upon every real and noble Pleasure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you must be at the Pains of worshipping him ; if the Friendship of good Men, you must study to oblige them ; if you would be honoured by your Country, you must take Care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you must become Master of all the Qualifications that can make you so. These are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propose Happiness. The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her Discourse : You see, (said she) *Hercules*, by her own Confession, the Way to her Pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas ! (said the other Lady, whose Visage glowed with a Passion, made up

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of Scorn and Pity) what are the Pleasures you propose ? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired, to gratify Appetites before they are raised, and raise such Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious Music, which is the Praise of one's self ; nor saw the most beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries pass away their Youth in a Dream of mistaken Pleasures, while they are hoarding up Anguish, Torment, and Remorse, for old Age.

As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion to the Artisan, a household Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, an Associate in all true and generous Friendships. The Banquets of my Votaries are never costly, but always delicious ; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by Hunger and Thirst. Their Slumbers are sound, and their Wakings chearful. My young Men have the Pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in Years ; and those who are in Years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their Acquaintance, esteemed by their Country, and (after the Close of their Labours) honoured by Posterity.

We know by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of these two Ladies he gave up his Heart ; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the Justice to approve his Choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of these Ladies, as containing in them the chief Arguments for a Life of Virtue, or a Life of Pleasure, that could enter into the Thoughts of an Heathen ; but am particularly pleased with the different Figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern Authors have represented Pleas-

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Pleasure or Vice with an alluring Face, but ending in Snakes and Monsters: Here she appears in all the Charms of Beauty, tho' they were all false and borrowed; and by that Means, composes a Vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this Allegory for the Benefit of the Youth of *Great-Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable State of Non-Existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the World. Let my Embrios shew the least Inclination to any single Virtue, and I shall allow it to be a Struggling towards Birth. I do not expect of them that, like the Hero in the foregoing Story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a Club in their Hands, and a Lion's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but as the finest Author of all Antiquity has said upon this very Occasion, though a Man has not the Abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

On P R I D E.

THERE is no Passion which steals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more Disguises, than Pride. For my own Part, I think if there is any Passion or Vice which I am wholly a Stranger to, it is this; though at the same Time, perhaps this very Judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some Measure from this corrupt Principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that Sentence in holy Writ, *Pride was not made for Man*. There is not indeed any single View of hu-

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man Nature under its present Condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret Seeds of Pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the Soul into the lowest State of Humility, and what the Schoolmen call Self-Annihilation. Pride was not made for Man, as he is,

1. A Sinful,
2. An Ignorant,
3. A Miserable Being.

There is nothing in his Understanding, in his Will, or in his present Condition, that can tempt any considerate Creature to Pride or Vanity.

These three very Reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the Reasons why he is so. Were not he a *sinful* Creature, he would not be subject to a Passion which rises from the Depravity of his Nature; were he not an *ignorant* Creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole Species *miserable*, he would not have those wretched Objects of Comparison before his Eyes, which are the Occasions of this Passion, and which make one Man value himself more than another.

A wise Man will be contented that his Glory be deferred till such Time as he shall be truly glorified; when his Understanding shall be cleared, his Will rectified, and his Happiness assured; or in other Words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any Thing which makes human Nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior Faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the Vanity of those imaginary Perfections that swell the Heart of Man, and of those little supernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them,
when

when they see a Mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his Neighbours on any of these Accounts, at the same Time that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species.

To set this Thought in its true Light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder Mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable Creatures, and that every Pismire (his Shape and Way of Life only excepted) is endowed with human Passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an Account of the Pedigrees, Distinctions, and Titles that reign among them ! Observe how the whole Swarm divide and make away for the Pismire that passes through them ! You must understand he is an Emmet of Quality, and has better Blood in his Veins than any Pismire in the Mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole Rabble of Ants keep their Distance ? Here you may observe one placed upon a little Eminence, and looking down on a long Row of Labourers. He is the richest Insect on this Side the Hillock ; he has a Walk of half a Yard in Length and a quarter of an Inch in Breadth ; he keeps a hundred menial Servants, and has at least fifteen Barley-Corns in his Granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the Emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an Emmet as himself.

But here comes an Insect of Figure ! do not you take Notice of a little white Straw that he carries in his Mouth ? That Straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest Tract about the Mole-hill : Did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it ! See how the Ants of all Qualities and Conditions swarm about him. Should this Straw drop out of his Mouth, you would see all this numerous Circle of Attendants follow the next
that

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that took it up, and leave the discarded Insect, or run over his Back, to come at his Successor.

If now you have a Mind to see all the Ladies of the Mole hill, observe first the Pismire that listens to the Emmet on her left Hand, at the same Time that she seems to turn away her Head from him. He tells this poor Insect that she is a Goddess ; that her Eyes are brighter than the Sun ; that Life and Death are at her Disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little Airs upon it. Mark the Vanity of the Pismire on your left Hand. She can scarce crawl with Age ; but you must know she values herself upon her Birth ; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her Reach. The little nimble Coquet that is running along by the Side of her, is a Wit. She has broke many a Pismire's Heart. Do but observe what a Drove of Lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary Scene ; but first of all to draw the Parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that Death comes down upon the Mole-hill, in the Shape of a Cock Sparrow, who picks up, without Distinction, the Pismire of Quality and his Flatterers, the Pismire of Substance and his Day-Labourers, the White-Straw Officer and his Sycophants, with all the Goddesses, Wits, and Beauties of the Mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of superior Natures and Perfections regard all the Instances of Pride and Vanity, among our own Species, in the same Kind of View, when they take a Survey of those who inhabit the Earth : Or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those Pismires that people this Heap of Dirt, which human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions.

The

The BASKET-MAKER. A Peruvian Tale.

The Pride of Blood, or high Birth decried.

IN the midst of that vast Ocean commonly called the *South Sea*, lie the Islands of *Solomon*. In the Center of these, lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it; but also larger beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince who now reigns absolutely in this central Island, has, through a long Descent of Ages, entailed the Name of *Solomon's Isles* on the whole, by the Effect of that Wisdom wherewith he polished the Manners of his People.

A Descendant of one of the great Men of this happy Island, becoming a Gentleman, to so improved a Degree as to despise the good Qualities which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing, but how to support and distinguish his Dignity by the Pride of an ignorant Mind, and a Disposition abandoned to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea-Side, where he spent great Part of his Time in hunting and fishing: But found himself at a Loss in Pursuit of these important Diversions, by Means of a long Slip of Marsh-Land, overgrown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a Man of his Quality to submit to Restraints in his Pleasures, for the Ease and Conveniency of an obstinate Mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the Owner, who was an honest poor Basket-maker, and whose Livelihood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds, in a Manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone,
com-

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complained of the Oppression in Terms more suited to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender : And the Reward this Imprudence procured him, was the additional Injustice of Blows and Reproaches, and all Kinds of Insult and Indignity.

There was but one Way to a Remedy, and he took it : For, going to the Capital, with the Marks of his hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the Feet of the King, and procured a Citation for his Oppressor's Appearance ; who, confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour, by the poor Man's Unmindfulness of the Submission due from the Vulgar, to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction.

But pray, replied the King, what Distinction of Rank had the Grand-father of your Father, when, being a Cleaver of Wood in the Palace of my Ancestors, he was raised from among those Vulgar you speak of with such Contempt, in Reward of an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty in Defence of his Master ? Yet his Distinction was nobler than yours : It was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth ; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune ! I am sorry I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant that Ease and Distinction of Fortune, were bestowed on him but to this End, that, being at Rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head, and Hand, for the public Advantage of others.

Here the King, discontinuing his Speech, fixed an Eye of Indignation on a fullen Resentment of Mien which he observed in the haughty Offender, who muttered out his Dislike of the Encouragement this Way of thinking must give to the Commonalty, who, he said, were to be considered as
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Persons of no Consequence, in Comparison of Men who were born to be honoured. Where Reflection is wanting, replied the King with a Smile of Disdain, Men must find their Defects in the Pain of their Sufferings. *Yanhumo*, added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, strip the Injured and the Injurer ; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the Islands, set them ashore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune.

The Place in which they were landed was a Marsh, under Cover of whose Flags the Gentleman was in Hopes to conceal himself, and give the Slip to a Companion whom he thought it a Disgrace to be found with. But the Lights in the Galley having given an Alarm to the Savages, a considerable Body of them came down, and discovered in the Morning the two Strangers in their Hiding-place. Setting up a dismal Yell, they surrounded them ; and advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of Clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them without Sense of Hospitality or Mercy.

Here the Gentleman began to discover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary : For, between a Consciousness of Shame and Cold, under the Nakedness he had never been used to ; a Fear of the Event, from the Fierceness of the Savages' Approach ; and the Want of an Idea whereby to soften or divert their Asperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity ; and, with an unfinewed, apprehensive, unmanly, Sneakingness of Mien, gave up the Post of Honour, and made a Leader of the very Man whom he had thought it a Disgrace to consider as a Companion.

The Basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakedness habitual ; to whom a Life of Pain and Mortification, represented Death as not dreadful ; and whose Remem-

membrance of his Skill in Arts of which these Savages were ignorant, gave him Hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open Freedom ; and, having plucked a Handful of the Flags, sat down without Emotion, and making Signs that he would shew them something worthy their Attention, fell to Work with Smiles and Noddings ; while the Savages drew near, and gazed in Expectation of the Consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship ; and, rising with Respect and Fearfulness, approached the Savage who appeared the Chief, and placed it gently on his Head ; whose Figure, under this new Ornament, so charmed and struck his Followers, that they threw down all their Clubs, and formed a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation, round the Author of so prized a Favour.

There was not one but shewed the Marks of his Impatience, to be made as fine as his Captain : So the poor Basket-maker had his Hands full of Employment : And the Savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their Service, took up Arms in the Behalf of natural Justice, and began to lay on Arguments in Favour of their Purpose.

The Basket-maker's Pity now effaced the Remembrance of his Sufferings : So he rose and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs that he was ignorant of the Art ; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the Work, and fetching Flags to his Supply, as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition luckily fell in with a Desire the Savages expressed to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the Progress of

a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman, therefore, to his Duty in the Basket-maker's Service ; and considered him, from that Time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their Benefactor.

Men, Wives, and Children, from all Corners of the Island, came in Drovers for Coronets : And, setting the Gentleman to Work, to gather Boughs and Poles, made a fine Hut to lodge the Basket-maker : And brought down daily from the Country, such Provisions as they lived upon themselves ; taking Care to offer the imagined Servant nothing, till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and just Turn to our Gentleman's improved Ideas ; insomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one Night, he thus confessed his Sentiments in Favour of the Basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted Judgment to distinguish between Accident and Excellence. When I should have measured Nature, I but looked to Vanity. The Preference which Fortune gives, is empty and imaginary : And I perceive, too late, that only Things of Use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my Malice, to remember your Humanity : But if the Gods should please to call me to a Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you in Atonement of my justly punished Arrogance.

He promised, and performed his Promise : For the King, soon after, sent the Captain who had landed them, with Presents to the Savages ; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues, to this Day, a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen, who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than that they were born to do nothing.

And the Word for this due Punishment is, *Send him to the Basket-maker's.*

ON TRUTH and SINCERITY.

TRUTH and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the Shew of any Thing be good for any Thing, I am sure Sincerity is better : For why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to ? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best Way in the World for a Man to seem to be any Thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many Times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it ; and if a Man has it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and Completion.

It is hard to personate and act a Part long ; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one Time or other. Therefore if any Man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every Body's Satisfaction ; so that upon all Accounts *Sincerity* is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial Ways of Diffimulation and Deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure Way of dealing in the World ; it has less of Trouble and

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Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest Way to our End, carrying us thither in a straight Line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas Integrity gains Strength by Use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lie is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery: Of which the crafty Man is always in Danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy Dispatch of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the La-

bour of many Enquiries, and brings Things to an Issue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a Man sooner to his Journey's End than By-ways, in which Men often lose themselves. In a Word, whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Diffimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the Prosperity even of our worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by Ways ever so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty Design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and lawful Means.

Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and should never have Occasion to converse

verse more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventured it at one Throw : But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the Advantage of Conversation whilst he is in it, let him make Use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions ; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the End : All other Arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the last.

ON DEFAMATION.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no Gratification that Way ; but it ever arises from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's self, and an Impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should Virtue provoke ? Why should Beauty displease in such a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either pass by him without offering something to the Diminution of it ? A Lady the other Day at a Visit being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own Character has been very roughly treated, answered, a great deal of Heat and Intemperance, very calmly, *Good Madam spare me, who am none of your Match ; I speak Ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing to me to be spoken Ill of.* Little Minds think Fame consists in the Number of Votes they have on their Side among the Multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a Follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds press upon

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you, this Shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Froward, are the Persons who are most pleased with the little Tales which pass about the Town to the Disadvantage of the rest of the World. Were it not for the Pleasure of speaking Ill, there are Numbers of People who are too lazy to go out of their own Houses, and too ill natured to open their Lips in Conversation. It was not a little diverting the other Day to observe a Lady reading a Post Letter and at these Words, *After all her Airs, he has heard some Story or other, and the Match is broke off*, give Orders in the Midst of her Reading, *Put to the Horses*. That a young Woman of Merit had missed an advantageous Settlement, was News not to be delayed, lest some Body else should have given her malicious Acquaintance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingness to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inseparable from a Scandal-Bearer, as the Readiness to divulge bad. But, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the highest Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The *Persian* Soldier, who was heard reviling *Alexander* the Great, was well admonished by his Officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.*

Cicero in one of his Pleadings, defending his Client from general Scandal, says very handsomely, and with much Reason, *There are many who have particular Engagements to the Prosecutor: There are many who are known to have Ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to spread Reports of this Kind: For nothing is so swift as Scandal,*

*dal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any Report to our Disadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it : But if there be any thing advanced without a Person, who can say whence he had it ; or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it ; or who had it from one of so little Consideration, that he did not then think it worth his Notice ; all such Testimonies as these, I know you will think too slight to have any Credit against the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow-Citizen. When an ill Report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the Orator has here recited. And how despicable a Creature must that be, who is in Pain for what passes among so frivolous a People ? There is a Town in Warwickshire of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animosity and Dissension, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whispers, Backbitings, Envyies, and private Malices, into Mirth and Entertainment, by Means of a peevish old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of the Lady *Bluemantle*. This Heroine had for many Years together outdone the whole Sisterhood of Gossips, in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a lasting Constitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumstances of being always at Home from her Lameness, and very attentive from her Blindness, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that passes in Town, good or bad ; but for the latter, she seems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is usual with old People, she has a livelier Memory of Things which passed when she was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that she does*
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not only not love any Body, but she hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent Malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the Author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter itself ; therefore, though she exposes all the whole Town, she offends no one Body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a Freak will instantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, she is led about the Grounds belonging to the same House she is in, and the Persons to whom she is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At stated Times, the Gentlewoman at whose House she supposes she is at the Time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common Custom. When they have a Mind to drive the Jest. she is immediately urged to that Degree, that she will board in a Family with which she has never yet been ; and away she will go this Instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this Means she has been an Inhabitant of every House in the Place without stirring from the same Habitation ; and the many Stories which every Body furnishes her with to favour that Deceit, make her the general Intelligencer of the Town of all that can be said by one Woman against another. Thus groundless Stories die away, and sometimes Truths are smothered under the general Word : When they have a Mind to discountenance a Thing, Oh ! that is in my Lady *Bluemantie's* Memoirs.

Whoever receives Impressions to the Disadvantage of others without Examination, is to be had in no other Credit for Intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantie*, who is subjected to have her Ears imposed upon for Want of other Helps to better Information.

mation. Add to this, that other Scandal-Bearers suspend the Use of these Faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do Justice to their Neighbours; and I think, for the Service of my fair Readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every Visit in Town.

On CALUMNY and REPROACH.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; though, at the same Time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking Ill of the Persons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publiſher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the same, though the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would
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be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same Time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, A Man who takes Delight in hearing the Faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same Manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the second Place, A Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

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Such a Credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey *de la Trappe*, as they are published in a little *French Book*.

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of base or criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill natured Part of the World does, that Indifferent and even good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the third Place, A Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity, it discovers its self in its worst Symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion. I shall only add, that whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering

ing the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

ON CHEARFULNESS.

I Have always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient, Cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy. On the contrary, Cheerfulness, though it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightening, that breaks through a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and holy Men among Christians.

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If we consider Chearfulness in three Lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul : His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed : His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in Relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A chearful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Chearfulness of his Companion : It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own Accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the Great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

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There are but two Things, which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many Degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly and Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of the Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either

ther of Torment or of Annihilation ; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death itself, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence, and with Chearfulness of Heart. The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful Harbour.

A Man who uses his best Endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Chearfulness ; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improvable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness ? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom

we have our Dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every Thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immenſity of Love and Mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whoſe Goodneſs and Truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe Unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this Happineſs to all Eternity.

Such Conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his Thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret Heavineſs of Heart which unthinking Men are ſubject to when they lie under no real Affliction ; all that Anguiſh which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than ſupport it ; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful Temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we conſerve, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe.

The Advantages of CHEARFULNESS.

CHEARFULNESS is, in the firſt Place, the beſt Promoter of Health. Repinings and ſecret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to thoſe delicate Fibres of which the vital Parts are compoſed, and wear out the Machine inſenſibly ; not to mention thoſe violent Ferments which they ſtir up in the Blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed Motions which they raiſe in the animal Spirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own Obſervation, to have met with
many

many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulness of Heart. The Truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this Difference, that we seldom meet with a great Degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great Degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly Regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take Notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same Time either fill the Woods with their Music, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the Delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any

other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this Reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following Manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employed in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due Proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the Struggle in a just Balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain; for which Reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Cheerful*.

To consider farther this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same Time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same Manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every Thing smile about him, whilst, in Reality, he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may farther observe how Providence has taken Care to keep up this Cheerfulness in the Mind

of

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of Man, by having formed it after such a Manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little Use in them ; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Deserts, and the like grotesk Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure ; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes, and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold ; but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have this Mind cheered and delighted with agreeable Sensations ? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take Notice of such Incitements to a chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are
ob-

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observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys itself to us in an easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in Opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flowery Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus; *In the gloomy Month of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.*

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to human Nature, and which, by a right Improvement of them, will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same Time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interperfusion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by *Mr Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the Things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to
seek

seek it in the Enjoyment of him; with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore.

ON HAPPINESS.

I Ought hourly to be looking up with Gratitude and Praise to the Creator of my Being, for having formed me of a Disposition that throws off every Particle of Spleen, and either directs my Attention to Objects of Chearfulness and Joy, or enables me to look upon their Contraries as I do on Shades in a Picture, which add Force to the Lights, and Beauty to the Whole. With this Happiness of Constitution, I can behold the Luxury of the Times, as giving Food and Cloathing to the Hungry and the Naked; extending our Commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal Arts. I can look upon the Horrors of War, as productive of the Blessings and Enjoyments of Peace; and upon the Miseries of Mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful Heart that my own Lot has been more favourable.

There is a Passage in that truly original Poem, called the *Spleen*, which pleases me more than almost any Thing I have read. The Passage is this:

Happy the Man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at Ills, he can't prevent;
His Skiff does with the Current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the Tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling Crowd,
Sees unconcern'd, Life's Wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul Play,
Enjoys the Follies of the Fray.

The laughing Philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible Character than the weeping one;
but

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but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the Follies of Mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their Service, it becomes me to administer every Thing in my Power to relieve or cure them. For this Purpose I shall here lay before my Readers some loose Hints on a Subject, which will, I hope, excite their Attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the Heart those malignant and sullen Humours, which destroy the Harmony of social Life.

If we make Observations on human Nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the Uneasinesses of Mankind owe their Rise to Inactivity or Idleness of Body or Mind. A free and brisk Circulation of the Blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating Easiness and good Humour; and is the only Means of securing us from a restless Train of idle Thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthen some to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the Generality of Mankind, by compelling them to use that Labour, which not only procures them the Necessaries of Life, but Peace and Health, to enjoy them with Delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest Part of Mankind should be obliged to earn their Bread by Labour, from the ill Use that is almost universally made of those Riches which exempt Men from it. Even the Advantages of the best Education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the Limits of Reason and Moderation. How hard do the very best of Men find it, to force upon themselves that Abstinence or Labour, which the Narrowness of their Circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the Advantages of Wealth and Leisure, is made more happy

happy in Respect to himself, or more useful to Mankind? What Numbers do we daily see of such Persons, either rioting in Luxury, or sleeping in Sloth, for one who makes a proper Use of the Advantages which Riches give for the Improvement of himself, or the Happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their Abuse of the Blessings of Life, are given up to perpetual Uneasiness of Mind, and to the greatest Agonies of bodily Pain?

Whoever seriously considers this Point, will discover that Riches are by no Means such certain Blessings as the Poor imagine them to be: On the contrary, he will perceivethat the common Labours and Employments of Life are much better suited to the Majority of Mankind, than Prosperity and Abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful Sentence which the Creator passed on Man for his Disobedience, *By the Sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat thy Bread*; for to the Punishment itself he stands indebted for Health, Strength, and all the Enjoyments of Life. Though the first Paradise was forfeited for his Transgression, yet by the Penalty inflicted for that Transgression, the Earth is made into a Paradise again, in the beautiful Fields and Gardens which we see daily produced by the Labour of Man. And though the Ground was pronounced cursed for his Disobedience, yet is that Curse so ordered, as to be the Punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who, by Intemperance or Sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the Wants and Weaknesses of Mankind, are the Bands of mutual Support and Affection derived. The Necessities of each, which no Man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the Benefit of others; and while

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while he labours only for his own Advantage, he is promoting the universal Good of all around him.

Health is the Blessing that every one wishes to enjoy ; but the Multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper Rate than it is to be obtained. The Continuance of it is only to be secured by Exercise or Labour. But the Misfortune is, that the Poor are too apt to overlook their own Enjoyments, and to view with Envy the Ease and Affluence of their Superiors, not considering that the usual Attendants upon great Fortunes are Anxiety and Disease.

If it be true, that those Persons are the happiest, who have the fewest Wants, the rich Man is more the Object of Compassion than Envy. However moderate his Inclinations may be, the Custom of the World lays him under a kind of Necessity of living up to his Fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless Train of Servants ; his Appetite must be palled with Plenty, and his Peace invaded by Crowds. He must give up the Pleasures and Endearments of domestic Life, to be the Slave of Party and Faction. Or if the Goodness of his Heart should incline him to Acts of Humanity and Benevolence, he will have the frequent Mortification of seeing his Charities ill bestowed, and by his Inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more Enemies by his Refusals, than Friends by his Benefactions. If we add to these Considerations a Truth, which I believe few Persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest Fortunes, by adding to the Wants of their Possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of Men, we shall find Greatness and Happiness to be at a wide Distance from one another. If we carry our Enquiries still higher ; if we examine into the State of a King, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the Hearts of his People ; if the Life of a Father be

a Life of Care and Anxiety; to be the Father of a People is a Pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

This Happiness of Life is, I believe, generally to be found in those Stations, which neither totally subject Men to Labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the Parent of Disquietude, Ambition of Disappointment, and Riches of Disease.

I will conclude these Reflections with the following Fable.

“ Labour, the Offspring of Want, and the Mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two Daughters in a little Cottage by the Side of a Hill, at a great Distance from Town. They were totally unacquainted with the Great, and had kept no better Company than the neighbouring Villagers: But having a Desire of seeing the World, they forsook their Companions and Habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the Road, with Health on her Right-hand, who, by the Sprightliness of her Conversation, and Songs of Chearfulness and Joy, softened the Toils of the Way; while Contentment went smiling on the Left, supporting the Steps of her Mother, and, by her perpetual Good-humour, encreasing the Vivacity of her Sister.

“ In this Manner they travelled over Forests and through Towns and Villages, till at last they arrived at the Capital of the Kingdom. At their Entrance into the great City, the Mother conjured her Daughters never to lose Sight of her; for it was the Will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their Separation should be attended with the utter Ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a Disposition to regard the Counsels of Labour: She suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at

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“last died in Child-birth of Disease. Content-
“ment, in the Absence of her Sister, gave herself
“up to the Enticements of Sloth, and was never
“heard of after : While Labour, who could have
“no Enjoyment without her Daughters, went every
“where in Search of them, till she was at last
“seized by Laffitude in her Way, and died in
“Misery.”

The ART of HAPPINESS.

A Good Temper is one of the principal Ingredients of Happiness. This, it will be said, is the Work of Nature, and must be born with us : and so in a good Measure it is ; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by Art, and always improved by Culture. Almost every Object that attracts our Notice, has its bright and its dark Side : He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing Side, will sour his Disposition, and consequently impair his Happiness ; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright Side, insensibly meliorates his Temper, and in Consequence of it, improves his own Happiness, and the Happiness of all about him.

Arachne and *Melissa* are two Friends. They are both of them Women in Years, and alike in Birth, Fortune, Education and Accomplishments. They were originally alike in Temper too ; but by different Management, are grown the Reverse of each other. *Arachne* has accustomed herself to look only on the dark Side of every Object. If a new Poem or Play makes its Appearance, with a thousand Brillances, and but one or two Blemishes, she slightly skims over the Passages that should give her Pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with Dislike. If you shew her a very excellent Portrait,
she

she looks at some Part of the Drapery which has been neglected, or to a Hand or Finger which has been left unfinished. Her Garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great Neatness and Elegancy; but if you take a Walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but Blights and Storms, of Snails and Caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the Litter of falling Leaves and Worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her Temples, to enjoy a delightful Prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much Wood, or too little Water; that the Day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long Harangue upon the Wretchedness of our Climate. When you return with her to the Company, in Hopes of a little cheerful Conversation, she casts a Gloom over all, by giving you the History of her own bad Health, or of some melancholy Accident that has befallen one of her Daughter's Children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own Spirits, and the Spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her Friends are grave.

Melissa is the Reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright Side of Objects, she preserves a perpetual Chearfulness in herself, which, by a Kind of happy Contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any Misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an Escape. She rejoices in Solitude, as it gives her an Opportunity of knowing herself; and in Society, because she can communicate the Happiness she enjoys. She opposes every Man's Virtues to his Failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her Acquaintance. She opens every Book with a Desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for.

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Walk with her, though it be but on a Heath or a Common, and she will discover numberless Beauties, unobserved before, in the Hills, the Dales, the Broom, Brakes, and the variegated Flowers of Weeds and Poppies. She enjoys every Change of Weather and of Season, as bringing with it something of Health or Convenience. In Conversation it is a Rule with her never to start a Subject that leads to any Thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own Grievances, or those of her Neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their Faults and Imperfections. If any Thing of the latter Kind be mentioned in her Hearing, she has the Address to turn it into Entertainment, by changing the most odious Railing into a pleasant Rallery. Thus *Melissa*, like the Bee, gathers Honey from every Weed; while *Arachne*, like the Spider, sucks Poison from the fairest Flowers. The Consequence is, that of two Tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful: The one spreads an universal Gloom; the other a continual Sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our Attention than this Art of Happiness. In Conversation, as well as Life, Happiness very often depends upon the slightest Incidents. The taking Notice of the Badness of the Weather, a North-east Wind, the Approach of Winter, or any trifling Circumstance of the disagreeable Kind, shall insensibly rob a whole Company of its Good-humour, and fling every Member of it into the Vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that Happiness to all about us, these *minutiae* of Conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The Brightness of the Sky, the Lengthening of the Days, the encreasing Verdure of the Spring,

Spring, the Arrival of any little Piece of good News, or whatever carries with it the most distant Glimpse of Joy, shall frequently be the Parent of a social and happy Conversation. Good manners exact from us this Regard to our Company. The Clown may repine at the Sunshine that ripens his Harvest, because his Turnips are burnt up by it; but the Man of Refinement will extract Pleasure from the Thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking, on the Plenty and Refreshment which may be expected from such a Shower.

Thus does Good-manners, as well as Good-sense, direct us to look at every Object on the bright Side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this Practice it is that *Melissa* is become the wisest and the best-bred Woman living: And by this Practice may every Man and Woman arrive at that easy Benevolence of Temper, which the World calls Good-nature, and the Scripture Charity, whose natural and never-failing Fruit is HAPPINESS.



*On the INFLUENCE of INNOCENCY
and HONOUR.*

A FRENCH Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whose Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story.

“ Our Knight, says he, was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all Faults. He had a loose Rogue for a Lackey, not a little in his Favour, tho he had no other Name for him when he spoke of him but *the Rascal*, or to him but *Sirrah*. One Morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring Home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fellow was a Person of Diligence and Capacity, and had for some Time addressed himself to a decayed old Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not yet sixteen Years of Age. The Mother’s extreme Poverty, and the Insinuations of this artful Lackey concerning the soft Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mother to gain her Child’s Consent to an Action, which she said she abhorred, at the same Time she exhorted her to it; but Child, says she, can you see your Mother die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but bursting into Tears, said she would go any where. The Lackey conveyed her with great Obsequiousness and Secrecy to his Master’s Lodging, and placed her in a commodious Appartment till he came Home. The Knight, who knew his Man never failed of bringing in his Prey, indulged his Genius at a Banquet, and was in high Humour at
“ an

“ an Entertainment with Ladies, expecting to be
“ received in the Evening by one as agreeable as
“ the best of them. When he came Home, his
“ Lackey met him with a saucy and joyful Famili-
“ liarity, crying out, She is as handsome as an
“ Angel, (for there is no other Simile on these Oc-
“ casions) but the tender Fool has wept till her
“ Eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a Maid
“ and a Gentlewoman. With that he conducted
“ his Master to the Room where she was, and re-
“ tired. The Knight, when he saw her bathed
“ in Tears, said in some Surprise, Do not you
“ know, young Woman, why you are brought hi-
“ ther? The unhappy Maid fell on her Knees,
“ and with many Interruptions of Sighs and Tears
“ said to him, I know, alas! too well why I am
“ brought hither: My Mother, to get Bread for
“ her and myself, has sent me to do what you
“ pleased; but with it would please Heaven I
“ could die, before I am added to the Number of
“ those miserable Wretches who live without Ho-
“ nour! With this Reflection she wept anew, and
“ beat her Bosom. The Knight stepping back
“ from her, said, I am not so abandoned as to hurt
“ your Innocence against your Will.

“ The Novelty of the Accident surprised him
“ into Virtue; and covering the young Maid with
“ a Cloak, he led her to a Relation's House, to
“ whose Care he recommended her for that Night.
“ The next Morning he sent for her Mother, and
“ asked her if her Daughter was a Maid? the Mo-
“ ther assured him, that when she delivered her to
“ his Servant, she was a Stranger to Man. Are
“ not you then, replied the Knight, a wicked
“ Woman to contrive the Debauchery of your
“ own Child? She held down her Face with Fear
“ and Shame, and in her Confusion uttered some
“ broken

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“broken Words concerning her Poverty. Far
 “be it, said the Gentleman, that you should re-
 “lieve yourself from Want by a much greater
 “Evil : Your Daughter is a fine young Creature ;
 “do you know of none that ever spoke of her for
 “a Wife ? The Mother answered, There is an
 “honest Man in our Neighbourhood that loves
 “her, who has often said he would marry her
 “with Two Hundred Pounds. The Knight or-
 “dered his Man to reckon out that Sum, with
 “an Addition of Fifty to buy the Bride Cloaths,
 “and Fifty more as a Help to her Mother.”

I appeal to all the Galants in Town, Whether
 possessing all the Beauties in *Great-Britain* could
 give half the Pleasure, as this young Gentleman had
 in the Reflection of having relieved a miserable Pa-
 rent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin
 from public Shame, and bestowing a virtuous
 Wife upon an honest Man ?

INGRATITUDE *punished.* *An EASTERN TALE.*

A Dervise, venerable by his Age, fell ill in the
 House of a Woman who had been long a
 Widow, and lived in extreme Poverty in the Su-
 burbs of *Balsora*. He was so touched with the Care
 and Zeal with which she had assisted him, that at
 his Departure he said to her, I have remarked that
 you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you
 have not Subsistence enough to share it with your
 only Son, the young *Abdallah* : If you will trust
 him to my Care, I will endeavour to acknowledge,
 in his Person, the Obligations I have to you for
 your Care of me. The good Woman received his
 Proposal with Joy ; and the Dervise departed with
 the young Man, advertising her, that they must
 perform.

perform a Journey which would last near two Years. As they travelled, he kept him in Affluence, gave him excellent Instructions, cured him of a dangerous Disgase with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same Care of him, as if he had been his own Son. *Abdallah* a hundred Times testified his Gratitude to him for all his Bounties; but the old Man always answered, *My Son, it is by Actions that Gratitude is proved; we shall see, in a proper Time and Place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend.*

One Day, as they continued their Travels, they found themselves in a solitary Place, and the Dervise said to *Abdallah*, *My Son, we are now at the End of our Journey; I shall employ my Prayers to obtain from Heaven, that the Earth may open and make an Entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a Place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest Treasures that the Earth incloses in her Bowels. Hast thou Courage to descend into this subterranean Vault?* continued he. *Abdallah* swore to him, he might depend upon his Obedience and Zeal. Then the Dervise lighted a small Fire, into which he cast a Perfume; he read and prayed for some Moments, after which the Earth opened, and the Dervise said to him, — *Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah; remember that it is in thy Power to do me a great Service, and that this is, perhaps, the only Opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me, that thou art not ungrateful: Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the Riches that thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an Iron Candlestick with twelve Branches, which thou wilt find close to a Door; that is absolutely necessary to me; come up immediately and bring it to me.* *Abdallah* promised every Thing, and descended boldly into the Vault. But, forgetting what had
been

been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his Vest and his Bosom with the Gold and Jewels which this subterranean Vault inclosed in prodigious Heaps, the Opening by which he had entered closed of itself. He had, however, Presence of Mind enough to seize upon the Iron Candlestick, which the Dervise had so strongly recommended to him; and, though the Situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to Despair; and, thinking only in what Manner he should get out of a Place which might become his Grave, he apprehended, that the Vault had closed only because he had not followed the Order of the Dervise; recalled to his Memory the Care and Goodness he had loaded him with; reproached himself with his Ingratitude, and finished his Meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much Pain and Inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow Passage which led him out of this obscure Cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable Way, that he perceived a small Opening, covered with Briars and Thorns, through which he returned to the Light of the Sun. He looked on all Sides, to see if he could perceive the Dervise, but in vain; he designed to deliver him the Iron Candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a Design of quitting him, being rich enough, with what he had taken out of the Cavern, to live in Affluence without his Assistance.

Not perceiving the Dervise, nor remembering any of the Places through which he had passed, he went on as Fortune directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his Mother's House, which he imagined he was at a great Distance from. She immediately enquired after the holy Dervise. *Abdallah* told her frankly what had happened to him, and the Danger he had

run

run to satisfy his unreasonable Desires; he afterwards shewed her the Riches with which he was loaded. His Mother concluded, upon the Sight of them, that the Dervise only designed to make a Trial of his Courage and his Obedience, and that they ought to make use of the Happiness which Fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the Intention of the holy Dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these Treasures with Avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the Lustre of them, and formed a thousand Projects in Consequence of them, they all vanished away before their Eyes. It was then that *Abdallah* sincerely reproached himself with his Ingratitude and Disobedience; and, perceiving that the Iron Candlestick had resisted the Enchantment, or rather the just Punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,—*What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no Design to restore, and the Candlestick, which I intended to deliver to the Dervise, remains with me: It is a Proof, that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired.* As he finished these Words, he placed the Candlestick in the Midst of their little House.

When the Night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the Light in this Candlestick. Immediately they saw a Dervise appear, who turned round for an Hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an Aspre. This Candlestick had twelve Branches. *Abdallah*, who was meditating all the Day upon what he had seen the Night before, was willing to know what would happen the next Night, if he put a Light in each of them; he did so, and twelve Dervises appeared that Instant; they turned round also for an Hour, and each of them threw an Aspre, as they disappeared. He repeated

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peated every Day the same Ceremony, which had always the same Success; but he never could make it succeed more than once in twenty-four Hours. This trifling Sum was enough to make his Mother and himself subsist tolerably: There was a Time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their Fortune: It is always dangerous for the Imagination to be fixed upon the Idea of Riches. The Sight of what he believed he should possess; the Projects he had formed for the Employment of it; all these Things had left such profound Traces in the Mind of *Abdallah*, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small Advantage he drew from the Candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the Dervise, in Hopes that he might obtain of him the Treasure he had seen, or at least find again the Riches which had vanished from their Sight, by restoring to him a Thing for which he had testified so earnest a Desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his Name, and that of the City where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for *Magrebi*, carrying with him his Candlestick, which he lighted every Night, and by that Means furnished himself with what was necessary on the Road, without being obliged to implore the Assistance and Compassion of the faithful. When he arrived at *Magrebi*, his first Care was to enquire in what House, or in what Convent *Abounadar* lodged; he was so well known, that every Body told him his Habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty Porters, who kept the Gate of his House, having each a Staff with a Head of Gold in their Hands: The Court of this Palace was filled with Slaves and Domestics; in fine, the Residence of a Prince could not expose to View greater Magnificence. *Abdallah*, struck with

with Astonishment and Admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those, to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a Jest of me, because I was a Stranger; this is not the Habitation of a Dervise, it is that of a King. He was in this Embarrassment, when a Man approached him, and said to him, *Abdallah, thou art welcome; my Master, Abounadar, has long expected thee.* He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent Pavilion, where the Dervise was seated. *Abdallah*, struck with the Riches which he beheld on all Sides, would have prostrated himself at his Feet, but *Abounadar* prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a Merit of the Candlestick, which he presented to him. *Thou art but an ungrateful Wretch*, said he to him; *Dost thou imagine thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy Thoughts; and, if thou hadst known the Value of this Candlestick, thou never woudst have brought it to me: I will make thee sensible of its true Use.* Immediately he placed a Light in each of its Branches; and, when the twelve Dervises had turned for some Time, *Abounadar* gave each of them a Blow with a Cane, and in a Moment they were converted into twelve Heaps of Sequins, Diamonds, and other precious Stones. *This*, said he, *is the proper Use to be made of this marvellous Candlestick.* *As to me, I never desired it, but to place it in my Cabinet, as a Talisman composed by a Sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me: And, to prove to thee,* added he, *that Curiosity was the only Occasion of my Search for it, here are the Keys of my Magazines, open them and thou shalt judge of my Riches; thou shalt tell me, whether the most insatiable Miser would not be satisfied with them.* *Abdallah* obeyed him,

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and examined twelve Magazines of great Extent, so full of all Manner of Riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his Admiration most; they all deserved and produced his Desires. The Regret of having restored the Candlestick, and that of not having found out the Use of it, pierced the Heart of *Abdallah*. *Abounadar* seemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him with Caresses, kept him some Days in his House, and commanded him to be treated as himself. When he was at the Eve of the Day which he had fixed for his Departure, he said to him, "*Abdallah*, my Son, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful Vice of Ingratitude; however, I owe thee a Mark of my Affection, for having undertaken so long a Journey with a View of bringing me the Thing I had desired; thou mayest depart, I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find To-morrow, at the Gate of my Palace, one of my Horses to carry thee; I make thee a Present of it, as well as of a Slave who shall conduct thee to thy House; and two Camels loaded with Gold and Jewels, which thou shalt chuse thyself out of my Treasures." *Abdallah* said to him all that a Heart sensible to Avarice could express, when its Passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the Morning arrived, which was fixed for his Departure.

During the Night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any Thing but the Candlestick, and what it had produced. "I had it, said he, so long in my Power; *Abounadar*, without me, had never been the Possessor of it: What Risks did I not run in the subterranean Vault? Why does he now possess this Treasure of Treasures? Because I had the Probity, or rather the Folly, to bring it back to him: He profits by
" my

“ my Labours, and the Danger I have incurred in
“ so long a Journey. And what does he give me
“ in Return? Two Camels loaded with Gold and
“ Jewels; in one Moment the Candlestick will
“ furnish him with ten Times as much. It is *Abou-*
“ *nadar* who is ungrateful: What Wrong shall I
“ do him in taking this Candlestick? None certain-
“ ly; for he is rich: And what do I possess? These
“ Ideas determined him, at length, to make all
“ possible Attempts to seize upon the Candlestick.”

The Thing was not difficult, *Abounadar* having trusted him with the Keys of his Magazines. He knew where the Candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hid it at the Bottom of one of the Sacks, which he filled with Pieces of Gold and other Riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his Camels. He had no other Eagerness now than for his Departure; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous *Abounadar*, he delivered him his Keys, and departed with his Horse, his Slave, and two Camels.

When he was some Days Journey from *Balsora*, he sold his Slave; resolving not to have a Witness of his former Poverty, nor of the Source of his present Riches. He bought another, and arrived without any Obstacle at his Mother's, whom he would scarce look upon: So much was he taken up with his Treasure. His first Care was to place the Loads of the Camels and the Candlestick in the most private Room of the House; and, in his Impatience to feed his Eyes with his great Opulence, he placed Lights immediately in the Candlestick: The twelve Dervises appearing, he gave each of them a Blow with a Cane with all his Strength, lest he should be failing in the Laws of the Talisman: But he had not remarked, that *Abounadar*, when he struck them, had the Cane in his Left-Hand. *Abdallah*,

by a natural Motion, made Use of his Right; and the Dervises, instead of becoming Heaps of Riches, immediately drew from beneath their Robes each a formidable Club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his Treasure, the Camels, the Horse, the Slave, and the Candlestick.

Thus was *Abdallah* punished by Poverty, and almost by Death, for his unmeasurable Ambition, which, perhaps, might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an Ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the Resource of being able to conceal his Perfidies from the too piercing Eyes of his Benefactor.

The FORCE of HABIT.

THERE is not a common Saying which has a better Turn of Sense in it, than what we often hear in the Mouths of the Vulgar, that *Custom is a second Nature*. It is indeed able to form the Man anew, and to give him Inclinations and Capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr *Plot*, in his History of *Staffordshire*, tells us of an Idiot that chancing to live within the Sound of a Clock, and always amusing himself with counting the Hour of the Day whenever the Clock struck, the Clock being spoiled by some Accident, the Idiot continued to strike and count the Hour without the Help of it, in the same Manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the Truth of this Story, it is very certain that Custom has a mechanical Effect upon the Body, at the same Time that it has a very extraordinary Influence upon the Mind.

I shall in this Paper consider one very remarkable
Effect

Effect which Custom has upon human Nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us unto very useful Rules of Life. What I shall here take Notice of in Custom, in its wonderful Efficacy in making every Thing pleasant to us. A Person who is addicted to Play or Gaming, though he took but little Delight in it at first, by Degrees contracts so strong an Inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only End of his being. The Love of a retired or busy Life will grow upon a Man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some Time disused. Nay, a Man may smoke, or drink, or take Snuff, till he is unable to pass away his Time without it; not to mention how our Delight in any particular Study, Art, or Science, rises and improves in Proportion to the Application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an Exercise, becomes at length an Entertainment. Our Employments are changed into Diversions. The Mind grows fond of those Actions it is accustomed to, and is drawn with Reluctancy from those Paths in which it has been used to walk.

Not only such Actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by Custom and Practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his natural Philosophy, that our Taste is never pleased better than with those Things which at first created a Disgust in it. He gives particular Instances of Claret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the Palate seldom approves upon the first Taste; but when it has once got a Relish of them, generally retains it for Life. The Mind is constituted after the same Manner, and after having habituated itself to any particular Exercise or Employment, not only loses its first Aversion to-

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wards it, but conceives a certain Fondness and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest Geniusses this Age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite Studies of Antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several Rolls and Records, that notwithstanding such an Employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible Pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will observe, that I have not here considered Custom as it makes Things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same Reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those Uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this Property of human Nature, it may instruct us in very fine Moralities. In the first Place, I would have no Man discouraged with that Kind of Life or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but Use and Application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second Place I would recommend to every one the admirable Precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his Disciples, and which that Philosopher must have drawn from the Observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most excellent, and Custom will render it the most delightful. Men, whose Circumstances will permit them to chuse their own Way of Life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their Judgment tells them is the most laudable. The Voice of Reason
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is more to be regarded than the Bent of any present Inclination, since by the Rule above-mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reason, though we can never force Reason to comply with Inclination.

In the third Place, this Observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious Man, to overlook those Hardships and Difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the Prosecution of a virtuous Life. *The Gods, said Hesiod, have placed Labour before Virtue; the Way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it.* The Man who proceeds in it, with Steadiness and Resolution, will in a little Time find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and that all her Paths are Peace.*

To enforce this Consideration, we may further observe, that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleasure, which naturally accompanies those Actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary Joys of Heart, that rise from the Consciousness of such a Pleasure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reason, and from the Prospect of an happy Immortality.

In the fourth Place, we may learn from this Observation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care, when we are once settled in a regular Course of Life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent Diversions and Entertainments, since the Mind may insensibly fall off from the Relish of virtuous Actions, and, by Degrees, exchange that Pleasure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

The last Use which I shall make of this remarkable

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able Property in human Nature, of being delighted with those Actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the next. The State of Bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those Minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this World, gain a Relish of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taste that Knowledge and Perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of those spiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the Soul to all Eternity, must be planted in it, during this its present State of Probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

On the other Hand, those evil Spirits, who, by long Custom, have contracted in the Body, Habits of Lust and Sensuality, Malice and Revenge, an Aversion to every Thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for Pain and Misery. Their Torments have already taken Root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the Body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a Manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taste a Kind of malignant Pleasure in those Actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this Life; but when they are removed from all those Objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful Habits of Mind which are called in Scripture Phrase, the Worm which never dies. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved

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proved by many eminent Divines of the last Age, as in particular by Archbishop *Tillotson* and Dr *Sherlock*; but there is none who has raised such noble Speculations upon it as Dr *Scott*, in the first Book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Tongue, or in any other. That excellent Author has shewn how every particular Custom and Habit of Virtue will, in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: As on the contrary, how every Custom or Habit of Vice will be the natural Hell of him in whom it subsists.

The ABSURDITY of EXTREMES.

I AM an humble Cousin to two Sisters, who though they are good-humoured, good Sort of People, and (all Things considered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their Manners and Dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the Task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The elder of my Cousins is a very jolly free-hearted Girl, and so great an Enemy to all Kinds of Form, that you seldom see her with so much as a Pin in her Gown; while the younger, who thinks in her Heart that her Sister is no better than a *Slattern*, runs into the contrary Extreme, and is in every Thing she does, an absolute *Fidfad*. She takes up almost as much Time to put on her Gown, as her Sister does to dirt one. The elder is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the younger is so tedious in doing it, that the Time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for to be done. If you lend any Thing to the elder, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of
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the younger, it is Odds but she refuses it from an Opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever Work is done by one Sister, is too slight to hang together for an Hour's Wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly Bed-fellows, the first Sleep of the elder is sure to be broken by the younger, whose usual Time of undressing and folding up her Cloaths, is at least an Hour and a Half, allowing a third Part of that Time for Hinderances, occasioned by her elder Sister's Things, which lie scattered every where in her Way.

If they had Lovers, I know exactly how it would be: The elder would lose her's by saying *Yes* too soon, and the younger by saying *No* too often. If they were Wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: Or were they Mothers, the Daughters of the elder would be playing at Taw with the Boys, and the Sons of the younger dressing Dolls with the Misses.

I wish, *Sir*, you would be so kind to these Cousins of mine as to favour them with your Advice. I have said already that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the elder to borrow from the younger a little Thought and Neatness; and upon the younger to add to her Exactness a little of the careless Freedom of the elder; you would make them very amiable Women, and me the happiest of all humble Cousins.



ON BEAUTY and FLATTERY.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; the former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the latter no Way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Lives seem to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which Means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the Want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sat in the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is fullen, grave, and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* this
Winter

Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the good Humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia!*—She received such Language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still sighed in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated Instances of good Humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with.—*Faith* *Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely.* The Manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress Occasion for a very hearty Laughter.—*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your Father.* He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance-medley, and laugh at that pre-meditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the Advantages

vantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular; for which Reason, I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the professed Beauties, who are a People almost as unsufferable as the professed Wits.

“ Monsieur St *Euremont* has concluded one of his Essays with affirming, that the last Sighs of a handsome Woman are not so much for the Loss of her Life, as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Rallery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious Remark, that Woman's strongest Passion is for her own Beauty, and that she values it as her favourite Distinction. From hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a Reception among the Sex. To say nothing of many false Helps, and contraband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in this great Mart, there is not a Maiden-gentlewoman, of a good Family in any County of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of *May-Dew*, or is unfurnished with some Receipt or other in Favour of her Complexion; and I have known a Physician of Learning and Sense, after eight Years Study in the University, and a Course of Travels into most Countries of *Europe*, owe the first raising of his Fortune to a cosmetic Wash.

“ This has given me Occasion to consider how so universal a Disposition in Womankind, which springs from a laudable Motive, the Desire of Pleading, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless, that Nature may be helped by Art, and turned to their Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Service to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon

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“ themselves, by discovering to them the true Secret and Art of improving Beauty.

“ In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary Maxims, viz.

“ That no Woman can be *Handsome* by the Force of Features alone, any more than she can be *Witty* only by the Help of Speech.

“ That Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than the Small-Pox.

“ That no Woman is capable of being *Beautiful*, who is not incapable of being *False*.

“ And, That what would be *Odious* in a Friend, is *Deformity* in a Mistress.

“ From these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty, consists in embellishing the whole Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is, that those who are the favourite Work of Nature, or, as Mr *Dryden* expresses it, the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by it, like Models wrought in Haste, are capable, in a great Measure, of finishing what it has left imperfect.

“ It is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them merely as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller's*. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heightened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem

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“steem and Love, while it draws our Observation?
“How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Co-
“quet, when compared with the real Loveliness of
“*Sophronia's* Innocence, Piety, good Humour and
“Truth; Virtues which add a new Softness to her
“Sex, and even beautify her Beauty! That Agree-
“ableness, which must otherwise have appeared no
“longer in the modest Virgin, is now preserved in
“the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the
“faithful Wife. Colours artfully spread upon Can-
“vas may entertain the Eye, but not affect the
“Heart; and she, who takes no Care to add to
“the natural Graces of her Person any excelling
“Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a Pic-
“ture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

“When *Adam*, is introduced by *Milton* descri-
“bing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel
“the Impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first
“Creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian*
“*Venus*, by her Shape or Features, but by the Lustre
“of her Mind, which shone in them, and gave
“them their Power of charming.

*Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love:*

“Without this irradiating Power the proudest
“Fair One ought to know, whatever her Glass may
“tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect
“Features are uninformed and dead.

“I cannot better close this Moral, than by a short
“Epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a Spirit
“which nothing could inspire but such an Object
“as I have been describing.

*Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as could die;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as could live.”*

ON AFFECTATION.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great Deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the mere Force of Affectation. The Fair One had something in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed herself into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Teeth: Her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, that in the Reach she may discover the Roundness of her Arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

The learned Dr *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occasion to observe, That every Thought is attended with Consciousness and Representation.

sentativeness; the Mind has nothing presented to it, but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind discovers itself in the Gesture, by a proper Behaviour in those whose Consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just Progress of their present Thought or Action; but betrays an Interruption in every second Thought, when the Consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions: which Sort of Consciousness is what we call Affectation.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in our Bosoms as a strong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Desire of it for Things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasure they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Sense of their Beauty. The dressing Part of our Sex, whose Minds are the same with the sillier Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an unusual Briskness, a very well-chosen Coat, or other Instances of Merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent Affectation, arising from an ill governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial Minds as these: But when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you see a Man of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an itching Inclination to be commend-

ed ; lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour ; Who is safe against this Weakness ? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not ? The best Way to get clear of such a light Fondness for Applause, is, to take all possible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occasions that are not in themselves laudable ; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praise from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Men's Persons, Dress, and bodily Deportment ; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their Force in Proportion to our Endeavour to make them such.

When our Consciousness turns upon the main Design of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it : But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our Pleasure, in little Perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for Want of being indifferent where we ought ? Men are oppressed with Regard to their Way of speaking and acting, instead of having their Thoughts bent upon what they should do or say ; and by that Means bury a Capacity for great Things, by their Fear of failing in indifferent Things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation ; but it has some Tincture of it, at least so far, as that their Fear of erring in a Thing of no Consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency : His Heart is fixed upon one Point in View ; and he commits no Errors because he thinks
nothing

nothing an Error, but what deviates from that Intention.

The wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part of the World which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our Eyes: It pushes Men not only into Impertinences in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose Business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little Pieces of Injustice which arise from the Law itself. I have seen it make a Man run from the Purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much.

It might be born even here, but it often ascends the Pulpit itself; and the Declaimer, in that sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last Day itself with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well turned Phrase, and mention his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved, under the Lowliness of the Preacher.

I shall end this with a short Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am speaking of.

Dear Sir,

“ I spent some Time with you the other Day,
“ and must take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you
“ of the unsufferable Affectation you are guilty of
“ in

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“ in all you say and do. When I gave you a Hint
 “ of it, you asked me whether a Man is to be cold
 “ to what his Friends think of him? No; but
 “ Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every
 “ Moment: He that hopes for it must be able to
 “ suspend the Possession of it till proper Periods of
 “ Life, or Death itself. If you would not rather be
 “ commended than be Praise-worthy, condemn lit-
 “ tle Merits: and allow no Man to be so free with
 “ you, as to praise you to your Face. Your Vani-
 “ ty by this Means will want its Food. At the
 “ same Time your Passion for Esteem will be more
 “ fully gratified; Men will praise you in their Ac-
 “ tions: Where you now receive one Compliment,
 “ you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till
 “ then you will never have of either, further than,

S I R,

Yours, &c.”

ON MODESTY.

MODESTY is not only an Ornament, but also
 a Guard to Virtue. It is a Kind of quick and
 delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her shrink
 and withdraw herself from every Thing that has
 Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility, as
 warns her to shun the first Appearance of every
 Thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or
 Time of what I am going to mention; but I have
 read somewhere in the History of ancient *Greece*,
 that the Women of the Country were seized with
 an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several
 of them to make away with themselves. The
 Senate, after having tried many Expedients to pre-
 vent this Self-murder, which was so frequent among
 them,

them, published an Edict, that if any Woman whatever should lay violent Hands upon herself, her Corpse should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most public Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame, in the Fair-Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous Part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as good Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless.

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every Thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her Half the Virtue that is in it.

After those Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprised

surprised in the Practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of shame-faced People, as what would disparage their Gayety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a Poorness of Spirit, such a despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate abject State of Mind as one would think human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by these Perfections which are ; or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who because his Head was bald, covered that Defect with Laurels.



V I R T U E, *under AFFLICTION, represented in the Story of A M A N D A.*

I Have more than once had Occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight. I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this Kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved herself on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appeared so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his Sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came Home at a Time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in Tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young
Wo-

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Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what passed from Time to Time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he followed his Country Sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a Capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations. One Day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every Thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this Occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked herself up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

S I R,

" I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offered your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred Pounds a Year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that
" I

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“ I do not intend Marriage : But if you are wise, you
“ will use your Authority with her not to be too nice,
“ when she has an Opportunity of saving you and
“ your Family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she opened and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows :

Dearest Child,

“ Your Father and I have just now received a
“ Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to
“ you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes,
“ and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery
“ than any Thing which is come upon us. How
“ could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest
“ of Parents would be tempted to supply their Want
“ by giving up the best of Children to Infamy and
“ Ruin ? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make
“ this Proposal at a Time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any Thing ; but we
“ will not eat the Bread of Shame ; and therefore
“ we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid
“ the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware
“ of pitying us : It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All Things will yet be well,
“ and I shall write my Child better News.

“ I have been interrupted. I know not how I was
“ moved to say Things would mend. As I was
“ going on I was startled by a Noise of one that
“ knocked at the Door, and hath brought us an
“ unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long
“ been owing. Oh ! I will now tell thee all. It

H

“ is

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“ is some Days I have lived almost without Sup-
 “ port, having conveyed what little Money I could
 “ raise to your poor Father — Thou wilt weep to
 “ think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon
 “ at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke
 “ his Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I
 “ have no Companion at present besides little *Fan-*
 “ *ny*, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and
 “ is crying for her Sister : She says she is sure you
 “ are not well, having discovered that my present
 “ Trouble is about you. But do not think I would
 “ thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee : No, it is
 “ to intreat thee not to make them insupportable,
 “ by adding what would be worse than all. Let
 “ us bear chearfully an Affliction, which we have
 “ not brought on ourselves ; and remember there is
 “ a Power who can better deliver us out of it than
 “ by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve
 “ my dear Child.

Thy affectionate Mother —

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal ; and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress : But at the same Time was infinitely surprised to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it,
 he

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he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter, and was resolved to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see the second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

M A D A M,

“ I am full of Shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any Thing, but my being a Stranger to you, have betrayed me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you Amends, as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter; nor shall be, if any Thing can prevent it, which is in the Power of,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant —

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition of retrieving his perplexed Affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

On BENEVOLENCE.

NOtwithstanding a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristic of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second Hand, or by Rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now though these heroic Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice, as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. It is a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Good nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in its Operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise.

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the
the

the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as he found it. This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind; the Matter that composes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a Kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them; that whereas Persons naturally beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them, and when the other: Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in Requital, the real Merit of what they do is enhanced by the Opposition they surmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every Time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its

Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible, than of some Distempers that descend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence. obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of being Good, in regard, if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short Time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting; for there is this Difference between mental Habits, and such as have their Foundation in the Body; that these last are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh Supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the Reason why good Habits, in general, require longer Time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the Reason is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same Way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vigilance.

Another Thing which suspends the Operations of Benevolence; is the Love of the World; proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up, that an Abundance of the World is an essential Ingredient into the Happiness of Life. Worldly Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more Partners there are, the less must fall to every Man's private Share. The Consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, each imagining all the Rest to be embarked in

an Interest, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are those eager Competitions for Wealth or Power ; hence one Man's Success becomes another's Disappointment ; and, like Pretenders to the same Mistress, they can seldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but it is natural for a Man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own Interest first. If that which Men esteem their Happiness were, like the Light, the same sufficient and unconfined Good, whether ten Thousands enjoy the Benefit of it, or but one, we should see Men's good Will, and kind Endeavours, would be as universal. *To direct the Wanderer in the right Way, is to light another Man's Candle by one's own, which loses none of its Light by what the other gains.*

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn, therefore like a wise Man, the true Estimate of Things. Desire not more of the World than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it ; look upon every Thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthensome. Place not your Quiet in Things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your Enemies ; and which, when attained, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler Kind ; it grows by Communication, and so little resembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together cast a more extensive Brightness, but each single Light burns with a stronger Flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Instrument of Pleasure, the greatest Pleasure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. It is worth considering,

ing, that the Organs of Sense act within a narrow Compass, and the Appetites will soon say they have enough: Whether of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of short Fits of Pleasure? or the Man, who, reckoning himself a Sharer in the Satisfaction of others, especially those which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happiness?

The last Enemy to Benevolence, I shall mention, is Uneasiness of any Kind. A guilty, or a discontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, disconcerted by its own Passions, soured by Neglect, or fretting at Disappointments, hath not Leisure to attend to the Necessity or Reasonableness of a Kindness desired, nor a Taste for those Pleasures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a claim and unpolluted Heart to relish them. The most miserable of all Beings is the most envious; as on the other Hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in Search of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendship, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Blessed, where Happiness, like a refreshing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endless Circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the Motion. It is old Advice, if you have a Favour to request of any one, to observe the softest Times of Address, when the Soul, in a Flush of good Humour, takes a Pleasure to shew itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own Integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, survey all about them with a Flow of Good-will: As Trees which like their Soil, they shoot out in Expressions of Kindness, and bend beneath their own precious Load to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State:

State : Place the Mind in its right Posture, it will immediately discover its innate Propension to Beneficence.

ON OECONOMY.

OEconomy in our Affairs has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which good Breeding has upon our Conversations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Cases, which instead of making Men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had Yesterday at Sir ROGER's a Set of Country Gentlemen, who dined with him ; and after Dinner the Glass was taken, by those that pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a Person of a tolerable good Aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought he did not taste it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every Thing that was said ; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his Humour grew worse. At the same Time his Bitterness seemed to be rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit, is, that his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury ; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniencies, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of

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of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at Home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every Thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Chearfulness which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, though a very common Way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of *Great-Britain*, we shall see many in this fatal Error, if that may be called by so soft a Name, which proceeds from so false a Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

LAERTES has Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for Six Thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound, which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but Twelve Hundred a Year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and e-
very

very Twelve-month charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

LAERTES and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "that, to each of them Poverty is the greatest of all Evils," yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expence, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries, appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a Step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some farther Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of, and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-jobbing, Extortion, and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature, when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this Reflection that I always read Mr *Cowley* with the greatest Pleasure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable Men, as his Understanding; and it is a true distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published
his

his Works, to dwell so much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Desires: By this Means he has rendered his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr *Cowley's great Vulgar*, is admirably described; and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same Turn of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if, according to that Ancestor of Sir ROGER's whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this Means cheat himself into a Tranquillity on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him, and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be failing by some Compass, living with some Design; but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a mechanic Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a Sort of acquired Instinct towards Things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir ROGER's may have created in me this Way of Thinking, which is so abstracted from the common Relish of the World: But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Landscape, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Mansions, so remote from the ostentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this present writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr *Cowley*.

If

*If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish so mean as to be Great;
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove,
The humble Blessing of that Life I love.*

ON CLEANLINESS.

I HAD occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker Woman. Having no Inclination to talk much at that Time, I placed myself backward, with a Design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few Spaces, that had escaped the Powder, which was incorporated with the greatest Part of his Coat: His Perriwig, which cost no small Sum, was after so slovenly a Manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in Mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other Hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found upon her. A clear clean oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plates of the purest Cambrics, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober coloured Stuff, in which she

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had

had clothed herself. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *Half-virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following Heads. As it is a Mark of Politeness: As it produces Love; and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier, or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty rises proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they consult this Part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next Place, Cleanliness may be said to be the Foster-mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slatern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unfullied: Like a Piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is cankered with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others; so it makes us easy
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to ourselves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers, and shall observe in the Third Place, that it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiments and Passions

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom, the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearance of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impression of such Things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their Kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate make Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish Law*, (and the *Mahometan* which in some Things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above named convenient Reason to be assigned for these Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typify inward Purity and Cleanliness of Heart by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for Convenience, in the Desert, which other-

wife could not have been habitable for so many Years.

I shall conclude this Essay, with a Story which I have somewhere heard in an Account of *mahometan* Superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a crystal Cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it in Pieces. His Son coming in, some Time after, he stretched out his Hands to bless him, as his Manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, stumbled over the Threshold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed by in its Way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approached it to beg a Blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and Amasement increased upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad, without washing his Hands.



ON CHUSING COMPANY.

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a Maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted Mind, the frigid Caution of Weakness and Timidity. A tame and indiscriminate Civility I imputed to a Dread of the Contempt or the Petulancy of others, to Fears from which the Wit and the Gentleman are exempted by a Consciousness of their own Dignity, by their Power to repress Insolence, and silence Ridicule; and a general Shyness and Reserve I considered as the Reproach of our Country, as the Effect of an illiberal Education, by which neither a polite Address, an easy Confidence, or a general Acquaintance with public Life are to be acquired. This Opinion which continued to flatter the Levity and Pride that produced it, was strengthened by the Example of those whose Manner in the Diffidence of Youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed Company with an Air, or serene Familiarity, accustomed every Man like an old Acquaintance, and thought only of making Sport for the Rest of any with whom their Caprice should happen to be offended, without Regard to their Age, Character, or Condition.

But I now wish, that I had regulated my Conduct by the Maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a Misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the Sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend by relating it to you as a Lesson to others, and considering my Loss of Happiness as an Acquisition of Wisdom.

While I was in *France* with a travelling Tutor, I received a Letter which acquainted me that my Father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to

England, to take Possession of his Estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were Mortgages upon it to near Half its Value.

When I arrived, I found a Letter which the old Gentleman had written and directed to me with his own Hand. It contained some general Rules for my Conduct, and some Animadversions upon his own: He took Notice of the Incumbrance under which he left me the paternal Inheritance, which had descended through many Generations; and expressed the most earnest Desire, that it might yet be transmitted entire to Posterity: With this View, he said he had negotiated a Marriage between me and the only Daughter of his old Friend Sir *George Homestead* of the North, an amiable young Lady, whose Alliance would be an Honour to my Family, and whose Fortune would much more than redeem my Estate.

He had given the Knight a faithful Account of his Affairs, who, after having taken some Time to consider the Proposal and consult his Friends, had consented to the Match, upon Condition that his Daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my Behaviour should confirm the Character which had been given of me. My Father added, that he hoped to have lived till this Alliance had taken Place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he intreated as his last Request, that as soon as my Affairs should be settled, and Decency would permit, I would make Sir *George* a Visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his Purpose.

I was touched with the Zeal and Tendernefs of paternal Affection, which was then directing me to Happiness, after the Heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the Hand that expressed it was mouldering in the Dust. I had also seen the Lady, not indeed since we were Children; but I remembered that
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her Person was agreeable and her Temper sweet : I did not, therefore, hesitate a Moment, whether my Father's Injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his Affairs ; I took an Account of Debts and Credits, visited the Tenants, recovered my usual Gaiety, and at the End of about nine Months set out for Sir *George's* Seat in the North ; having before opened an epistolary Correspondence, and expressed my Impatience to possess the Happiness which my Father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a Chariot, or be jumbled in a Post-chaise ; and I knew that Sir *George* was an old Sportsman, a plain hearty Blade, who would like me better in a Pair of Buckskin Breeches on the Back of a good Hunter, than in a trimmed Suit, and a gaudy Equipage : I therefore set out on Horseback with only one Servant, and reached *Stilton* the first Night.

In the Morning, as I was mounting, a Gentleman, who had just got on Horseback before me, ordered his Servant to make some Enquiry about the Road, which I happened to overhear and told him with great Familiarity, that I was going the same Way, and if he pleased we would travel together : To this he consented, with as much Frankness, and as little Ceremony ; and I set forward, greatly delighted that Chance has afforded me a Companion.

We immediately entered into Conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad : We extolled the Roads and the Polity of *France*, the Cities the Palaces and the Villas, entered into a critical Examination of the most celebrated Seats in *England*, the Peculiarities of the Buildings and Situation, Cross-ways, Market Towns, the Imposition of Inn-keepers, and the Sports of the Field ; Topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other,

as we had both Opportunities to discover equal Knowledge, and to display Truth with such Evidence as prevented Diversity of Opinion.

After we had rode about two Hours, we overtook another Gentleman, whom we accosted with the same Familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going and which Way, at what Rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other Questions of the same Kind. The Gentleman, who, appeared to be near fifty, received our Address with great Coldness, returned short and indirect Answers to our Enquiries, and often looking with great Attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his Horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and, finding that his Reserve increased and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other and determined the Old-put should afford us some Sport. After we had rode together upon very ill Terms more than Half an Hour, my Companion, with an Air of ceremonious Gravity, asked him if he knew any House upon the Road where he might be accommodated with a Wench. The Gentleman, who was I believe, afraid of giving us a Pretence to quarrel, did not resent this Insult any otherways than by making no Reply. I then began to talk to my Companion as if we had been old Acquaintances, reminding him that the Gentleman extremely resembled a Person from whom we had taken a Girl that he was carrying to the Bagnio, and indeed, that his present Reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that as we were willing to ask his Pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the Pleasure of dining together at the next Inn. The Gentleman was still silent; but as his Perplexity and Resentment visibly increased, he proportionably in-

increased our Entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a Lane; upon which we set up a Horse-laugh that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our Journey, we talked of the Adventure, which afforded us Conversation and Merriment for the Rest of the Day.

The next Morning we parted, and in the Evening I arrived at *Homeshead Hall*. The old Knight received me with great Affection, and immediately introduced me to his Daughter, whom I now thought the finest Woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her Father's Recommendation, and I enjoyed by Anticipation the Felicity which I considered as within my Grasp. But the pleasing Scene, in which I had suffered my Imagination to wander suddenly disappeared as by the Power of Enchantment: Without any visible Motive, the Behaviour of the whole Family was changed, my Affiduities to the Lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the Knight treated me with a cold Civility, I was no longer a Party in their Visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the Servants. I made many Attempts to discover the Cause of this Misfortune, but without Success; and one Morning, when I had drawn Sir *George* into the Garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the Subject, he prevented me by saying, that his Promise to my Father, for whom he had the highest Regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his Daughter a free Choice; and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her Affections were otherwise engaged, and to entreat that I would, therefore discontinue my Addresses. My Surprise and Concern at this Declaration were such as left me no Power to reply: And I saw Sir *George* turn from
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me, and go into the House, without making any Attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further Explanation. Afterwards indeed I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my Leave, and determined that I would still solicit by Letter; for the Lady had taken such Possession of my Heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her Father would immediately have left all his Fortune to a Stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary Project all the Way to *London*, and before I had been three Days in Town I wrote a long Letter to Sir *George*, in which I conjured him, in the strongest Terms, to account for the Change in his Behaviour; and insisted, that, on this Occasion, to conceal the Truth, was in the highest Degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this Letter, after about ten Days, I received the following Answer.

“S I R,

“It is with great Reluctance that I reveal the
 “Motives of my Conduct, because they are much to
 “your Disadvantage. The inclosed is a Letter
 “which I received from a worthy Gentleman in this
 “Country, and contains a full Answer to your En-
 “quiries, which I had rather you should receive in
 “any Hand than in mine.

I am your humble Servant,

GEO. HOMESTEAD.”

I immediately opened the Paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost Impatience, I read as follows:

“S I R,

“I saw a Person with your Family Yesterday at
 “the Races, to whom, I was soon after informed,
 “you intended to give your Daughter. Upon this
 “Occasion, it is my indispensable Duty to acquaint
 “you

“ you, that if his Character is to be determined by
“ his Company, he will inevitably entail Diseases
“ and Beggary upon his Posterity, whatever be the
“ Merit of his Wife, or the Affluence of his Fortune.
“ He overtook me on the Road from *London* a few
“ Weeks ago, in Company with a Wretch, who by
“ their Discourse appeared to be his old and familiar
“ Acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have
“ been brought before my Friend Justice *Worthy*,
“ when I was accidentally at his House, as the Keeper
“ of a Brothel in *Covent Garden*. He has since
“ won a considerable Sum with false Dice, at the
“ Masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave
“ the Kingdom, and is still liable to a Prosecution.
“ Be assured that I have perfect Knowledge of both ;
“ for some Incidents, which, not necessary to
“ mention, kept me near them so long on the Road,
“ that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN.”

The Moment I had read this Letter, the Riddle was solved. I knew Mr *Trueman* to be the Gentleman, whom I had concurred with a Stranger, picked up by Accident, to insult without Provocation on the Road. I was in a Moment covered with Confusion ; and though I was alone, could not help covering my Face with my Hands. I abhorred my Folly, which appeared yet more enormous every Time it was reviewed.

I courted the Society of a Stranger, and a Stranger I persecuted with Insult : thus I associated with Infamy, and thus my Associate became known. I hoped however to convince Sir *George*, that I had no Knowledge of the Wretch, whose Infamy I had shared, except that which I had acquired from the Letter of his Friend. But before I had taken proper
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Measures for my Justification, I had the Mortification to hear that the Lady was married to a neighbouring Gentleman, who had long made his Addressee, and whom Sir *George* had before rejected in the Ardor of his Friendship for my Father.

How narrow, Sir, is the Path of Rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest Deviation !

I am your humble Servant,

ABULUS.

On the Justice of PROVIDENCE in the Distribution of RICHES.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of the Temple. The Person he chanced to see was to Appearance an old sordid blind Man, but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus* the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men ; upon which *Jupiter* considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Resolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the World in the blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in a tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Wo-

Woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own House, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occasion pleads her Cause very notably, and represents to her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was Rich, they would never be supplied with those Poms, Ornaments and Conveniencies of Life which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Votaries, in regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unwieldiness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this Means the Deity recovered his Eyes, and begun to make a right Use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards Men; and at the same Time by taking away his Gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry Incidents, till in the last Act *Mercury* descends with great Complaints from the Gods, that since the good Men were grown Rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since these late Innovations he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the Beginning of the Play was religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Proposal which was relished by all the good Men who were now grown rich as well as himself,

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that they should carry *Plutus* in a solemn Procession to the Temple, and install him in the Place of *Jupiter*. This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points, first, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distributions of Wealth; and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them.

On the FORCE of AFFECTION.

A YOUNG Gentleman and Lady of ancient and honourable Houses in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble Passion, which had been long opposed by their Friends, by Reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Constancy to each other, and Obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their Relations, that these celebrated Lovers were at Length joined in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign Country, to take Care of a considerable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumstances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occasion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, *You see how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable Voyage, and sent Home every Post fresh Accounts of his Success in his Affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Business would detain him some Time longer from Home, because he would give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival.

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The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day walked every Evening on the Sea Shore, near which she lived, with a familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinswoman, and diverted herself with what Objects they met there, or upon Discourse of the future Methods of Life, in the happy Change of their Circumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquillity, observing the setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the silent Heaving of the Waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their Feet; when at a Distance her Kinswoman saw something float on the Waters, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels, she had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Cousin still asserting her Right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for her Child of which she was then big, provided she might be God-mother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally filled with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows (said she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy House; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? or, may he not be the Master of a Family that wholly depended upon his Life? there may, for ought we know, be Half a Dozen fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now exposed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? but let us go away, it is a dreadful Sight! The best Office we can do, is

to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away when a Wave threw the Carcass on the Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shrieked out, Oh, my Cousin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurse, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as she always called him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon awaked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.

When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Question, but the Objects before them told the Story.

Incidents of this Nature are the more moving when they are drawn by Persons concerned in the Catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the Power of giving them in a distinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to speak it.

I have two original Letters written both on the same Day, which are to me exquisite in their different Kinds. The Occasion was this: A Gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained also the Consent of her Father, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy that they should be married in the same Church where he himself was, in a Village in *Westmoreland*, and made him set out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, and the Bride her Maid: They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom

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groom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

March 18. 1672.

S I R,

After a very pleasant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I assure you the Bride carries it, in the Eye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her Mother; though he says, your open Sleeves, Pantaloon, and Shoulder Knot, made a much better Show than the finical Dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine Man this Village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful Son.

T. D.

The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome as an Angel——I am the happiest Man breathing.

The Villagers were assembled about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Master would leave the Place on a Sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before took this Opportunity to go into his Chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Rallery on the Subject of their Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her, said with the most graceful Air, whilst she looked pleased with his agreeable Flattery, now, Madam repent of all those Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Casement; you shall die, you Tyrant, you shall die,

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with

with all those Instruments of Death and Destruction about you, with that enchanting Smile, those killing Ringlets of your Hair.—Give Fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his Condition; but he bore it so patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch entered, and his Master locked the Door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these Pistols? he answered, yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a Thousand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and distracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Mistress.

S I R,

I who two Hours ago told you truly, I was the happiest Man alive, am now the most miserable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, killed by my Hand, through a Mistake of my Man's charging my Pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my Wedding Day—I will immediately follow my Wife to her Grave: But before I throw myself upon my Sword, I command my Distraction so far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good Man! — Remember, he that killed your Daughter, died for it: In the Article of Death I give you my thank, and pray for you, though I do not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.



ON CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that Mankind are no less, in Proportion, accountable for the ill Use of their Dominion over Creatures of the lower Rank of Beings, than for the Exercise of Tyranny over their own Species. The more intirely the Inferior Creation is submitted to our Power, the more answerable we should seem for our Mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very Condition of Nature renders these Creatures incapable of receiving any Recompence in another Life, for their ill Treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious Animals, which have Qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid Mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by Hunger. Man, on the other Hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive Animals on Purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some Reflection upon human Nature itself, that few People take Delight in seeing Beasts caress and play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this Temper is become almost a distinguishing Character of our own Nation, from the Observation which is made by Foreigners of our beloved Pastimes, *Bear-baiting*, *Cock-fighting*, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying any Thing that has Life, merely out of Wantonness; yet in this Principle our Children are bred up, and one of the first Pleasures we allow them, is the Licence of inflicting Pain upon poor Animals: Almost as soon as we are sensible what Life is ourselves, we make it our Sport to take it from

from other Creatures. I cannot but believe a very good Use might be made of the Fancy which Children have for Birds and Insects. Mr *Locke* takes Notice of a Mother who permitted them to her Children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily Exercise of Humanity, and improving their very Diversion to a Virtue.

I fancy too, some Advantage might be taken of the common Notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some Sorts of Birds, as *Swallows* or *Martins*; this Opinion might possibly arise from the Confidence these Birds seem to put in us by building under our Roofs, so that it is a Kind of Violation of the Laws of Hospitality to murder them. As for *Robin-red-breasts* in particular, it is not improbable they owe their Security to the old Ballad of *the Children in the Wood*. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this Prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the Preservation of many innocent Creatures, which are now exposed to all the Wantonness of an ignorant Barbarity.

There are other Animals that have the Misfortune, for no Manner of Reason, to be treated as common Enemies wherever found. The Conceit that a *Cat* has *nine Lives*, has cost at least nine Lives in ten of the whole Race of them: Scarce a Boy in the Streets but has in this Point outdone *Hercules* himself, who was famous for killing a Monster that had but *three Lives*. Whether the unaccountable Animosity against this useful Domestic may be any Cause of the general Persecution of *Owls*, (who are a Sort of feathered Cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable Pique the Moderns have taken to a serious Countenance, I shall not determine.

mine. Though I am inclined to believe the former ; since I observe the sole Reason alledged for the Destruction of *Frogs* is because they are like *Toads*. Yet amidst all the Misfortunes of these unfriended Creatures, it is some Happiness that we have not yet taken a Fancy to eat them : For should our Countrymen refine upon the *French* never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of Torments *Owls*, *Cats* and *Frogs* may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to Men, we have another Succession of sanguinary Sports ; in particular *Hunting*. I dare not attack a Diversion which has such Authority and Custom to support it, but must have Leave to be of Opinion, that the Agitation of that Exercise, with the Example and Number of the Chasers, not a little contribute to resist those *Checks*, which Compassion would naturally suggest in Behalf of the Animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur *Fleury*, that this Sport is a *Remain of the Gothic Barbarity* ; but I must animadvert upon a certain Custom yet in Use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Goths* or even the *Scythians* ; I mean that savage Compliment our Huntsmen pass upon Ladies of Quality, who are present at the Death of a Stag, when they put the Knife in their Hand to cut the Throat of a helpless, trembling and weeping Creature.

— *That lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life.*

But if our Sports are destructive, our Gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman Manner. *Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipt to Death, Fowls sewed up*, are Testimonies of our outrageous Luxury. Those who (as *Seneca* expresses it) divide their Lives betwixt an anxious Conscience and a nauseated Stomach, have a just Reward of their Gluttony in the Diseases

Diseases it brings with it: For human Savages, like other wild Beasts, find Snares and Poison in the Provisions of Life, and are allured by their Appetites to their Destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the Prospect of one of their Kitchens covered with Blood, and filled with the Cries of Creatures expiring in Tortures. It gives one an Image of a *Giant's Den* in a Romance, bestrewed with the scattered Heads and mangled Limbs of those who were slain by his Cruelty.

The excellent *Plutarch* (who has more Strokes of Good-nature in his Writings than I remember in any Author) cites a Saying of *Cato* to this Effect, *That it is no easy Task to preach to the Belly, which has no Ears.* "Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of Fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some Discretion and Measure. If we kill an Animal for our Provision, let us do it with the Meltings of Compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own Nature Cruelty to put a living Creature to Death; we at least destroy a Soul that has Sense and Perception"—In the Life of *Cato* the Censor, he takes occasion from the severe Disposition of that Man to discourse in this Manner. "It ought to be esteemed a Happiness to Mankind, that our Humanity has a wider Sphere to exert itself in, than bare Justice. It is no more than the Obligation of our very Birth to practise Equity to our own Kind, but Humanity may be extended through the whole Order of Creatures, even to the meanest: Such Actions of Charity are the Overflowings of a mild Good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the Part of a well-natured Man to take Care of his Horses and Dogs, not only in Expectation of their Labour while they are Foals and Whelps, but even when their old Age has made them incapable of Service."

Hi-

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History tells us of a wise and polite Nation that rejected a Person of the first Quality, who stood for a judiciary Office, only because he had been observed in his Youth, to take Pleasure in tearing and murdering of Birds. And of another that expelled a Man out of the Senate, for dashing a Bird against the Ground which had taken Shelter in his Bosom.

Every one knows how remarkable the *Turks* are for their Humanity in this Kind: I remember an *Arabian* Author, who has written a Treatise to shew, how far a Man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert Island, without any Instruction, or so much as the Sight of any other Man, may by the pure Light of Nature, attain the Knowledge of Philosophy and Virtue. One of the first Things he makes him observe is, that universal Benevolence of Nature in the Protection and Preservation of its Creatures. In Imitation of which the first Act of Virtue he thinks, this self-taught Philosopher would of Course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the Animals about him in their Wants and Distresses.

In *Dryden's Ovid* are some very tender and pathetic Lines applicable to this Occasion.

*The Sheep was sacrificed on no Pretence,
But meek and unresisting Innocence.
A Patient, useful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her
Murderer ;
And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
A Tribute for the Grass, on which she fed.
Living both Food and Raiment she supplies,
And is of least Advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve ?
A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve.
O Tyrant ! with what Justice can'st thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop ;
When*

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*When thou destroy'st thy labouring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field!
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began.*

*What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife:
Looks up and from her Butcher begs her Life,
Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, ere he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the Children's Cries.* }

Perhaps that Voice or Cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different Animals, might purposely be given them to move our Pity, and prevent those Cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our Fellow-Creatures.



The

The VISION of JUSTICE.

I WAS last Week taking a solitary Walk in the Garden of *Lincoln's-Inn*, (a Favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate Friends, and grown old with me in this Neighbourhood) when, according to the Nature of Men in Years, who have made but little Progress in the Advancement of their Fortune or their Fame, I was repining at the sudden Rise of many Persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal Distribution of Wealth, Honour, and all other Blessings of Life. I was lost in this Thought when the Night came upon me, and drew my Mind into a far more agreeable Contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its Glories, and presented me with such an Hemisphere of Stars, as made the most agreeable Prospect imaginable to one who delights in the Study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing Night, which had purified the whole Body of Air into such a bright transparent Æther, as made every Constellation visible; and at the same Time gave such a particular Glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a Scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that Expression) without suitable Meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing Objects. For on these Occasions, Philosophy suggests Motives to Religion, and Religion adds Pleasures to Philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual Temper and Serenity of Soul, I retired to my Lodgings, with the Satisfaction of having passed away a few Hours in the proper Employments of a reasonable Creature; and promising myself that my Slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a

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Dream

Dream, or saw a Vision (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my Evening Meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess the Wildness of Imagination (which in a Dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several Parts of it.

Me thought I saw the same azure Sky diversified with the same glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell a-sleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the Name of the Balance, when on a Sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary Light, as if the Sun should rise at Midnight. By its increasing in Breadth and Lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the Earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the Midst of a great Glory, which in a little Time after I distinctly perceived to be the Figure of a Woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the Constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer View I saw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her Countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose Eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smiles transported with Rapture, her Frowns terrified to Despair. She held in her Hand a Mirror endowed with the same Qualities as that which the Painters put into the Hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a Light, which distinguished itself from all the Splendors that surrounded her, more than a Flash of Lightning shines in the Midst of Day-light. As she moved it in her Hand it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by
Mortals,

Mortals, to make the Pomp of her Appearance more supportable, she threw Darknefs and Clouds about her, that tempered the Light into a thousand beautiful Shades and Colours, and multiplied that Lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a Variety of milder Glories.

In the mean Time the World was in an Alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious Plain; so that I seemed to have the whole Species before my Eyes. A Voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this Visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his Due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Assembly after this solemn Declaration, are not to be expressed. The first Edict was then pronounced, *that all Titles and Claims to Riches and Estates, or to any Part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful Owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the Instruments of their Tenure, whether in Parchment, Paper, Wax, or any other Form of Conveyance; and as the Goddess moved the Mirror of Truth, which she held in her Hand, so that the Light which flowed from it fell upon the Multitude, they examined the several Instruments by the Beams of it: The Rays of this Mirror had a particular Quality of setting Fire to all Forgery and Falshood. The Blaze of Papers, the Melting of Seals, and Crackling of Parchments, made a very odd Scene. The Fire very often ran through two or three Lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe, the Flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils, the Light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark Corners and Recesses of the Universe, and by that Means detected many Writings and Records which had been hidden or buried by Time, Chance or De-

sign. This occasioned a wonderful Revolution among the People. At the same Time, the Spoils of Extortion, Fraud and Robbery, with all the Fruits of Bribery and Corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious Pile, that almost reached to the Clouds, and was called, *the Mount of Restitution*; to which all injured Persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see Crowds of People in tattered Garments come up, and change Cloaths with others that were dressed with Lace and Embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became Men of moderate Fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in Wealth and Possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my Concern most, was, to see a certain Street of the greatest Credit in *Europe* from one End to the other become Bankrupt.

The next Command was, for the whole Body of Mankind to separate themselves into their proper Families: which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring all Children to *repair to their true and natural Fathers*. This put a great Part of the Assembly in Motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Instinct, as directed them to their real Parents. It was a very melancholy Spectacle to see the Fathers of very large Families become Childless, and Batchelors undone by a Charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a presumptive Heir of a great Estate ask Blessing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toast paying her Duty to a Valet de Chambre. Many, under Vows of Celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous Issue. This Change of Parentage would have caused great Lamentation, but that the Calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their Children had the Satis-

tisfaction of seeing them put into the Hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no sooner settled in their Right to their Possessions and their Progeny, but there was a third Order proclaimed, *that all the Posts of Dignity and Honour in the Universe should be conferred on Persons of the greatest Merit, Abilities and Perfections*. The Handsome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the Splendor of the Mirror, which played upon their Faces, they immediately fell back among the Crowd: but as the Goddess tried the Multitude by her Glass, as the Eagle does its young ones by the Lustre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his Face from it who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge, or Capacity in Business, either military or civil. This select Assembly was drawn up in the Center of a prodigious Multitude, which was diffused on all Sides, and stood observing them, as idle People used to gather about a Regiment that were exercising their Arms. They were drawn up in three Bodies: in the first, were the Men of Virtue; in the second, the Men of Knowledge; and in the third, the Men of Business. It is impossible to look at the first Column without a secret Veneration, their Aspects were so sweetened with Humanity, raised with Contemplation, emboldened with Resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable Airs, which are those that proceed from secret Habits of Virtue. I could not but take Notice, that there were many Faces among them which were unknown, not only to the Multitude, but even to several of their own Body.

In the second Column, consisting of the Men of Knowledge, there had been great Disputes before they fell into the Ranks, which they did not do at last, without the positive Command of the Goddess

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who presided over the Assembly. She had so ordered it, that Men of the greatest Genius and strongest Sense were placed at the Head of the Column: Behind these, were such as had formed their Minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column were Men who had more Wit than Sense, or more Learning than Understanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of these Classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great Body of Editors, Critics, Commentators and Grammarians, meet with so very ill a Reception. They had formed themselves into a Body, and with a great deal of Arrogance demanded the first Station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddess, instead of complying with their Request, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but the Lackies of the Learned.

The third Column were Men of Business, and consisted of Persons in military and civil Capacities. The Former marched out from the Rest, and placed themselves in the Front; at which the other shook their Heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the Post with them. I could not but make several Observations upon this last Column of People; but I have certain private Reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the Public. In order to fill up all the Posts of Honour, Dignity and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column of Men, who were Masters of all three Qualifications in some Degree, and were preferred to Stations of the first Rank. The second Draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the Qualifications, who were disposed of in Stations of a second Dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable Posts. When this was over, there remain-
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ed many Places of Trust and Profit unfilled, for which there were fresh Draughts made out of the surrounding Multitude, who had any Appearance of these Excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in Reality.

All were surprised to see so many new Faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own Part, I was very well pleased to see all my Friends either kept their present Posts or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my Paper with those Particulars of my Vision which concern the Male Part of Mankind, I must reserve for another Occasion the Sequel of it, which relates to the Fair-sex.

A Continuation of the VISION.

THE Male World were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a Sudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a Multitude filled my Heart with unspeakable Pleasure; and as the celestial Light of the Mirror shone upon their Faces, several of them seemed rather Persons that descended in the Train of the Goddess, than such as were brought before her to their Trial. The Clack of Tongues, and Confusion of Voices, in this new Assembly, were so very great that the Goddess was forced to command Silence several Times, and with some Severity, before she could make them attentive to her Edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important Affair among Womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the Point of Place. This had raised innumerable Disputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a Tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretensions. Birth, Beauty,

Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were Words that rung in my Ears from all Parts of the Plain. Some boasted of the Merit of their Husbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted Virginity; others their numerous Issue. Some valued themselves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of considerable Persons. There was not a single Accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole Congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, speaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible Arts which Women put in Practice, to captivate the Hearts of reasonable Creatures. The Goddess, to end this Dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, that every one should take Place according as she was more or less beautiful. This Declaration gave great Satisfaction to the whole Assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their Motion, found an Occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false Step, that they might shew their Persons in the most becoming Air. Such as had fine Necks and Bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the Heads of the Multitude, and observe the most distant Parts of the Assembly. Several clapped their Hands on their Foreheads, as helping their Sight to look upon the Glories that surrounded the Goddess, but in Reality to shew fine Hands and Arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard, that in the Decision of this great Controversy, each of them should be her own Judge, and take her Place according to her own Opinion of herself, when she consulted her Looking-glass.

The Goddess then let down the Mirror of Truth in a golden Chain, which appeared larger in Proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the
Eyes

Eyes of the Beholders. It was the particular Property of this Looking-Glass to banish all false Appearances, and shew People what they really are. The whole Woman was represented, without Regard to the usual external Features, which were made entirely conformable to their real Characters. In short, the most accomplished (taking the whole Circle of Female Perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The Goddess so varied the Motion of the Glass, and placed it in so many different Lights, that each had an Opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the Rage, the Pleasure or Astonishment, that appeared in each Face upon its Representation in the Mirror; Multitudes started at their own Form, and would have broken the Glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a Loathing and Abhorrence. The Lady who was thought so agreeable in her Anger, and was so often celebrated for a Woman of Fire and Spirit, was frightened at her own Image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the Glass. The interested Mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle Jilt a Sphynx. I was very much troubled in my own Heart, to see such a Destruction of fine Faces; but at the same Time had the Pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest Master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surpris'd at their own Charms, and that many a one, who had lived in the Retirement and Severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the Graces and Attractions of a Siren. I was ravished at the Sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the most beautiful Object that my Eyes ever beheld. There was something more than *human* in her Countenance:

nance: Her Eyes were so full of Light, that they seemed to beautify every Thing they looked upon. Her Face was so enlivened with such a florid Bloom, as did not so properly seem the Mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her Shape, her Stature, and her Mein, were such as distinguished her even there, where the whole Fair-sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the Lady represented by so divine an Image, whom I found to be the Person that stood at my right Hand, and in the same Point of View with myself. This was a little old Woman, who in her Prime had been about five Feet high, though at present thrunk to about three Quarters of that Measure: Her natural Aspect was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her Head covered with grey Hairs. I had observed all along an innocent Chearfulness in her Face, which was now heightened into Rapture, as she beheld herself in the Glass. It was an odd Circumstance in my Dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived so great an Inclination towards her, that I had Thoughts of discouraging her upon the Point of Marriage, when on a Sudden she was carried from me; for the Word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own Images, should separate, and place themselves at the Head of their Sex.

This Detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, consisting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the Middle with the Maids on the Right, and the Widows on the Left; though it was with Difficulty that these two last Bodies were hindered from falling into the Center. This Separation of those who liked their real Selves, not having lessened the Number of the Main-body so considerably as it might have been wished, the Goddess, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new Distinctions among those who did
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not like the Figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome Edicts, which are slippt out of my Mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their Kind, and executed with great Severity. Their Design was, to make an Example of two Extremes in the Female World; of those who are very severe on the Conduct of others, and of those who are very Regardless of their own. The first Sentence therefore the Goddess pronounced, was, that all Females addicted to Censoriousness and Detraction, should lose the Use of Speech; a Punishment which would be the most grievous to the Offender, and, (what should be the End of all Punishments) effectual for rooting out the Crime. Upon this Edict, which was as soon executed as published, the Noise of this Assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy Spectacle, to see so many who had the Reputation of rigid Virtue struck dumb. A Lady who stood by me, and saw my Concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a Pack of — I found, by the shaking of her Head, she was going to give me their Characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the Command of her Tongue. This Calamity fell very heavy upon that Part of Women who are distinguished by the Name of Prudes, a courtly Word for Female Hypocrites, who have a short Way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second Sentence was then pronounced against the loose Part of the Sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any Part of their Lives had run the Hazard of it. This produced a very goodly Appearance, and revealed so many Misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their Want of Utterance; though at the same Time (as Afflictions seldom come single) many of the Mutes

Mutes were also seized with this new Calamity. The Ladies were now in such a Condition, that they would have wanted Room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their Ground, and extend their Lines on all Sides. It was a sensible Affliction to me, to see such a Multitude of fair ones, either dumb or big-bellied : But I was something more at Ease, when I found that they agreed upon several Regulations to cover such Misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established Maxim in all Nations, that a Woman's first Child might come into the World within six Months after the Acquaintance with her Husband ; and that Grief might retard the Birth of her last till fourteen Months after his Decease.

This Vision lasted till my usual Hour of waking, which I did with some Surprize, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole Night in so prodigious a Multitude. I could not but reflect with Wonder, at the Partiality and Extravagance of my Vision ; which, according to my Thoughts, has not done Justice to the Sex. If Virtue in Men is more venerable, it is in Women more lovely ; which *Milton* has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost* where *Adam*, speaking of *Eve*, after having asserted his own Pre-eminence, as being *first* in Creation and internal Faculties, breaks out into the following Rapture.

——— *Yet when I approach
Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills, or do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best.
All higher Knowledge in her Presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom in Discourse with her,
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shews.*

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*Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally : and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind and Nobleness, their Seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard angelic placed.*

No LIFE pleasing to GOD, that is not useful
to MAN. An Eastern STORY.

IT pleased the mighty Sovereign *Abbas Carascan*, from whom the Kings of the Earth derive Honour and Dominion, to set *Mirza* his Servant over the Province of *Tauris*. In the Hand of *Mirza*, the Balance of Distribution was suspended with Impartiality ; and under his Administration the Weak were protected, the Learned received Honour, and the Diligent became rich : *Mirza*, therefore, was beheld by every Eye with Complacency, and every Tongue pronounced Blessings upon his Head. But it was observed that he derived no Joy from the Benefits which he diffused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his Leisure in Solitude ; in his Palace he sat motionless upon a Sofa ; and when he went out, his Walk was slow, and his Eyes were fixed upon the Ground : He applied to the Business of State with Reluctance ; and resolved to relinquish the Toil of Government, of which he could no longer enjoy the Reward.

He therefore, obtained Permission to approach the Throne of his Sovereign ; and being asked what was his Request, he made this Reply : " May the
" Lord of the World forgive the Slave whom he has
" honoured, if *Mirza* presume again to lay the
" Bounty of *Abbas* at his Feet. Thou hast given
" me the Dominion of a Country, fruitful as the
" Gardens of *Damascus* ; and a City, glorious as
M "bove

“bove all others, except that only which reflects
 “the Splendor of thy Presence. But the longest
 “Life is a Period scarce sufficient to prepare for
 “Death: All other Business is vain and trivial, as
 “the Toil of Emmets in the Path of the Traveller,
 “under whose Foot they perish for ever; and all
 “Enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the
 “Colours of the Bow that appears in the Interval of
 “a Storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for
 “the Approach of Eternity; let me give up my Soul
 “to Meditation; let Solitude and Silence acquaint
 “me with the Mysteries of Devotion; let me for-
 “get the World, and by the World be forgotten,
 “till the Moment arrives, in which the Veil of E-
 “ternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the Bar
 “of the Almighty.” *Mirza* then bowed himself
 to the Earth, and stood silent.

By the Command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that
 at these Words he trembled upon that Throne, at
 the Footstool of which the World pays Homage:
 He looked round upon his Nobles; but every Coun-
 tenance was pale, and every Eye was upon the Earth.
 No Man opened his Mouth; and the King first
 broke Silence, after it had continued near an Hour.

“*Mirza*, Terror and Doubt are come upon me.
 “I am alarmed, as a Man who suddenly perceives
 “that he is near the Brink of a Precipice, and is
 “urged forward by an irresistible Force; but yet
 “I know not, whether my Danger is a Reality or
 “a Dream. I am as thou art, a Reptile of the
 “Earth; my Life is a Moment, and Eternity, in
 “which Days and Years and Ages are nothing: E-
 “ternity is before me, for which I also should pre-
 “pare: But by whom then must the Faithful be
 “governed? By those only, who have no Fear of
 “Judgment? By those only whose Life is brutal;
 “because like Brutes they do not consider that they
 “shall

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“ shall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful?
“ Are the busy Multitudes that crowd the City, in
“ a State of Perdition? And is the Cell of the Dervise
“ alone the Gate of Paradise? To all, the Life of a
“ Dervise is not possible: To all, therefore, it can-
“ not be a Duty. Depart to the House which has
“ in this City been prepared for thy Residence; I
“ will meditate the Reason of thy Request; and may
“ he who illuminates the Mind of the Humble, en-
“ able me to determine with Wisdom.”

Mirza departed; and on the third Day, having received no Command, he again requested an Audience, and it was granted. When he entered the Royal Presence, his Countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a Letter from his Bosom, and having kissed it he presented it with his Right Hand.

“ My Lord,” said he, “ I have learned by this
“ Letter, which I received from *Cofrou* the Iman
“ who now stands before thee, in what Manner Life
“ may be best improved. I am enabled to look
“ back with Pleasure, and forward with Hope; and
“ I shall now rejoice still to be the Shadow of thy
“ Power at *Tauris*, and to keep those Honours
“ which I so lately wished to resign.” The King,
who had listened to *Mirza* with a Mixture of Sur-
prise and Curiosity, immediately gave the Letter to
Cofrou, and commanded that it should be read. The
Eyes of the Court was at once turned upon the hoary
Sage, whose Countenance was suffused with an hon-
est Blush; and it was not without some Hesitation
that he read these Words.

“ To *Mirza*, whom the Wisdom of *Abbas* our
“ mighty Lord has honoured with Dominion, be e-
“ verlasting Health! When I heard thy Purpose to
“ withdraw the Blessings of thy Government from
“ the Thousands of *Tauris*, my Heart was wound-
“ ed with the Arrow of Affliction, and my Eyes be-

“ came dim with Sorrow. But who shall speak before
 “ the King, when he is troubled ; and who shall
 “ boast of Knowledge, when he is distressed by
 “ Doubt ? To thee I will relate the Events of my
 “ Youth, which thou hast renewed before me ; and
 “ those Truths which they taught me, may the
 “ Prophet multiply to thee.”

“ Under the Instruction of the Physician *Aluazer*,
 “ I obtained an early Knowledge of his Art. To
 “ those who were smitten with Disease, I could ad-
 “ minister Plants, which the Sun has impregnated
 “ with the Spirit of Health. But the Scenes of
 “ Pain, Languor, and Mortality, which were per-
 “ petually rising before me, made me often tremble
 “ for myself. I saw the Grave open at my Feet :
 “ I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the
 “ Regions beyond it, and to despise every Acquisi-
 “ tion which I could not keep. I conceived an O-
 “ pinion, that as there was no Merit but in volunta-
 “ ry Poverty, and silent Meditation, those who de-
 “ sired Money were not proper Objects of Bounty ;
 “ and that by all who were proper Objects of Bounty,
 “ Money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine
 “ in the Earth ; and renouncing Society, I wan-
 “ dered into a wild and sequestered Part of the
 “ Country ; my Dwelling was a Cave by the Side
 “ of a Hill, I drank the running Water from the
 “ Spring, and eat such Fruits and Herbs as I could
 “ find. To increase the Austerity of my Life, I
 “ frequently watched all Night, sitting at the En-
 “ trance of the Cave with my Face to the East, re-
 “ signing myself to the secret Influences of the Pro-
 “ phet, and expecting Illuminations from Above.
 “ One Morning after my nocturnal Vigil, just as I
 “ perceived the Horizon glow at the Approach of
 “ the Sun, the Power of Sleep became irresistible,
 “ and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting
 “ at

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“ at the Entrance of my Cell ; that the Dawn in-
“ creased ; and that as I looked earnestly for the
“ first Beam of Day, a dark Spot appeared to inter-
“ cept it. I perceived that it was in Motion ; it
“ increased in Size as it drew near, and at Length I
“ discovered it to be an Eagle. I still kept my Eye
“ fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it slight at a
“ small Distance, where I now descried a Fox
“ whose two Fore Legs appeared to be broken. Be-
“ fore this Fox the Eagle laid Part of a Kid, which
“ it had brought in its Talons, and then disap-
“ peared. When I awaked I laid my Forehead up-
“ on the Ground, and blessed the Prophet for the
“ Instruction of the Morning. I reviewed my
“ Dream, and said thus to myself ; *Cosrou*, thou
“ hast done well to renounce the Tumult, the Bu-
“ siness and the Vanities of Life ; but thou hast as
“ yet done it only in Part : Thou art still every Day
“ busied in the Search of Food, thy Mind is not whol-
“ ly at Rest, neither is thy Trust in Providence com-
“ plete. What art thou taught by this Vision ? If
“ thou hast seen an Eagle commissioned by Heaven
“ to feed a Fox that is lame, shall not the Hand of
“ Heaven also supply thee with Food ; when that
“ which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself,
“ is not Necessity but Devotion ? I was now so
“ confident of a miraculous Supply, that I neglected
“ to walk out for my Repast, which, after the first
“ Day, I expected with an Impatience that left me
“ little Power of attending to any other Object :
“ This Impatience, however, I laboured to suppress,
“ and persisted in my Resolution ; but my Eyes at
“ length began to fail me, and my Knees smote
“ each other ; I threw myself backward, and hoped
“ my Weakness would soon increase to Insensibility.
“ But I was suddenly roused by the Voice of an in-
“ visible Being who pronounced these Words :” *Cos-*

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rou, I am the Angel who, by the Command of the Almighty, have registered the Thoughts of thy Heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy Folly has perverted the Instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? Hast thou not rather the Powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the Object of thy Emulation. To Pain and Sickness, be thou again the Messenger of Ease and Health. Virtue is not Rest, but Action. If thou dost Good to Man, as an Evidence of thy Love to God, thy Virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that Happiness which is the Pledge of Paradise, will be thy Reward upon Earth.

“ At these Words I was not less astonished than
 “ if a Mountain had been overturned at my Feet.
 “ I humbled myself in the Dust; I returned to the
 “ City: I dug up my Treasure; I was liberal, yet
 “ I became rich. My Skill in restoring Health to
 “ the Body, gave me frequent Opportunities of curing the Diseases of the Soul. I put on the sacred
 “ Vestments; I grew eminent beyond my Merit;
 “ and it was the Pleasure of the King that I should
 “ stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended;
 “ I boast of no Knowledge that I have not received: As the Sands of the Desert drink up the
 “ Drops of Rain, or the Dew of the Morning; so
 “ do I also, who am but Dust, imbibe the Instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he
 “ who tells thee, all Knowledge is prophane, which
 “ terminates in thyself; and by a Life wasted in Speculation, little even of this can be gained. When
 “ the Gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee,
 “ thy Mind shall be irradiated in a Moment; here
 “ thou canst little more than pile Error upon Error;
 “ there thou shalt build Truth upon Truth. Wait,
 “ there-

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“ therefore, for the glorious Vision ; and in the mean
“ time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy Power ;
“ and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though
“ the Almighty only can give Virtue ; yet, as a
“ Prince, thou mayest stimulate those to Beneficence,
“ who act from no higher Motive than immediate
“ Interest ; thou canst not produce the Principle,
“ but mayest enforce the Practice. The Relief of
“ the Poor is equal, whether they receive it from
“ Ostentation, or Charity ; and the Effect of Exam-
“ ple is the same, whether it be intended to obtain
“ the Favour of God or Man. Let thy Virtue be
“ thus diffused ; and if thou believest with Reve-
“ rence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell.
“ May the Smile of *Him* who resides in the Heaven
“ of Heavens, be upon thee ! And against thy Name
“ in the Volume of *His* Will, may Happiness be
“ written. †

The King, whose Doubts like those of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a Smile that communicated the Joy of his Mind. He dismissed the Prince to his Government ; and commanded these Events to be recorded, to the End that Posterity may know, “ that no Life is pleasing to God, but
“ that which is useful to Mankind ! ”



CARAZAN's VISION: Or, SOCIAL LOVE and BENEFICENCE recommended.

CARAZAN, the Merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the *East* for his Avarice and his Wealth: His Origin is obscure as that of the Spark which by the Collision of Steel and Adamant is struck out of Darkness; and the patient Labour of persevering Diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his Dealings with Men he discovered a Perfidy which tempted him to put his Trust in Gold, or whether in Proportion as he accumulated Wealth he discovered his own Importance by Increase, *Carazan* prized it more as he used it less: He gradually lost the Inclination to do Good, as he acquired the Power; and as the Hand of Time scattered Snow upon his Head, the freezing Influence extended to his Bosom.

But though the Door of *Carazan* was never opened by Hospitality, nor his Hand by Compassion, yet Fear led him constantly to the Mosque at the stated Hours of Prayer: He performed all the Rites of Devotion with the most scrupulous Punctuality, and had thrice paid his Vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That Devotion which arises from the Love of God, and necessarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects Gratitude with Beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new Dignity upon Goodness, and is the Object not only of Affection but Reverence. On the contrary, the Devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the Punishment which every one wishes

wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the Complication of Hypocrisy with Guilt, never fails to excite Indignation and Abhorrence. *Carazan*, therefore, when he had locked his Door, and turning round with a Look of circumspective Suspicion proceeded to the Mosque, was followed by every Eye with silent Malignity; the Poor suspended their Supplications when he passed by; though he was known by every Man, yet no Man saluted him.

Such had long been the Life of *Carazan*, and such was the Character which he had acquired, when Notice was given by Proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent Building in the Center of the City, that his Table should be spread for the Public, and that the Stranger should be welcome to his Bed. The Multitude soon rushed like a Torrent to his Door, where they beheld him distributing Bread to the Hungry and Apparel to the Naked, his Eye softened with Compassion, and his Cheek glowed with Delight. Every one gazed with Astonishment, at the Prodigy; and the Murmur of innumerable Voices increasing like the Sound of approaching Thunder, *Carazan* beckoned with his Hand; Attention suspended the Tumult in a Moment, and he thus gratified the Curiosity which procured him Audience.

To him who touches the Mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting Honour! He hath ordained Sleep to be the Minister of Instruction, and his Visions have re-proved me in the Night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my Lamp burning before me, computing the Product of my Merchandice, and exulting in the Increase of my Wealth, I fell into a deep Sleep, and the Hand of him who dwells in the third Heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of Death coming forward like a Whirlwind, and he smote me
be-

before I could deprecate the Blow. At the same Moment I felt myself lifted from the Ground, and transported with astonishing Rapidity through the Regions of the Air. The Earth was contracted to an Atom beneath; and the Stars glowed round me with a Lustre, that obscured the Sun. The Gate of Paradise was now in Sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden Brightness which no human Eye could behold: The irrevocable Sentence was now to be pronounced; my Day of Probation was past, and from the Evil of my Life nothing could be taken away, nor could any Thing be added to the Good. When I reflected that my Lot for Eternity was cast, which not all the Powers of Nature could reverse, my Confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with Confusion and chilled with Horror, I was thus addressed by the Radiance that flamed before me.

Carazan, thy Worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the Love of God; neither can thy Righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the Love of Man: for thy own Sake only, hast thou rendered to every Man his Due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thy self. Thou hast not looked up with Gratitude, nor round thee with Kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed, beheld Vice and Folly; but if Vice and Folly could justify thy Parsimony, would they not condemn the Bounty of Heaven? if not upon the Foolish and the Vicious, where shall the Sun diffuse his Light, or the Clouds distil their Dew? where shall the Lips of the Spring breathe Fragrance, or the Hand of Autumn diffuse Plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut Compassion from thy Heart, and grasped thy Treasures with a Hand of Iron: Thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the Light of Heaven, and from the

the Society of all Beings, shalt thou be driven; Solitude shall protract the lingering Hours of Eternity, and Darkness aggravate the Horrors of Despair." At this Moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible Power, through the glowing System of Creation, and passed innumerable Worlds in a Moment. As I approached the Verge of Nature, I perceived the Shadows of total and boundless Vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful Region of eternal Silence, Solitude, and Darkness! Unutterable Horror seized me at the Prospect, and this Exclamation burst from me with all the Vehemence of Desire. *O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common Receptacle of Impenitence and Guilt! There Society would have alleviated the Torment of Despair, and the Rage of Fire could not have excluded the Comfort of Light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside on a Comet, that would return but once in a thousand Years to the Regions of Light and Life; the Hope of these Periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary Interval of Cold and Darkness, and the Vicissitude, would divide Eternity into Time.* While this Thought passed over my Mind I lost Sight of the remotest Star, and the last Glimmering of Light was quenched in utter Darkness. The Agonies of Despair every Moment increased, as every Moment augmented my Distance from the last habitable World. I reflected with intolerable Anguish, that when ten thousand thousand Years had carried me beyond the Reach of all but that Power who fills Infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense Abyss of Darkness, through which I should still drive without Succour and without Society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my Hands towards the Regions of Existence, with an Emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate Society, like every other Blessing, by its Loss.

Lofs. My Heart is warmed to Liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the Happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the Society of one Wretch, whom in the Pride of Prosperity I would have spurned from my Door, would, in the dreadful Solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the Gold of *Afric*, or the Gems of *Golconda*.

At this Reflection upon his Dream, *Carazan* became suddenly silent, and looked upwards in an Ecstasy of Gratitude and Devotion. The Multitude was struck at once with the Precept and Example; and the Caliph, to whom the Event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the Power of Gold, commanded it to be recorded for the Benefit of Posterity.

ON FEMALE GAMESTERS.

I SHOULD ill deserve the Name of *Guardian*, did I not caution all my fair Wards against a Practice which when it runs to Excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the Female World can fall into. The ill Consequences of it are more than can be contained in this Paper. However, that I may proceed in Method, I shall consider them, First, as they relate to the *Mind*. Secondly, as they relate to the *Body*.

Could we look into the Mind of a Female Gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *Trumps* and *Mattadores*. Her Slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens and Knaves. The Day lies heavy upon her untill the Play-season returns, when for half a dozen Hours together all her Faculties are employed in
Shuf-

Shuffling, Cutting, Dealing, and Sorting out a Pack of Cards, and no Ideas to be discovered in a Soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square Figures of painted and spotted Paper. Was the Understanding, that divine Part in our Composition, given for such an Use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest Talent human Nature is endowed with? What would a superior Being think, were he shewn this intellectual Faculty in a Female Gamester, and at the same Time told that it was by this she was distinguished from Brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our Women thus fill their Imaginations with Pips and Counters, I cannot wonder at the Story I have lately heard of a new-born Child that was marked with the Five of Clubs.

Their *Passions* suffer no less by this Practice than their Understandings and Imaginations. What Hope and Fear, Joy and Anger, Sorrow and Discontent break out all at once in a fair Assembly upon so noble an Occasion as that of turning up a Card? Who can consider without a secret Indignation that all those Affections of the Mind which should be consecrated to their Children, Husbands and Parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a Hand at Loo? For my own Part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine Woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial Motives: When I behold the Face of an Angel agitated and discomposed by the Heart of a Fury.

Our Minds are of such a Make, that they naturally give themselves up to every Diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that Play, when followed with Assiduity, engrosses the whole Woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own Family, takes but little Pleasure in all the domestic innocent Endearments of Life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her Husband. My Friend

Theophrastus, the best of Husbands and of Fathers, has often complained to me, with Tears in his Eyes, of the late Hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his Wife's Conversation. When she returns to me with Joy in her Face, it does not arise, says he, from the Sight of her Husband, but from the good Luck she has had at Cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a Loser, I am doubly a Sufferer by it. She comes Home out of Humour, is angry with every Body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in Reality for no other Reason but because she has been throwing away my Estate. What charming Bedfellows and Companions for Life are Men likely to meet with that chuse their Wives out of such Women of Vogue and Fashion? What a Race of Worthies, what Patriots, what Heroes must we expect from Mothers of this Make?

I come in the next Place to consider the ill Consequences which Gaming has on the *Bodies* of our Female Adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every Thing which corrupts the Soul decays the Body. The Beauties of the Face and Mind are generally destroyed by the same Means. This Consideration should have a particular Weight with the Female World, who were designed to please the Eye and attract the Regards of the other Half of the Species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine Face like the Vigils of the Card-table, and those cutting Passions which naturally attend them. Hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, are the natural Indications of a Female Gamester. Her Morning Sleeps are not able to repair her Midnight-watchings. I have known a Woman carried off half dead from Bassettee, and have many a Time grieved to see a Person of Quality gliding by me in her Chair at ten o'Clock in the Morning, and looking like a Spectre amidst a Glare of Flambeaux:

beux : In fhort, I never knew a thorough paced Female Gamefter hold her Beauty two Winters together.

But there is ftill another Cafe in which the Body is more endangered than in the former. All Play-debts muft be paid in Specie, or by an Equivalent. The Man that plays beyond his Income pawns his Eftate; the Woman muft find out fomething elfe to mortgage when her Pin-money is gone: The Husband has his Lands to difpofe of, the Wife her Perfon. Now when the Female Body is once *dipped*, if the Creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to confider the Confequences.

On CREATION and the ANIMAL WORLD:

THOUGH there is a great Deal of Pleafure in contemplating the material World, by which I mean that Syftem of Bodies into which Nature has fo curioufly wrought the Mafs of dead Matter, with the feveral Relations which thofe Bodies bear to one another; there is ftill, methinks, fomething more wonderful and furprifing in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all thofe Animals with which every Part of the Universe is furnifhed. The material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If we confider thofe Parts of the material World which lie the neareft to us, and are therefore fubject to our Observations and Inquiries, it is amazing to confider the Infinity of Animals with which it is ftocked. Every Part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf fwarms with Inhabitants. There is fcarce a fingle Humour in the Body of a Man, or of

any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also covered with other Animals, which are in the same Manner the Basis of other Animals, that live upon them; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble itself, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other Hand, if we look into the more bulky Parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes, and Rivers teeming with numberless Kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every Part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniences for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good Argument from this Consideration for the *Peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no Part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at such a Distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a Manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any farther than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a Nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of perceptive Being. As this is

a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that Part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shelfish, which are formed in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the Place where they grew. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is complete in all its Senses; and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denominations it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same Manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the Supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not

swarm with Life; Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the Rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every Degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chasm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with diverse Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a Degree of Perception which does not appear in some one Part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the divine Being, more manifested in this his Proceeding?

There is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may, by a Parity of Reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a superior Nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater Space and Room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a Variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that Variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr *Locke*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite Room between Man and his Maker for the creative Power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being, and the Power which produced him.

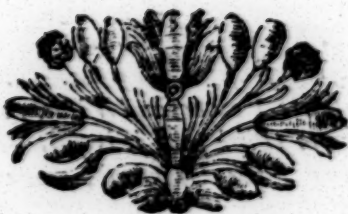
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That there should be more Species of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the Descent is by easy Steps, and a continued Series of Things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region: and there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water; whose Blood is cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so in like Taste, that the Scrupulous are allowed them on Fish days. There are Animals so near of Kin both to Birds and Beasts, that they are in the Middle between both: Amphibious Animals link the Terrestrial and Aquatic together: Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Sea-men. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great Difference between them: And so on until we come to the lowest and the most inorganic Parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several Species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible Degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have Reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the Species of Creatures should also, by gentle Degrees, ascend upwards from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: Which if it be probable, we have Reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more Species of Creatures

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tures above us, than there are beneath; we being in Degrees of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest State of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct Species, we have no clear distinct Ideas.

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the animal and intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he who in one Respect is associated with Angels and Arch Angels may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren, may in another Respect say to Corruption, *thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister.*



On the DEITY, and the wonderful FRAME of
HUMAN and ANIMAL BODIES.

THOSE who were skilled in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded, from the outward and inward Make of a human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of a human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-work. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprise and Amazement in Proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of anatomical Observations.

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The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by successive Inquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Inquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no Question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of a human Body. We would see the same Concatenation and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Works of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the present Age, can look through a whole Planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of a human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy, I shall here consider the Fabric and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with itself. If one should always sing the same Num-
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ber with ten thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five Times less, or five Times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every Kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives Rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion-kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a Variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *Divisions* running upon the same *Ground*. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many *similar* Systems, as well in our Survey, of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation. In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many Original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descents which it has made on every original Species in particular.

But to pursue this Thought still farther: Every living Creature considered in itself, has many very complicated Parts that are exact Copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated

cated in the same Manner. One Eye would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal ; but in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation; and in every Particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations ? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in Comparison with this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers ; when we see one Half of the Body intirely correspond with the other in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well subsisted ; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred Times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate Weaving of numberless Fibres, and these Parts differing still in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires ; sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. These Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver ; as those more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a human Eye : And if we consider how the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States of Existence ;

istence ; it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the same Number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a Degree of Credulity that is not under the Direction of common Sense. We may carry this Consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.

There are many more Demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the sixth Book of the Poem, intitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with great Perspicuity and Elegance.



*On the ATTRIBUTES of GOD and the
STARRY HEAVENS.*

I Was Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, until the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the western Parts of Heaven : In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, until the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her Brightness, and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection, *When I consider the Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained; what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou regardest him!* In the same Manner, when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; when I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed

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another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us: In short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I myself bore amidst the Immenfity of God's Works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation with all the Host of Planetary Worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one End of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in ourselves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many Stars by the Help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert itself in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret Horror as a Being, that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and

Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same Time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain Number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some Measure ascribing it to him, in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason indeed assures us, that his Attributes are infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, until our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our
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Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first Place, that he is Omnipresent ; and in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence : His Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Center is every where, and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence ; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty : But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensori-*

ola, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence, and perceive the Actions of a few Objects that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turn within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, infinite Space gives Room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find itself within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body, he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says Job. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left Hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: He hideth himself on the right Hand that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason, as well as Revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion: For as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart
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think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

I Was Yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish the great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable Creature, *viz.* the Immortality of the Soul, I considered those several Proofs drawn.

First, From the Nature of the Soul itself, and particularly its Immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

Secondly, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality; with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom, and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, though it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of
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such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same Thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a Stand in its Accomplishments, were its Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargement, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom, and Power, must perish at its first setting out, and in the very Beginning of its Enquiries?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make Room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full Measure of Knowledge, has not Time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he

he give us Talents that are not to be exerted ? Capacities that are never to be gratified ? How can we find that Wisdom, which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity ?

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that it is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity ; that it will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge ; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

He thinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is ; nay, when it shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as it now falls short of it. It is true, the higher Nature still advances, and by that Means preserves his Distance
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and Superiority in the Scale of Being ; but he knows, how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection ? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another to all Eternity, without a Possibility of touching it : And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness ?



On the CHOICE of present and future HAP-
PINESS and MISERY.

A Lewd young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefooted, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World.* True Son, said the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other Words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to ourselves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life as though it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as though it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank, who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think

think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe; that we are constant to our Duty; and that we keep a steady Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment, when he learned that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years; and that the greatest Part of this busy Species fall short even of that Age? How would he be lost in Horror and Admiration, when he should know that this Set of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Set of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are persuaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of threescore and ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our Endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours

deavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after ; or, supposing that you might be Happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice ?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a Kind of Eternity, though in Reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such a Case be so overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give itself up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the Space of only threescore and ten,

may perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and Want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put a Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice; how can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.



The OCEAN of LIFE. AN ALLEGORY.

"**L**IFE (says *Seneca*) is a Voyage, in the Progress of which we are perpetually changing our Scenes; we first leave Childhood behind us, then Youth, then the Years of ripened Manhood, then the later and more pleasing Part of old Age." The Perusal of this Passage having excited in me a Train of Reflections on the State of Man, the incessant Fluctuation of his Wishes, the gradual Change of his Disposition to all external Objects, and the Thoughtlessness with which he floats along the Stream of Time, I sunk into a Slumber amidst my Meditations, and on a sudden found my Ears filled with the Tumult of Labour, the Shouts of Alacrity, the Shrieks of Alarm, the Whistle of Winds, and the Dash of Waters.

My Astonishment for a Time repressed my Curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the Cause of such Clamour and Confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *Ocean of Life*, that we had already passed the Straits of Infancy, in which Multitudes had perished, some by the Weakness and Fragility of their Vessels, and more by the Folly, Perverseness, or Negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the Main-sea, abandoned to the Winds and Billows, without any other Means of Security, than the Care of the Pilot, whom it was always in our Power to chuse among great Numbers that offered their Direction and Assistance.

I then looked round with anxious Eagerness; and first turning my Eyes behind me, saw a Stream flowing through flowery Islands, which those who were sailing along seemed to behold with Pleasure; but

no sooner touched, than the Current, which, though not noisy nor turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore them away. Beyond these Islands all was Darkness, nor could any of the Passengers describe the Shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each Side, was an Expanse of Waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a Mist, that the most perspicacious Eye could see but a little Way. It appeared to be full of Rocks and Whirlpools, for many sank unexpectedly while they were courting the Gale with full Sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the Dangers, and so thick the Darkness, that no Caution could confer Security; yet there were many, who, by false Intelligence, betrayed their Followers into Whirlpools, or by Violence pushed those whom they found in their Way against the Rocks.

The Current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the Place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no Opportunities, for Dexterity or Courage, since, though none could retreat back from Danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique Direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much Care or Prudence; for, by some universal Insatiation, every Man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his Consorts every Moment sinking round him, and no sooner had the Waves closed over them, than their Fate and their Misconduct were forgotten; the Voyage was pursued with the same jocund Confidence; every Man congratulated himself upon the Soundness of his Vessel, and believed himself able to stem the Whirlpool in which his Friend was swallowed, or glide over the Rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed
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that the Sight of a Wreck made any Man change his Course, or if he turned aside for a Moment, he soon forgot the Rudder, and left himself again to the Disposal of Chance.

This Negligence did not proceed from Indifference, or from Weariness of their present Condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon Destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his Associates, for that Help which could not now be given him, and many spent their last Moments in cautioning others against the Folly, by which they were intercepted in the Midst of their Course. Their Benevolence was sometimes praised, but their Admonitions were unregarded.

The Vessels, in which we had embarked, were confessedly unequal to the Turbulence of the Stream of Life, and were visibly impaired in the Course of the Voyage; so that every Passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable Accidents, or by incessant Vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This Necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the Gay, and intimidate the Daring, at least to keep the Melancholy and Timorous in perpetual Torments, and hinder them from any Enjoyment of the Varieties and Gratifications which Nature offered them as the Solace of their Labours; yet in Effect none seemed less to expect Destruction, than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the Art of concealing their Danger from themselves; and those who knew their Inability to bear the Sight of the Terrors that embarrassed their Way, took Care never to look forward, but found some Amusement for the present Moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant Associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that *Hope* ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this Promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the Rest for seeming to believe it. *Hope*, indeed, seemed to mock the Credulity of her Companions; for in Proportion as their Vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her Assurances of Safety, and none were more busy in making Provisions for a long Voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable Decay.

In the Midst of the Current of Life was the *Gulph of INTEMPERANCE*, a dreadful Whirlpool, interspersed with Rocks, of which the Points were concealed under Water, and the Tops were covered with Herbage, on which *Ease* spread Couches of Repose, and with Shades, where *Pleasure* warbled the Song of Invitation. Within Sight of these Rocks all who sailed on the Ocean of Life were necessarily to pass. *Reason*, indeed, was always at Hand to steer the Passengers through the narrow Outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her Intreaties or Remonstrances, be induced to put the Rudder into her Hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near the Rocks of *Pleasure*, that they might solace themselves with a short Enjoyment of that delicious Region, after which they always determined to pursue their Course without any other Deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these Promises, as to venture her Charge within the Eddy of the Gulph of *Intemperance*, where, indeed, the Circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the Course of the Vessel, and drew it, by insensible Rotations, towards the Center. *Reason* then always repented her Temerity, and with all her Force endeavoured to retreat; but the Draught of the Gulph was

was generally too strong to be overcome, and the Passenger being danced in Circles with a pleasing and giddy Velocity, at last was overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom *Reason* was able to extricate, generally received so many Shocks from the Points which shot out from the Rocks of *Pleasure*, that they were unable to continue their Course with the same Strength and Facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every Breeze, and shattered by every Ruffle of the Water, till they sank, by slow Degrees, after long Struggles and innumerable Expedients, always repining at their own Folly, and warning others against the first Approach to the Gulph of *Intemperance*.

There were Artists who professed to repair the Breeches and stop the Leaks of the Vessels which had been shattered on the Rocks of *Pleasure*; many appeared to have great Confidence in their Skill, and some, indeed, were preserved from sinking, who had received only a single Blow; but I remarked, that few Vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the Artists themselves continued a float longer than those who had least of their Assistance.

The only Advantage which, in the Voyage of Life, the Cautious had above the Negligent, was, that they sank later and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose Company they had issued from the Straits of Infancy, perish in the Way, and at last were over-set by a cross Breeze, without the Toil of Resistance, or the Anguish of Expectation; but such as had been battered upon the Rocks of *Pleasure*, commonly sunk by sensible Degrees, contended long with the encroaching Waters, and harassed themselves with Labours that scarce *Hope* herself could flatter with Success.

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As I was looking upon the various Fate of the Multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an Admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless Tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the Gulph of *Intemperance* before me, started and waked.

The MOUNTAIN of MISERIES, a VISION.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a publick Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great deal further; which implies, that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person, would be, in Case we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a Sudden, me thought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Grievs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another, and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain, that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

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There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was something wild and distracted in her Looks. Her Name was *Fancy*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow-creatures groaning under their respective Burthens, and to consider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

There were however several Persons who gave me great Diversion upon this Occasion. I observed one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, open examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were Multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical Burthens, composed of Darts and Flames, but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their Hearts would break under these Bundles of Calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the Heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint Efforts, shook their Heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noses, large Lips, and rusty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Observing,

ving one advancing towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he disposed of, with great Joy of Heart, among this Collection of human Miseries. There were likewise Distempers of all Sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little Packet I could not but take notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diseases incident to human Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much astonish'd, having concluded within myself that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Passions, Prejudices and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his Crimes, but upon searching into his Bundle, I found that instead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue, who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance,

When the whole Race of Mankind had thus cast their Burdens, the *Fantome* which had been so busy on this Occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what pass'd, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her Presence, when on a Sudden she held her magnifying Glass full before my Eyes. I no sooner saw my Face in it, but was startled at the Shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his

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Visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful Length: I believe the very Chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for those of another Person. But as there arose many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Vision, I shall reserve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

The VISION continued.

IN my last Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miseries, which was made up of those several Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I saw, with unspeakable Pleasure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows; though, at the same Time, as we stood round the Heap, and surveyed the several Materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a Mortal, in this vast Multitude, who did not discover what he thought Pleasures and Blessings of Life; and wondered how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this Confusion of Miseries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any such other Bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *Fancy* began again to bestir herself, and parcelling up the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confusion at this Time was not to be expressed. Some Observations, which I made
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upon the Occasion, I shall communicate to the Public. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholic, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Estate, snatched up an undutiful Son, that had been thrown into the Heap by an angry Father. The graceless Youth, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; so that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of Gripes, he begged him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-slave, who had thrown down his Chains took up the Gout in their Stead, but made such wry Faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several Exchanges that were made, for Sicknefs against Poverty, Hunger against Want of Appetite, and Care against Pain.

The Female World were very busy among themselves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a short Waste for a Pair of round Shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad Face for a lost Reputation: But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as she had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Assembly brought upon himself, in Lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped Person with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this Bargain with him, that limped through a whole Assembly of Ladies who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I must not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesk Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other Side I found that I myself had no great Reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead, I missed the Place, and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Besides, as my Nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at some other Part of it. I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances. These had made a foolish Swap between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Traffics that had no Calfs to them. One of these looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Observing him to be a pleasant kind of Fellow, I stuck my Cane in the Ground and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

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The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burdens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compassion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a second Time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great Deal of Pleasure, after which, the *Fantome*, who had led them into such gross Delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her Stead a Goddess of a quite different Figure: Her Motions were steady and composed, and her Aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: Her Name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sank to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third Part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the Kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbours' Sufferings; for which Reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow-creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion.

*The ENJOYMENT of LIFE dependent on the
WILL, and fixt through HOPE.*

An EASTERN STORY.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred Lamp in the Sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one Day rose up from the Devotions of the Morning, which he had performed at the Gate of the Temple with his Body turned towards the East and his Forehead on the Earth, saw before him a Man in splendid Apparel, attended by a long Retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him, with a Look of mournful Complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short Silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm Dignity which Independence confers upon Humility, requested that he would reveal his Purpose.

Almet, said the Stranger, thou seest before thee a Man, whom the Hand of Prosperity has overwhelmed with Wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the Means of Happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the Lapse of Time, because it glides away without Enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the Vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my Heart sinks, when I anticipate the Moment, in which Eternity shall close over the Vacuity of my Life, like the Sea upon the Path of a Ship, and leave no Traces of my Existence more durable than the Furrow which remains after the Waves have united. If in the Treasures of thy Wisdom, there is any Precept to obtain Felicity, vouchsafe it to me: For this Purpose I am come; a Purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be

disappointed. Almet listened, with Looks of Astonishment and Pity, to this Complaint of a Being, in whom Reason was known to be a Pledge of Immortality : But the Serenity of his Countenance soon returned ; and stretching out his Hand towards Heaven, *Stranger*, said he, *the Knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.*

As I was sitting once at the Porch of the Temple pensive and alone, mine Eye wandered among the Multitude that was scattered before me ; and while I remarked the Weariness and Solicitude which was visible in every Countenance, I was suddenly struck with a Sense of their Condition. Wretched Mortals, said I, to what Purpose are you busy ? If to produce Happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the Linens of *Egypt*, and the Silks of *Persia* bestow Felicity on those who wear them, equal to the Wretchedness of yonder Slaves whom I see leading the Camels that bring them ? Is the Fineness of the Texture, or the Splendor of the Tints, regarded with Delight by those, to whom Custom has rendered them familiar ? Or can the Power of Habit render others insensible of Pain, who live only to traverse the Desert ; a Scene of dreadful Uniformity, where a barren Level is bounded only by the Horizon ; where no Change of Prospect, or Variety of Images, relieves the Traveller from a Sense of Toil and Danger ; of Whirlwinds which in a Moment may bury him in the Sand, and of Thirst which the Wealthy have given Half their Possessions, to allay ? Do those on whom hereditary Diamonds sparkle with unregarded Lustre, gain from the Possession what is lost by the Wretch who seeks them in the Mine : who lives excluded from the common Bounties of Nature ; to whom even the Vicissitude of Day and Night is not known ; who sighs in perpetual Darkness, and whose

whose Life is one mournful Alternative of Insensibility and Labour? If those are not happy who possess, in Proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a Dream is the Life of Man! And if there is indeed such Difference in the Value of Existence, how shall we acquit of Partiality, the Hand by which this Difference has been made?

While my Thoughts thus multiplied, and my Heart burnt within me, I became sensible of a sudden Influence from above. The Streets and the Crouds of *Mecca* disappeared. I found myself sitting on the Declivity of a Mountain, and perceived at my right Hand an Angel, whom I knew to be *Azoran* the Minister of Reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast mine Eye upon the Ground, and was about to deprecate his Anger, when he commanded me to be silent. *Almet*, said he, *thou hast devoted thy Life to Meditation, that thy Counsel might deliver Ignorance from the Mazes of Error, and deter Presumption from the Precipice of Guilt; but the Book of Nature thou hast read without Understanding; It is again open before thee; look up, consider it and be wise.*

I looked up, and beheld an Inclosure, beautiful as the Gardens of Paradise, but of a small Extent. Through the Middle, there was a green Walk; at the End, a wild Desert; and beyond, impenetrable Darkness. The Walk was shaded with Trees of every Kind, that were covered at once with Blossoms and Fruit; innumerable Birds were singing in Branches; the Grass was intermingled with Flowers, which impregnated the Breeze with Fragrance, and painted the Path with Beauty: On one Side flowed a gentle transparent Stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden Sands that sparkled at the Bottom; and on the other were Walks and Bowers, Fountains, Grottos and Cascades, which diversified

the Scene with endless Variety, but did not conceal the Bounds.

While I was gazing in a Transport of Delight and Wonder on this enchanting Spot, I perceived a Man stealing along the Walk with a thoughtful and deliberate Pace : His Eyes were fixed upon the Earth, and his Arms crossed on his Bosom ; he sometimes started as if a sudden Pang had seized him ; his Countenance expressed Solicitude and Terror ; he looked round with a Sigh, and having gazed a Moment on the Desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible Power : His Features, however, soon settled again into a calm Melancholy ; his Eye was again fixed on the Ground, and he went on as before, with apparent Reluctance, but without Emotion. I was struck with this Appearance ; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such Infelicity in a Being, surrounded with every Object that could gratify every Sense ; but he prevented my Request : *The Book of Nature*, said he, *is before thee ; look up, consider it and be wise.* I looked and beheld a Valley between two Mountains that were craggy and barren : On the Path there was no Verdure, and the Mountains afforded no Shade ; the Sun burned in the Zenith, and every Spring was dried up : But the Valley terminated in a Country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with Woods, and adorned with Buildings. At a second View, I discovered a Man in this Valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his Countenance was chearful, and his Deportment active : He kept his Eye fixed upon the Country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret Influence ; Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden Expression of Pain, and sometimes he stepped short

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as if his Foot was pierced by the Asperities of the Way; but the Sprightliness of his Countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without Appearance of Repining or Complaint.

I turned again towards the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret Source Happiness was derived, in a Situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: *Almet, said he, remember what thou hast seen, and let this Memorial be written upon the Tablets of thy Heart. Remember, Almet, that the World in which thou art placed, is but the Road to another; and that Happiness depends not upon the Path, but the End: The Value of this Period of thy Existence, is fixed by Hope and Fear. The Wretch who wished to linger in the Garden, who looked round upon its Limits with Terror, was destitute of Enjoyment, because he was destitute of Hope, and was perpetually tormented by the Dread of losing that which he did not enjoy: The Song of the Birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the Flowers had so often recurred, that their Beauty was not seen, the River glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his Eye to the Prospect, lest he should behold the Waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the Valley was happy, because he looked forward with Hope. Thus, to the Sojourner upon Earth, it is of little Moment whether the Path he treads be strewed with Flowers or with Thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those Regions, in Comparison of which the Thorns and the Flowers of this Wilderness lose their Distinction, and are both alike impotent to give Pleasure or Pain.*

What then has eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every Station happy, and without which every Station must be wretched, is acquired by Virtue; and Virtue is possible to all. Re-
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member Almet, the Vision which thou hast seen; and let my Words be written on the Tablet of thy Heart, that thou mayest direct the Wanderer to Happiness, and justify God to Men.

While the Voice of *Azoran* was yet sounding in my Ear, the Prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the Porch of the Temple. The Sun was gone down, the Multitude was retired to Rest, and the solemn Quiet of Midnight concurred with the Resolution of my Doubts to complete the Tranquillity of my Mind.

Such, my Son, was the Vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my Sake only but for thine. Thou hast sought Felicity in temporal Things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not Instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy Way, let thy Flock clothe the Naked, and thy Table feed the Hungry; deliver the Poor from Oppression, and let thy Conversation be above. Thus shalt thou *rejoice in Hope*, and look forward to the End of Life, as the Consummation of thy Felicity.

Almet, in whose Breast Devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the Temple, and the Stranger departed in Peace.



ON O M E N S.

GOING Yesterday to dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a very strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room I observed a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My Dear*, says she, turning to her Husband, *you may now see the Stranger that was in the Candle last Night*. Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower End of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thursday*: *Thursday*! says she, *no Child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your Writing-Master that Friday will be soon enough*. I was reflecting with myself on the Oddness of her Fancy, and wondering that any Body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the Midst of these my Musings she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and Hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the Way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider myself, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought a Disaster upon the Family. The Lady however recovering herself, after a little Space, said to her Husband with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come single*. My Friend,

I found, acted but an Under-part at his Table, and being a Man of a more Good-nature than Under-standing, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke-fellow : *Do not you remember, Child,* says she, *that the Pidgeon-House fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench spilt the Salt upon the Table ?* Yes, says he, *My Dear,* and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battle of Almanza. The Reader may guess at the Figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as soon as I could with my usual Taciturnity ; when, to my utter Confusion the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and placed them Side by Side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary Superstition in it ; and therefore, in Obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the Figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any Reason for it.

It is not difficult for a Man to see that a Person has conceived an Aversion to him. For my own Part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aspect : For which Reason I took my Leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend those superstitious Follies of Mankind ; how they subject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent Circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much
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from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the Shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest; and have seen a Man in Love grow pale and lose his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family, more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath struck more Terror, than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognostics: A rusty Nail, or a crooked Pin, shoots up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Assembly, that was full of Noise and Mirth, when on a Sudden an old Woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark struck a Panic Terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine taking Notice that one of our Female Companions was big with Child, affirmed there were fourteen in the Room, and that instead of portending one of the Company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omen, I question not but Half the Women in the Company would have fallen sick that very Night.

An old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Disturbances of this Kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great Family, who is one of these antiquated *Sybils*, that forbodes and prophesies from one End of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-watches; and was the other Day almost frightened out of her Wits by the great House-dog, that howled in the Stable at a Time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Cast of Mind engages Multitudes of
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People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in supernumerary Duties of Life; and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future Evil) and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of wise Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy; it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

For my own Part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every Thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one Way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy Prefages and Terrors of Mind, and that is, by securing to myself the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend myself to his Care; when I awake, I give myself up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

On GHOSTS and APPARITIONS.

I Remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman, (for that is the Name that I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room ; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Foot of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon light : And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight ; with many other old Women's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks, and crowded about the Fire : I took notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to Bed by himself this Twelve months. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire ; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber,

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not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow ; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrified, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the Shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts*, and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity.

For my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits ; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think ourselves most alone ; and I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society, in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Concert of Praise and Adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise ; and had doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost

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most Word for Word the same with his third Line
in the following Passage.

—Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want
Praise:

*Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket, have we heard
Celestial Voices to the Midnight-air,
Sole, or responsive each to others Note,
Singing their great Creator ! Oft in Bands,
While they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds,
In full harmonic Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.*

*The IMPORTANCE of the early CHOICE of a
CALLING, and the Perseverance in it.*

IT is never without very melancholy Reflections,
that we can observe the Misconduct or Miscar-
riage of those Men, who seem, by the Force of Un-
derstanding or Extent of Knowledge, exempted from
the general Frailties of human Nature, and privileged
from the common Infelicities of Life. Though the
World is crouded with Scenes of Calamity, we look
for the most Part upon the general Mass of Wretch-
edness with very little Regard ; and fix our Eyes
upon the State of particular Persons, whom the Emi-
nence of their Qualities marks out from the Multi-
tude : As, in reading an Account of the Battle, we
seldom reflect on the vulgar Heaps of Slaughter ; but
follow the Hero, with our whole Attention, through

all the Varieties of his Fortune, without a Thought of the Thousands that are falling round him.

With the same Kind of anxious Veneration I have, for many Years, been making Observations on the Life of *Polyphilus*; a Man whom all his Acquaintances have, from his first Appearance in the World, feared for the Quickness of his Discernment, and admired for the Multiplicity of his Attainments; but whose Progress in Life, and whose Usefulness to Mankind, has perhaps been hindered by the Superfluity of his Knowledge, and the Celerity of his Mind.

Polyphilus, was remarkable at the School for surpassing all his Companions, without any visible Application; and at the University was distinguished equally for his successful Progress, as well through the rough and thorny Mazes of Science, as the smooth and flowing Paths of politer Literature; without any strict Confinement to Hours of Study, or any remarkable Forbearance of the common Amusements of young Men.

When *Polyphilus* was at the Age in which Men usually chuse their Profession, and prepare to enter into a public Character, every academical Eye was fixed upon him; and all were curious to enquire, what this universal Genius would fix upon for the Employment of his Life: and no Doubt was made, but that he would leave all his Contemporaries behind him; and mount to the highest Honours of that Class in which he should enlist himself, without those Delays and Pauses which must be always endured by meaner Abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no Means insolent or assuming, had been sufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted Success, to place great Confidence in his own Parts; and was not below his Companions in the Indulgence of his Hopes, and Expectation of the

the Astonishment with which the World would be struck, when first his Lustre should break out upon it; nor could he help (for whom does not constant Flattery intoxicate?) to join sometimes in the Mirth of his Friends, at the sudden Disappearance of those, who, having shone a while, and drawn the Eyes of the Public upon their feeble Lustre, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a Man, to catch advantageous Notions of the Condition, which those with whom he converses are striving to attain. *Polyphilus*, in a Ramble to *London*, fell accidentally among the Physicians; and was so much pleased with the Prospect of turning Philosophy to Profit, and so highly delighted with a new Theory of Fevers, which darted into his Imagination, and which after having considered it a few Hours, he found himself able to maintain against all the Advocates for the ancient System, that he resolved to apply himself to Anatomy, Botany, and Chemistry; and to leave no Part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable Kingdoms.

He therefore read Authors, constructed Systems, and tried Experiments. But unhappily, as he was going to see a new Plant in Flower at *Chelsea*, he met, in crossing *Westminster* to take Water, the Chancellor's Coach. He had the Curiosity to follow him into the Hall; where a remarkable Cause happened to be tried; and found himself able to produce so many Arguments, which the Lawyers had omitted on both Sides, that he determined to quit Physic for a Profession, in which he found it would be so easy to excel; and which promised higher Honours and larger Profits, without melancholy Attendance upon Misery, mean Submission to Peevishness, and continual Interruption of Rest and Pleasure.

He immediately took Chambers in the *Temple*, bought a Common-place Book, and confined himself for some Months to the Perusal of the Statutes, Year-books, Pleadings, and Reports. He was a constant Hearer of the Proceedings, in the Courts, and began to put Cases with reasonable Accuracy. But he soon discovered, by considering the Fortune of Lawyers, that Preferment was not to be got by Acuteness, Learning and Eloquence. He was perplexed by the Absurdities of Attorneys, and Misrepresentations made by his Clients of their own Causes; by the useless Anxiety of one, and the incessant Importunity of another. He began to repent of having devoted himself to a Study, which was so narrow in its Comprehension, which could never carry his Name to any other Country; and thought it unworthy of a Man of Parts, to sell his Life only for Money. The Barrenness of his Fellow Students forced him generally into other Company, at his Hours of Entertainment; and, among the Varieties of Conversation through which his Curiosity was daily wandering, he, by Chance, mingled at a Tavern with some intelligent Officers of the Army. A Man of Letters was easily dazzled with the Gaiety of their Appearance, and softened into Kindness by the Politeness of their Address. He therefore cultivated this new Acquaintance; and when he saw how readily they found, in every Place, Admission and Regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every Rank and Order of Men, he began to feel his Heart beat for military Honours; and wondered how the Prejudices of the University should make him so long insensible of that Ambition, which has fired so many Hearts in every Age; and negligent of that Calling which is, above all others, universally and unvariably illustrious, and which gives even to the ex-
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terior Appearance of its Professors, a Dignity and Freedom unknown to the Rest of Mankind.

These favourable Impressions were made still deeper by his Conversation with Ladies; whose Regard for Soldiers he could not observe, without wishing himself one of that happy Fraternity to which the Female World seemed to have devoted all their Charms and their Kindness. The Love of Knowledge, which was still his predominant Inclination, was gratified by the Recital of Adventures, and Accounts of foreign Countries; and therefore he thought there was no Way of Life in which all his Views could so completely concenter, as in that of a Soldier. In the Art of War he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new Friends not very much versed in the Principles of Tactics or Fortification: and therefore he studied all the military Writers, both ancient and modern; and, in a short Time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable Battle that has been lost from the Beginning of the World. He often shewed, at Table, how *Alexander* should have been checked in his Conquests, what was the fatal Error at *Pharsalia*, how *Charles* of *Sweden* might have escaped his Ruin at *Pultowa*, and *Marlbrough* might have been made to repent his Temerity at *Blenheim*. He entrenched Armies upon Paper, so that no Superiority of Numbers could force them; and modelled in Clay many impregnable Fortresses, on which all the present Arts of attack would be exhausted without Effect.

Polyphilus in a short Time obtained a Commission; but before he could rub off the Solemnity of a Scholar, and gain the true Air of military Vivacity, a War was declared, and Forces sent to the Continent. Here *Polyphilus* unhappily found, that Study alone would not make a Soldier: For, being much accustomed

customed to think, the Sense of Danger sank into his Mind, and he felt at the Approach of any Action that Terror which a Sentence of Death would have brought upon him. He saw, that, instead of conquering their Fears, the Endeavour of his gay Friends was only to escape them : But his Philosophy chained his Mind to its Object ; and rather loaded him with Shackles, than furnished him with Arms. He however suppressed his Misery in Silence, and passed through the Campaign with Honour ; but found himself utterly unable to support another.

He then had Recourse again to his Books, and continued to range from one Study to another. As I usually visit him once a Month, and am admitted to him without previous Notice, I have found him within this last Half-year decyphering the *Chinese* Language, making a Farce, collecting a Vocabulary of the obsolete Terms of the *English* Law, writing an Enquiry concerning the ancient *Corinthian* Brass, and forming a new Scheme of the Variations of the Needle.

Thus is this powerful Genius, which might have extended the Sphere of any Science, or benefited the World in any Profession, dissipated in a boundless Variety, without any Profit to others or himself. He makes sudden Irruptions into the Regions of Knowledge, and sees all Obstacles give way before him ; but he never stays long enough to complete his Conquest, to establish Laws, or bring away the Spoils.

Such is often the Folly of those Men whom Nature has enabled to obtain Skill and Knowledge on Terms so easy, that they have no Sense of the Value of the Acquisition ; who are qualified to make such speedy Progress in Learning, that they think themselves at Liberty to loiter in the Way ; and often, by turning aside after every new Object, like *Atalanta*

talanta, lose the Race to slower Competitors, who press diligently forward, and whose Force is directed to a single Point.

I have often thought them happy that have been fixed, from the first Dawn of Thought, in a Determination to some State of Life, by the Choice of one whose Authority may preclude Caprice, and whose Influence may prejudice them in the Favour of his Opinion. The general Precept of consulting the Genius, is of little Use, unless we are told how the Genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by Experiment, Life will be lost before the Resolution can be fixed; if any other Indications are to be found, they may perhaps be very early discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an Attempt be a Proof of having mistaken the Direction of the Genius, Men appear not less frequently deceived with Regard to themselves than to others: and therefore no one has much Reason to complain, that his Life was planned out by Friends; or to be confident, that he should have had either more Honour or Happiness by being abandoned to the Chance of his own Fancy.

It was said of the learned *Sanderson*, that when he was preparing his Lectures, he hesitated so much, and rejected so often, that at the Time of reading he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at Hand. This will be the State of every Man, who, in the Choice of his Employment, balances all the Arguments on every Side. The Complication is so intricate, the Motives and Objections so numerous; there is so much Play for the Imagination, and so much remains in the Power of others, that Reason is forced at last to rest in Neutrality, the Decision devolves into the Hands of Chance; and after a great Part of Life spent in Enquiries which can never be resolved, the Rest must
often

often pass in repenting the unnecessary Delay ; and can be useful to few other Purposes, than to warn others against the same Folly ; and to shew, that of two States of Life equally consistent with Religion and Virtue, he who chuses earliest, and perseveres in it, chuses best.

It is therefore of the utmost Importance, that all who have any Intention of doing well for themselves or others, and acquiring a Reputation superior to the common Names, which are hourly sinking into Oblivion, and swept away by Time among the Refuse of Fame, should add to their Reason and Spirit the Power of persisting in their Purposes ; since all the Performances of human Art, at which we look with Praise or Wonder, are Instances of the resistless Force of Perseverance. It is by this that the Quarry becomes a Pyramid, and that distant Countries are united with Canals. If a Man was to compare the Effect of a single Stroke of the Pick-ax, or of one Impression of the Spade, with the general Design and last Effect, he would be overwhelmed by the Sense of their Disproportion : Yet those petty Operations, incessantly continued, at last surmount the greatest Difficulties ; and Mountains are levelled, and Oceans bounded, by the slender Force of human Efforts.



The HISTORY of SANTON BARSISA; shewing the fatal Effects of encouraging bad Thoughts.

THERE was formerly a *Santon*, whose Name was *Barsisa*, who for the Space of an hundred Years very frequently applied himself to Prayer; and scarce ever went out of the Grotto in which he made his Residence, for Fear of exposing himself to the Danger of offending God. He fasted in the Day-time, and watched in the Night; all the Inhabitants of the Country had such a great Veneration for him, and so highly valued his Prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any Favour to beg of Heaven. When he made Vows for the Health of a sick Person, the Patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the Daughter of the King of that Country fell into a dangerous Distemper, the Cause of which the Physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing Remedies by Guess; but instead of helping the Princess, they only augmented her Disease. In the mean time the King was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his Daughter, wherefore one Day, finding all human Assistance vain, he declared it as his Opinion that the Princess ought to be sent to the *Santon Barsisa*.

All the *Beys* applauded his Sentiment, and the King's Officers conducted her to the *Santon*; who, notwithstanding his frozen Age, could not see such a Beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with Pleasure; and the Devil taking this Opportunity, whispered in his Ear thus; "O *Santon*! do not let slip such a fortunate Minute: Tell the King's Servants that it is requisite for the Princess to pass this Night in the Grotto, to see whether it
" will

“ will please God to cure her ; that you will put up
 “ a Prayer for her, and that they need only come to
 “ fetch her To-morrow.”

How weak is Man ! The *Santon* followed the Devil's Advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the Officers, before they would yield to leave the Princess, sent one of their Number to know the King's Pleasure. That Monarch, who had an entire Confidence in *Barfisa*, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his Daughter with him. *I consent*, said he, *that she stay with that holy Man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases : I am wholly satisfied on that Head.*

When the Officers had received the King's Answer, they all retired, and the Princess remained alone with the Hermit. Night being come, the Devil presented himself to the *Santon*, saying, “ Canst thou
 “ let slip so favourable an Opportunity with so
 “ charming a Creature ? Fear not her telling of the
 “ Violence you offer her ; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her ? The
 “ Court, the City, and all the World are too much
 “ prepossessed in thy Favour, to give any Credit to such
 “ a Report. You may do any Thing unpunished,
 “ when armed by the great Reputation for Wisdom,
 “ which you have acquired.” The unfortunate *Barfisa* was so weak as to hearken to the Enemy of Mankind. He approached the Princess, took her into his Arms, and in a Moment cancelled a Virtue of an hundred Years Duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his Crime, than a Thousand avenging Horrors haunted him Night and Day. He thus accosts the Devil : “ Oh Wretch,
 “ says he, it is thou who hast destroyed me ? Thou
 “ hast encompassed me for a whole Age, and endeavoured to seduce me ; and now at last thou hast
 “ gained thy End. Oh *Santon* ! answered the Devil
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“vil, do not reproach me with the Pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent : But what is unhappy for thee is that the Princess is impregnated, and thy Sin will become public : Thou wilt become the Laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the King will put thee to an ignominious Death.”

Barfisa, terrified by this Discourse, says to the Devil, “What shall I do to prevent the Publication of my Shame? To hinder the Knowledge of your Crime, you ought to commit a fresh one,” answered the Devil. “Kill the Princess, bury her at the Corner of the Grotto, and when the King’s Messengers come To-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the Grotto very early in the Morning : They will believe you, and search for her all over the City and Country ; and the King her Father will be in great Pain for her ; but after several vain Searches, it will wear off.”

The Hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this Advice, killed the Princess, buried her in a Corner of the Grotto, and the next Day told the Officers what the Devil had him say. They made diligent Enquiry for the King’s Daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the Devil told them that all their Search for the Princess was in vain ; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the *Santon*, he told them the Place where she was interred. The Officers immediately went to the Grotto, seized *Barfisa*, and found the Princess’s Body in the Place to which the Devil had directed them ; whereupon they took up the Corps, and carried that and the *Santon* to the Palace.

When the King saw his Daughter dead, and was informed of the whole Event, he broke out into Tears and bitter Lamentations ; and assembling the

Doctors, he laid the *Santon's* Crime before them, and asked their Advice how he should be punished. All the Doctors condemned him to Death, upon which the King ordered him to be hanged: Accordingly a Gibbet was erected; the Hermit went up the Ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the Devil whispered in his Ear these Words: "O *Santon*! if you will worship me I will extricate you out of this Difficulty, and transport you two thousand Leagues from hence, into a Country, where you shall be revered by Men, as much as you were before this Adventure. I am content," says *Barfisa*; "deliver me, and I will worship thee. Give me first a Sign of Adoration," replies the Devil; whereupon the *Santon* bowed his Head, and said, "I give myself to you." The Devil then raising his Voice, said, "O *Barfisa*, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired." And with these Words, spitting in his Face, he disappeared; and the deluded *Santon* was hanged.

From this may be inferred, that evil Thoughts will sometimes start up even in the best Minds, which when checked as soon as noticed can never be deemed criminal, but ought to be carefully stifled in *Embryo*, as the first Incitements to Sin; for Vice naturally begets Vice, and the least Digression from Virtue is frequently succeeded by such a Train of Evils, as leads on imperceptibly to certain Ruin.



On LABOUR and EXERCISE.

BOdily Labour is of two kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these Kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. Consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more rustic Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves, and Arteries, but every Muscle, every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all Sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a human Body, without considering it in the Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spieen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other Kinds of Motions that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before-mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brow. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the Rest of Mankind, unless they

they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties ; and I think I have not fulfilled the the Business of the Day, when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Contemplation and Study.

ON TEMPERANCE.

There is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken Abundance of Remedies to no Purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method : He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs ; after which he closed it so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mallet, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that Part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such Time as he should sweat. When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern Allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physic. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases

produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some Measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season, or in any Place. It is a Kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Money, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert herself in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most Part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in Hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, and Bleeding are seldom of Use but to the idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in Practice among us, are for the most Part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young Man

Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him Home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish and Flesh; swallow Oil and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallets of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Fevers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a third. Man falls upon every Thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrecence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules
of

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of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any Thing strong until you have finished your Meal; at the same Time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to solicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *the first Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so philosophical a Manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualify it for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put it upon such Difficulties; and at the same Time give it an Opportunity of extricating itself from its Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of its distended Vessels. Besides, that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embrio, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during the great Plague, who has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands, I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the Time of this devouring Pestilence, never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unani-

nimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

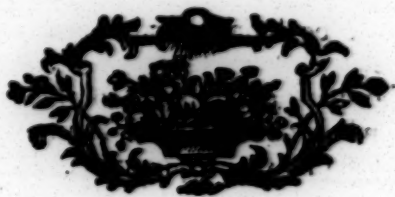
And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing it with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same Number. If we consider these ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher, and the Life of a Man, were of two different Dates: For we find the Generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths.

On the same SUBJECT: The INFALLIBLE ELIXIR; an ALLEGORY.

*E*sculapius after his Deification, or Admittance among the Gods, having revisited his native Country, and being one Day (as Curiosity led him a-rambling) in Danger of being benighted, made the best of his Way to a House he saw at some Distance, where he was hospitably received by the Master of it. *Cremes*, for that was the Master's Name, though but a young Man was infirm and sickly.—Of several Dishes served up to Supper, *Cremes* observed that his Guest eat but of one, and that the most simple; nor could all his Intreaties prevail on him to do otherwise. He was notwithstanding, highly delighted with *Esculapius's* Conversation, in which he observed a Chearfulness and Knowledge superior to any Thing he had hitherto met with. The next Morning, *Esculapius* took his Leave, but not till he had engaged his good-natured Host to pay

pay the Visit at a small Villa, a few Miles from thence, where he informed him was his Dwelling. *Cremes* came accordingly, and was most kindly received; but how great was his Amazement, when Supper was served up to see nought but Milk, Honey and a few Roots dressed in the plainest but neatest Manner, to which Hunger, Chearfulness and good Sense, were the only Sauces. *Esculapius* seemed to eat with Pleasure, while *Cremes* scarce tasted of them. On which a Repast was ordered, more suitable to our Guest's Taste. Immediately, there succeeded a Banquet composed of the most artful Dishes that Luxury could invent, with great Plenty and Variety of the richest and most intoxicating Wines. These too were accompanied by Damsels of bewitching Beauty. It was now *Cremes* gave a Loose to his Appetites, and every Thing he tasted raised Extasies beyond what he had ever known. During the Repast the Damsels sang and danced to entertain them; their Charms enchanted the enraptured Guest, already flustered with what he had drunk; his Senses were lost in extatic Confusion. Every Thing round him seemed Elysium, and he was on the Point of indulging the most boundless Freedoms, when on a Sudden, their Beauty which was but a Vizard, fell off and discovered Forms the most hideous and forbidding imaginable.— Lust, Revenge, Folly, Murder, meagre Poverty and Despair, now appeared in their most odious Shapes, and the Place instantly became the most dire Scene of Misery and Confusion. How oft did *Cremes* wish himself far distant from such diabolical Company and now dreaded the fatal Consequence which threatened him. His Blood ran chill at his Heart; his Knees smote each other with Fear, and Joy and Rapture were perverted to Amazement and Horror. When *Esculapius* perceived it had made a sufficient Impression

sion on his Guest, he thus addressed him. Know *Cremes*, it is *Esculapius* who has thus entertained you, and what you have here beheld, is a true Image of the Deceitfulness and Misery inseparable from Luxury and Intemperance. Would you be happy, be temperate: Temperance is the Parent of Health, Virtue, Wisdom, Plenty and every Thing that can make you happy, in this or the World to come. It is indeed the *true* Luxury of Life, for without it, Life cannot be enjoyed. This said, he disappeared and left *Cremes* (instead of an elegant Appartment) in an open Plain, full of Ideas quite different from those he had brought with him. On his Return Home, from the most luxurious, he became one of the most temperate Men, by which wise Method, he soon regained Health. Frugality produced Riches, and from an infirm and crazy Constitution, and almost ruined Estate, by Virtue of this *infallible Elixir*, he became one of the happiest Men breathing, and lived to a healthy old Age, revered as an Oracle for his Wisdom throughout all *Græce*.



PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY:
An ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY, the Daughters of PROVIDENCE, were sent to the House of a rich *Phœnician* Merchant, named *Velasco*, whose Residence was at *Tyre*, the capital City of that Kingdom.

Prosperity, the elder, was beautiful as the Morning, and chearful as the Spring : But *Adversity* was forrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two Sons, *Felix* and *Uranio*. They were both bred to Commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their Infancy in the strictest Harmony and Friendship. But Love, before whom all the Affections of the Soul are as the Traces of a Ship upon the Ocean, which remain only for a Moment, threatened in an evil Hour to set them at Variance ; for both were become enamoured with the Beauties of *Prosperity*. The Nymph, like one of the Daughters of Men, gave Encouragement to each by Turns ; but to avoid a particular Declaration, she avowed a Resolution never to marry, unless her Sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same Time.

Velasco, who was no Stranger to the Passions of his Sons, and who dreaded every Thing from their Violence, to prevent Consequences, obliged them by his Authority to decide their Pretensions by Lots ; each previously engaging in a solemn Oath to marry the Nymph that should fall to his Share. The Lots were accordingly drawn ; and *Prosperity* became the Wife of *Felix*, and *Adversity* of *Uranio*.

Soon after the Celebration of these Nuptials *Velasco*

lasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest Son *Felix* the House wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest Part of his large Fortune and Effects.

The Husband of *Prosperity* was so transported with the gay Disposition and enchanting Beauties of his Bride, that he cloathed her in Gold and Silver, and adorned her with Jewels of inestimable Value. He built a Palace for her in the Woods; he made Rivers in his Gardens, and beautified their Banks with Temples and Pavilions. He entertained at his Table the Nobles of the Land, delighting their Ears with Music, and their Eyes with Magnificence. But his Kindred he beheld as Strangers, and the Companions of his Youth passed by him unregarded. His Brother also became hateful in his Sight, and in Process of Time he commanded the Doors of his House to be shut against him.

But as the Stream flows from its Channel and loses itself among the Vallies, unless confined by Mounds; so also will the Current of Fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by Oeconomy. In a few Years the Estate of *Felix* wasted by Extravagance, his Merchandize failed him by Neglect, and his Effects were seized by the merciless Hands of Creditors. He applied himself for Support to the Nobles and great Men whom he had feasted and made Presents to; but his Voice was as the Voice of a Stranger, and they remembered not his Face. The Friends whom he had neglected derided him in their Turn, his Wife also insulted him, and turned her Back upon him and fled. Yet was his Heart so bewitched with her Sorceries, that he pursued her with Entreaties, till by her Haste to abandon him, her Mask fell off, and discovered to him a Face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards Tradition does

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not relate with Certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariously on the scanty Benevolence of a few Friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short Time, wretched and an Exile.

Let us now return to *Uranio*, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of Doors by his Brother *Felix*. *Adversity*, though hateful to his Heart, and a Spectre to his Eyes, was the constant Attendant upon his Steps: And to aggravate his Sorrow, he received certain Intelligence that his richest Vessel was taken by a *Sardinian* Pirate; that another was lost upon the *Lybian* Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the Banker with whom the greatest Part of his ready Money was entrusted, had deserted his Creditors and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting therefore the small Remains of his Fortune, he bade Adieu to *Tyre*, and, led by *Adversity* through unfrequented Roads and Forests overgrown with Thickets, he came at last to a small Village at the Foot of a Mountain. Here they took up their Abode for some Time; and *Adversity*, in Return for all the Anxiety he had suffered, softening the Severity of her Looks, administered to him the most faithful Counsel, weaning his Heart from the immoderate Love of earthly Things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole Trust and Happiness in their Government and Protection. She humanized his Soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the Distresses of his Fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent, said she, by the Gods to those only
 “ whom they love: For I not only train them up
 “ by my severe Discipline to future Glory, but also
 “ prepare them to receive with a greater Relish all
 “ such moderate Enjoyments, as are not inconsistent
 “ with this probationary State. As the Spider,
 “ when

“ when assailed, seeks Shelter in its inmost Web, so
“ the Mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering
“ Thoughts, and flies for Happiness to itself. It
“ was I who raised the Characters of *Cato*, *Socrates*
“ and *Timoleon* to so divine a Height, and set them
“ up as Guides and Examples to every future Age.
“ *Prosperity*, my smiling, but treacherous Sister,
“ too frequently delivers those whom she has sedu-
“ ced to be scourged by her cruel Followers, *An-*
“ *guish* and *Despair*: While *Adversity* never fails
“ to lead those who will be instructed by her, to
“ the blissful Habitations of *Tranquillity* and *Con-*
“ *tent*.”

Uranio listened to her Words with great Attention; and as he looked earnestly on her Face, the Deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle Degrees his Aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her Counsel and Direction. She would often repeat to him the wise Maxim of the Philosopher, “ I hate those who want the fewest Things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing.” She admonished him to turn his Eyes to the many Thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in Pomp and Splendor; and in his Addresses to the Gods, instead of supplicating for Riches and Popularity, to pray only for a virtuous Mind, a quiet State, an unblameable Life, and a Death full of good Hopes.

Finding him to be every Day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her Face, nor delighted with her Society, she at last addressed him in the following Manner.

“ As Gold is purged and refined from Dross by the Fire, so is *Adversity* sent by Providence to try and improve the Virtue of Mortals. The End obtained, my Talk is finished; and I now leave you to go and give an Account of my Charge. Your,

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" Brother, whose Lot was *Prosperity*, and whose
 " Condition you so much envied, after having ex-
 " perience the Error of his Choice, is at last re-
 " leased by Death from the most wretched of Lives.
 " Happy has it been for *Uranio*, that his Lot was
 " *Adversity*, whom if he remembers as he ought,
 " his Life will be honourable, and his Death hap-
 " py."

As she pronounced these Words, she vanished
 from his Sight. But though her Features at that
 Moment, instead of inspiring their usual Horror,
 seemed to display a Kind of languishing Beauty, yet
 as *Uranio*, in Spite of his utmost Efforts, could ne-
 ver prevail upon himself to love her, he neither re-
 gretted her Departure, nor wished for her Return.
 But though he rejoiced in her Absence, he treasured
 up her Counsels in his Heart, and grew happy by the
 Practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to Merchan-
 dize ; and having in a short Time acquired a Com-
 petency sufficient for the real Enjoyments of Life,
 he retreated to a little Farm, which he had bought
 for that Purpose, and where he determined to con-
 tinue the Remainder of his Days. Here he employ-
 ed his Time in Planting, Gardening, and Husband-
 ry, in quelling all disorderly Passions, and in form-
 ing his Mind by the Lessons of *Adversity*. He took
 great Delight in a little Cell or Hermitage in his
 Garden, which stood under a Tuft of Trees, en-
 compassed with Eglantine and Honey-suckles. Ad-
 joining to it was a cold Bath, formed by a Spring is-
 suing from a Rock, and over the Door was written
 in large Characters the following Inscription.

*Beneath this moss-grown Roof, within this Cell,
 Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.*

Say,

*Say, you who dare this happy Place disdain,
What splendid Palace boasts so fair a Train?*

He lived to a good old Age; and died honoured and lamented.

ON CONVERSATION.

THE Faculty of interchanging our Thoughts with one another, or what we express by the Word *Conversation*, has always been represented by Moral Writers as one of the noblest Privileges of Reason, and which more particularly sets Mankind above the brute Part of the Creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the Affections as this *extempore Eloquence*, which we have constantly Occasion for, and are obliged to practise every Day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The Conversation of most Men is disagreeable, not so much for want of Wit and Learning, as of Good-breeding and Discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular Vanity or Passion of your own, but always with a Design either to divert or inform the Company. A Man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his Discourse. He is never out of Humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best Judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest Person seldom fails to gain the Goodwill of those he converses with, because no Body envies a Man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. In-

deed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our Faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied Virtues. Our private and domestic Affairs are no less improper to be introduced in Conversation. What does it concern the Company how many Horses you keep in your Stables? Or whether your Servant is more Knave or Fool?

A Man may equally affront the Company he is in, by engrossing all the Talk, or observing a contemptuous Silence.

Before you tell a Story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short Character, and give the Company a true Idea of the principal Persons concerned in it. The Beauty of most Things consists not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular Person, or on such a particular Occasion.

Notwithstanding all the Advantages of Youth, few young People please in Conversation; the Reason is, that Want of Experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a Design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that Age itself will make many Things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the Mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to Men of Sense, than an empty formal Man who speaks in Proverbs, and decides all Controversies with a short Sentence. This Piece of Stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the Air of Wisdom.

A prudent Man will avoid talking much of any particular Science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer Thing said of Mr Cowley in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever discovered he was a great Poet by his Discourse: Besides the Decency of this Rule, it is certainly founded in good Policy. A

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Man who talks of any Thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great Deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a Subject where every one is satisfied he could speak, will often be thought no less knowing in other Matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the Name of Argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy Turn, or witty Expression, than by Demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your Reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the Approbation of a Man of Sense from the Flattery of Sycophants, and Admiration of Fools.

Rallery is no longer agreeable than while the whole Company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the Person rallied.

Though Good-humour, Sense and Discretion can seldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular Manner for Conversation, by looking a little farther than your Neighbours into whatever is become a reigning Subject. If our Armies are besieging a Place of Importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a Bill of Consequence at Home, you can hardly fail of being heard with Pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the Strength, Situation, and History of the first, or of the Reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same Effect if when any single Person begins to make a Noise in the World, you can learn some of the smallest Accidents in his Life or Conversation, which though they are too fine for the Observation of the Vulgar, give more Satisfaction to Men of Sense, (as they are the best Openings to a real Character) than the Recital of his most glaring Actions. I know but one ill Consequence to be feared from this Method, namely, that coming full charged into Company,
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you should resolve to unload whether an handsome Opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of Questions may plead for itself the spacious Names of Modesty, and a Desire of Information, it affords little Pleasure to the Rest of the Company who are not troubled with the same Doubts; besides which, he who asks a Question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the Mercy of another before he receives an Answer.

Nothing is more silly than the Pleasure some People take in what they call *speaking their Minds*. A Man of this Make will say a rude Thing for the mere Pleasure of saying it, when an opposite Behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his Friend, or made his Fortune.

It is not impossible for a Man to form to himself as exquisite a Pleasure in complying with the Humour and Sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain Sign of a superior Genius, that can take and become whatever Drefs it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learned but in the Company of the Polite. The Virtues of Men are catching as well as their Vices, and your own Observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands Attention in one Man and makes you tired and displeased with the Discourse of another.



The PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD.
A STORY on the same SUBJECT.

IN the Days of Knight-errantry and Paganism, one of our old *British* Princes, set up a Statue to the Goddess of *Victory*, in a Point where four Roads met together. In her Right-hand she held a Spear, and rested her Left upon a Shield: The Outside of this Shield was of *Gold*, and the Inside of *Silver*. On the former was inscribed in the old *British* Language, *To the Goddess ever favourable*; and on the other, *For four Victories obtained successively over the Picts and other Inhabitants of the northern Islands*.

It happened one Day, that two Knights compleatly armed, the one in *black* Armour, and the other in *white*, arrived from opposite Parts of the Country at this Statue, just about the same Time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the Inscriptions and observe the Excellence of its Workmanship, after contemplating on it for some Time, "this *golden* Shield, says the *black* Knight, *golden* Shield, cried the *white* Knight, (who was as strictly observing the opposite Side) why if I have any Eyes it is *Silver*. I know nothing of your Eyes replied the *black* Knight, but if I ever saw a *golden* Shield in my Life, this is one: Yes, returned the *white* Knight, smiling, it is very probable indeed that they should expose a Shield of *Gold* in so public a Place as this; for my Part, I wonder even a *Silver* one is not too strong a Temptation for the Devotion of some People that pass this Way; and it appears by the Date that this has been here above three Years." The *black* Knight could not bear the Smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the Dispute, that it soon ended in a Challenge;
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they both therefore turned their Horses and rode back so far as to have sufficient Space for their Career, then fixed their Spears in their Rests, and flew at each other with the greatest Fury and Impetuosity. Their Shock was so rude, and the Blow on each Side so effectual, that they both fell to the Ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there, for some Time, as in a Trance. A good *Druid*, who was travelling that Way, found them in this Condition. The *Druids* were the Physicians of those Times, as well as the Priests. He had a Sovereign Balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the Plants that grew in the Fields, or in the Forests; he staunched their Blood, applied his Balm to their Wounds, brought them as it were from Death to Life again. As soon as he found them sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the Occasion of their Quarrel. "Why this Man, cryed the *black Knight*, will have it that that Shield yonder, is Silver." "And he will have it, replied the *white Knight*, that it is Gold," and there told him all the Particulars of the Affair. "Ah!" said the *Druid* with a Sigh, you are both of you, my Brethren, in the Right, and both of you in the Wrong; had either of you given himself Time to look upon the *opposite* Part of the Shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his View, all this Passion and Bloodshed might have been avoided, however there is a very good Lesson to be learned from the Evils that have befallen you on this Occasion. Permit me therefore to entreat you by all our Gods, and by this Goddess of Victory in particular, *Never to enter into any Dispute for the Future, till you have fairly considered each Side of the Question.*"

ON GAMING.

IT is observable, that *Mahomet* in a most particular Manner, forbid Gaming and Drunkenness to his Followers, when at the same Time he indulged them with Plurality of Women: The latter he looked upon as a Passion, the Seeds of which are implanted as it were in our Nature; whereas Gaming and Drunkenness he absolutely forbid, as acquired unnatural Vices: As Vices productive of the most dreadful Consequences. I will not at present examine the Justness of the Compliment paid to amorous Libertinism which he certainly carried too far; but shall observe that his strict Commands in Regard to Gaming and Drunkenness, have contributed more than any of his other Injunctions, to the Happiness of his Followers.

Gaming (which I shall at present consider) seems to me of all Vices, the greatest Enemy to Happiness: Its inseparable Attendants are Envy, Deceit, Profuseness, Impiety, and a whole Train of diabolical Associates. Health, Peace of Mind, Love, Family, Friends, Country, and in short, every Thing valuable, or desirable are sacrificed to it: And to what are they sacrificed? Why to Avarice: Avarice, the meanest of Vices. Love of Gaming is nothing more than the Love of other People's Money. It is not the Avarice of a Miser, it is the Avarice of a Thief, a Robber; or rather the cowardly Avarice of a Pick-pocket. It is Avarice and Profusion joined together; a most unnatural Conjunction, and productive of more terrible Consequences, than either of them singly can possibly be: Like *Aaron's Rod*, it absorbs, it swallows up, and contains within itself all other Vices, and may justly among Vices be stiled *Legion*; and of all Baits made use of by the
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grand Enemy of Mankind to tempt us from our Duty, and make us unhappy hereafter, Gaming seems the most dangerous, and best to answer his diabolical Ends.

It is ridiculous to hear the Votaries of Gaming, term it an Amusement, an inoffensive Relaxation, &c. those who so miscall it, must notwithstanding allow it to be an irrational unimproving Diversion; and that at the best, it is but murdering Time. But upon Examination, every Observer may find that dallying with the Temptation, draws on imperceptibly to the most destructive Consequences. But what shall be said of those who take no Delight in Gaming, yet give into it on almost every Occasion? Surely Complaisance is a poor Excuse for doing a foolish or a wicked Action, and that every Gamester is a Knave or a Fool, is a most palpable Truth. A certain Nobleman hearing a Gentleman spoken of, who was said to be a great Gamester; he is a most incorrigible Blockhead, cries my Lord, but on being assured he was a Man of very brilliant Parts; if so replies my Lord, he must be a rank Scoundrel: Not so my Lord, replies the other, he bears the Character of a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour. "That cannot be retorts the Nobleman; every Gamester is either a *Rogue* or *Fool*, *Pike* or *Gudgeon*, and Honour never makes a nearer Approach to the Heart of such a one than the *Tip of his Tongue*."

All Conversation, all Improvement is put a stop to, the Moment Gaming commences: Friendship and Society, Benevolence and Humanity cease, and nothing further is thought of, but the Ruin of those you are in Company with; the Ruin of those you often make the strongest Protestations of Friendship to: The Gamester's Happiness (like the Devil's)
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depends on the Misery of others ; and like Satan too he smiles on those whom, in his Heart, he devotes to Destruction.

The Life of a Gamester, is a Life of Uncertainty, (consequently of Unhappiness) he can never properly call any Thing his own, not being assured of its Possession, one Moment longer than till his next Setting down to the Gaming-table. The thriving Gamester, how precarious his Thriving, is the worst of Robbers ; and the unfortunate, the worst of Self-murderers : A Murderer who involves all those Innocents, who unfortunately have any Connection with him, in the dismal Gulph of Beggary and wretched Dependence.

If Covetousness of another's Property, and Discontent of our own, be a Breach of the Divine Commands, *Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbour's Goods, &c.* the Gamester is ever and superlatively guilty. The late Duke of A——e, who had an Aversion for all Sorts of Gaming, being urged to no Purpose by a Nobleman, to sport a little Money ; sure my Lord, cries the Nobleman, *You must love your Money vastly, to be afraid of venturing a Trifle of it. It is true, my Lord (replied his Grace) I do love my own Money ; yet no Person had ever Reason to say I was fond of another's.*

The Male Part of Mankind who give into this Vice, prostitute their Talents to the most vicious Purposes ; they become entirely absorbed by it ; they stand like Slaves in the Market, to be bought and sold, for Necessity often glares them in the Face, and betrays them to Venality.

If married, how can they reflect on the Hazards they put the Happiness of Wife, Children, Friends, &c. to ? And when ill Fortune stares them in the Face, how often are they so cowardly as to have Recourse to a Pistol, and by Suicide leave those Innocents to confront, a Danger they themselves were afraid of facing.

But when Gaming seizes the Female-breast, to all the abovementioned Misfortunes we may justly add, *Loss of Beauty*, which is ever the Consequence of late Hours, ruffled Passions and a corroding Heart. Her Honour, her Chastity can no longer be called her own, when she commences Gamester. The Mansion of Gracefulness, and Beauty is converted into a foul and darksome Dungeon. Attracting Softness, and Modesty (the amiable Characteristics of the Sex) are exchanged for unbecoming Fierceness and Acerbity of Temper, and the whole Picture brings to our Mind the different Situation and Figure of Satan before and after the Fall. These Reflections (loose and indigested as they are) were occasioned by the two following Relations, which lately happened, and which probably several of my Readers know to have but too much Truth in them.

In one of the principal Cities in *England* lived *Lucius* and *Sapphira*, blessed with a moderate Fortune, Health, Love, Peace of Mind, and two little Darlings, a Son and a Daughter. They seemed to want for nothing as an Addition to their Happiness, nor were they insensible of what they enjoyed, but with Gratitude to Heaven were Instruments of Good to all about them. Towards the Close of last Summer, *Lucius* happening in Company with some neighbouring Gentlemen, who proposed to waste an Hour or so at Cards, he consented more in Compliance to other's Taste than his own: As in other Sports he met with Variety of Fortune, (a Variety more seducing than a Continuance either of good or bad) and warmed with Liquor he was inconsiderately drawn in before the Company broke up to involve himself more than his Fortune would bear. The next Day on sober Reflection he could not support the Thoughts of the Distress his Folly had brought on his *Sapphira* and the little Innocents; he

he had not Courage to acquaint her with what had happened ; and whilst in the Midst of Pangs, he had hitherto been a Stranger to, he was visited and again tempted by one of the last Night's Company to try Fortune once more. In order to drown Reflection and in Hopes of recovering his Loss, he flew to the fatal Place, nor did he leave it till he had lost his All. The Consequence of which was, that the next Day, in Despair indescribable, after writing a Letter to acquaint *Sapphira* with what had happened, he shot himself through the Head ; the News of which deprived *Sapphira* of her Senses : She is at present confined in a Mad-house and the two little Innocents destitute of Parents and of Fortune, have a troublesome World to struggle through, and are likely to feel all the Miseries, that Poverty, and a servile Dependency entail on the Wretched.

A young Lady who lived in the North, was on the Point of Marriage with a young Gentleman whom she was doatingly fond of, and by whom she was as greatly beloved : She was at the same Time admired by a Person of high Rank, but whose Passion as he was already wedded, was consequently dishonourable. He was determined however at any Rate, to indulge his vicious Flame ; but as she was a Person of the strictest Honour, he was obliged to act cautiously, and keep his Love a Secret.—Knowing her Propensity to Gaming, he laid a Snare for her into which she fell, to the great Diminution of her Fortune.—This he took care to have represented with the most aggravating Circumstances to the Gentleman to whom she was engaged. His Friends painted to him the dreadful Inconveniencies of his taking a Gamester to Wife : Poverty, Disease, and probably Dishonour to his Bed were the likely Consequences ; in a Word they managed Matters so as to break off the Match. The Villain who

occasioned the Breach between the Lovers, notwithstanding missed his wicked Ends; his Addresses and Proposals met with Contempt and Abhorrence; yet though she preserved her Chastity (a Circumstance very uncommon among Female Gamesters) the Loss of her intended Spouse, whom she was distractedly fond of, threw her into a Declining, which, in a few Months put an End to her Life.

The HISTORY of OBIDAH; an ALLEGORY, shewing Reformation never hopeless.

OBIDAH, the Son of *Abensina*, left the Caravanfera early in the Morning, and pursued his Journey through the Plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous with Rest; he was animated with Hope; he was incited by Desire; he walked swiftly forward over the Vallies, and saw the Hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his Ears were delighted with the Morning Song of the Bird of Paradise, he was fanned by the last Flutters of the sinking Breeze, and sprinkled with Dew by Groves of Spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering Height of the Oak, Monarch of the Hills; and sometimes caught the gentle Fragrance of the Primrose, eldest Daughter of the Spring. All his Senses were gratified, and all Care was banished from his Heart.

Thus he went on, till the Sun approached its Meridian, and the increasing Heat preyed upon his Strength. He then looked round about him for some more commodious Path. He saw on his Right-hand a Grove that seemed to wave its Shades as a Sign of Invitation; he entered it, and found the

Cool-

Coolness and Verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not however forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow Way bordered with Flowers, which appeared to have the same Direction with the main Road and he was pleased, that, by this happy Experiment, he had found Means to unite Pleasure with his Business, and to gain the Rewards of Diligence without suffering its Fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a Time without the least Remission of his Ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the Music of the Birds, which the Heat had assembled in the Shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the Flowers that grew on either Side, or the Fruits that hung upon the Branches. At last the green Path began to decline from its first Direction, and to wind among Hills and Thickets, cooled with Fountains, and murmuring with Water-falls. Here *Obidah* paused for a Time, and began to consider whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and open Road, but remembering that the Heat was now in its greatest Violence, and that the Plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new Path; which he supposed only to make a few Meanders in Compliance with the Varieties of the Ground, and to end at last in the common Road.

Having thus calmed his Solitude, he renewed his Pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining Ground. This Uneasiness of his Mind inclined him to lay Hold on every new Object, and give Way to every Sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every Echo, he mounted every Hill for a fresh Prospect, he turned aside to every Cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the Course of a gentle River that rolled among the Trees, and watered a large Region with innumerable Circumvolutions. In these Amusements the Hours passed away uncount-

ed, his Deviations had perplexed his Memory, and he knew not towards what Point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the Time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with Uncertainty, the Sky was overspread with Clouds, the Day vanished from before him, and a sudden Tempest gathered round his Head. He was now roused by his Danger to a quick and painful Remembrance of his Folly ; he now saw how Happiness is lost when Ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly Impatience that prompted him to seek Shelter in the Grove, and despised the petty Curiosity that led him on from Trifle to Trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the Air grew blacker, and a Clap of Thunder broke his Meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his Power ; to tread back the Ground which he passed, and try to find some Issue where the Wood might open into the Plain. He prostrated himself on the Ground, and commended his Life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with Confidence and Tranquillity, and pressed on with his Sabre in his Hand : for the Beasts of the Desert were in Motion, and on every Hand were heard the mingled Howls of Rage, and Fear, and Ravage, and Expiration ; all the Horrors of Darkness and Solitude surrounded him ; the Winds roared in the Woods, and the Torrents tumbled from the Hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the Wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was drawing every Moment nearer to Safety or to Destruction. At length, not Fear, but Labour began to overcome him : His Breath grew short, and his Knees trembled ; and he was on the Point of lying down in Resignation to his Fate, when he beheld through the Brambles the Glimmer

of

of a Taper. He advanced towards the Light; and finding that it proceeded from the Cottage of a Hermit, he called humbly at the Door, and obtained Admission. The old Man set before him such Provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidab* fed with Eagerness and Gratitude.

When the Repast was over, "Tell me, said the Hermit, by what Chance thou hast been brought hither. I have been now twenty Years an Inhabitant of the Wilderness, in which I never saw a Man before." *Obidab* then related the Occurrences of his Journey, without any Concealment or Palliation.

"Son, said the Hermit, let the Errors and Follies, the Dangers and Escape of this Day, sink deep into thine Heart. Remember, my Son, that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We rise in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour and full of Expectation; we set forward with Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with Diligence; and travel on a while in the straight Road of Piety towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short Time we remit our Fervor, and endeavour to find some Mitigation of our Duty, and some more easy Means of obtaining the same End. We then relax our Vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a Distance; but rely upon our own Constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the Bowers of Ease, and repose in the Shades of Security. Here the Heart softens, and Vigilance subsides. We are then willing to inquire whether another Advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the Gardens of Pleasure. We approach them with Scruple and Hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope
"to

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“ to pass through them without losing the Road of
 “ Virtue, which we for a while keep in our Sight,
 “ and to which we propose to return. But Temptation
 “ succeeds Temptation, and one Compliance
 “ prepares us for another; we in Time lose the
 “ Happiness of Innocence, and solace our Disquiet
 “ with sensual Gratifications. By Degrees we let
 “ fall the Remembrance of our original Intention,
 “ and quit the only adequate Object of rational De-
 “ fire. We entangle ourselves in Business, immerse
 “ ourselves in Luxury, and rove through the Laby-
 “ rinth of Inconstancy; till the Darkness of old
 “ Age begins to invade us, and Disease and Anxiety
 “ obstruct our Way. We then look back upon our
 “ Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance;
 “ and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had
 “ not forsaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are
 “ they, my Son, who shall learn from thy Example
 “ not to despair; but shall remember, that though
 “ the Day is past, and their Strength is wasted,
 “ there yet remains one Effort to be made; that
 “ Reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere Endeavours
 “ ever unassisted, but the Wanderer may at
 “ length return after all his Errors; and he who
 “ implores Strength and Courage from Above, shall
 “ find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him.
 “ Go now, my Son, to thy Repose; commit thy-
 “ self to the Care of Omnipotence; and when the
 “ Morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy Jour-
 “ ney and thy Life.”

The VISION of MIRZA.

ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which, according to the Custom of my Forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing myself on the Top of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and passing from one Thought to another, surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow, and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any Thing I had ever heard. They put me in Mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of their last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Music who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts, by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me

to

to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies, follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placed me on the Top of it; cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest, is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is human Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an Hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the Rest and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition.

dition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping through the Bridge into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trode upon, but they fell through them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Number were very small, that continued a Kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every Thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the Midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the Reach of them, their Footing failed, and down they sank. In this Confusion of Objects I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who
ran

ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their Way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any Thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon 'it from Time to Time? I see Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality, tortured in Life and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable

able Islands that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats: but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye or even thine Imagination can extend itself. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirza*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark

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Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second Time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

On SICKNESS.

IT has been observed by many Writers, that nothing makes a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him Sick and Well. Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, or of his Body in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and hope I have received some Advantage by it. If what *Mr Waller* says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light through Chinks that Time has
made.*

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may discover the inclosed Structure more plainly. Sickness is a Sort of early old Age; it teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives
so

so warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little Dependence on our Outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother Manner than Age: It is like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon its Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasures.

When a smart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest *Hibernian*, who (being in Bed in the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head) made Answer, *What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger.* I fancy it is the best Time to die when one is in the best Humour, and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every single Man is, with respect to the whole Creation, methinks it is a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of such a trivial Animal as I am. In the Morning after my *Exit* the Sun will arise as bright as ever, the Flowers smell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they

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they were used to do. *The Memory of Man* (as it is elegantly expressed in the *Wisdom of Solomon*) *passeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but one Day.* There are Reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the Prospect of Death. *For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length of Time, or is measured by Number of Years. But Wisdom is the grey Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age.* He was taken away speedily, lest that *Wickedness should alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul.*

RELIGION and SUPERSTITION contrasted. *A VISION.*

I Had lately a very remarkable Dream, which made so strong an Impression on me, that I remember it every Word ; and if you are not better employed, you may read the Relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the Midst of a very entertaining Set of Company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively Conversation ; when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking Figures Imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in Black, her Skin was contracted into a thousand Wrinkles, her Eyes deep sunk in her Head, and her Complexion pale and livid as the Countenance of Death. Her Looks were filled with Terror and unrelenting Severity, and her Hands armed with Whips and Scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid Frown, and a Voice that chilled my very Blood, she bad me follow her. I obeyed ; and she led me through rugged Paths, beset with Briars and Thorns, into a deep solitary Valley, Where-

Wherever she passed, the fading Verdure withered beneath her Steps ; her pestilential Breath infected the Air with malignant Vapours, obscured the Lustre of the Sun, and involved the fair Face of Heaven in universal Gloom. Dismal Howlings resounded through the Forest, from every baleful Tree the Night-raven uttered his dreadful Note, and the Prospect was filled with Desolation and Horror. In the Midst of this tremendous Scene, my execrable Guide addressed me in the following Manner.

“ Retire with me, O rash unthinking Mortal ! from the vain Allurements of a deceitful World, and learn, that Pleasure was not designed the Portion of human Life. Man was born to mourn, and to be wretched. This is the Condition of all below the Stars ; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in Contradiction to the Will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal Inchantments of Youth and social Delight, and here consecrate thy solitary Hours to Lamentation and Woe. Misery is the Duty of all sublunary Beings ; and every Enjoyment is an Offence to the Deity ; who is to be worshipped only by the Mortification of every Sense of Pleasure, and the everlasting Exercise of Sighs and Tears.”

This melancholy Picture of Life quite sunk my Spirits, and seemed to annihilate every Principle of Joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted Yew, where the Winds blew cold and dismal round my Head, and dreadful Apprehensions chilled my Heart. Here I resolved to lie till the Hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an End to the Miseries of a Life so deplorably wretched. In this sad Situation I spied on one Hand of me a deep muddy River, whose heavy Waves rolled on in slow sullen Murmurs. Here I determined to plunge ; and was just upon the Brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was

surprised by the Sight of the loveliest Object I had ever beheld. The most engaging Charms of Youth and Beauty appeared in all her Form; effulgent Glories sparkled in her Eyes, and their awful Splendors were softened by the gentlest Looks of Compassion and Peace. At her Approach, the frightful Spectre who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the Horrors she had caused. The gloomy Clouds brightened into chearful Sunshine, the Groves recovered their Verdure, and the whole Region looked gay and blooming as the Garden of *Eden*. I was quite transported at this unexpected Change, and reviving Pleasure began to glad my Thoughts; when, with a Look of inexpressible Sweetness, my beauteous Deliverer thus uttered her divine Instructions.

“ My Name is *Religion*. I am the Offspring of *Truth* and *Love*, and the Parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope*, and *Joy*. That Monster from whose Power I have freed you, is called *Superstition*: She is the Child of *Discontent*, and her Followers are *Fear* and *Sorrow*. Thus different as we are, she has often the Insolence to assume my Name and Character, and seduces unhappy Mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the Borders of Despair, that dreadful Abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various Beauties of this Globe, which Heaven has destined for the Seat of human Race; and consider whether a World thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the Abode of Misery and Pain. For what End has the lavish Hand of Providence diffused such innumerable Objects of Delight, but that all might rejoice in the Privilege of Existence, and be filled with Gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the Blessings he has sent, is *Virtue* and *Obedience*; and to reject them merely as Means of Pleasure, is pitiable

ble Ignorance, or absurd Perverseness. Infinite Goodness is the Source of created Existence. The proper Tendency of every rational Being, from the highest Order of raptured Seraphs, to the meanest Rank of Men, is, to rise incessantly from lower Degrees of Happiness to higher. They have each Faculties assigned them for various Orders of Delights."

"What! (cried I) is this the Language of *Religion*? Does she lead her Votaries through flowery Paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious Life? Where are the painful Toils of Virtue, the Mortifications of Penitents, the self denying Exercises of Saints and Heroes."

"The true Enjoyments of a reasonable Being (answered she mildly) do not consist in unbounded Indulgence, or luxurious Ease; in the Tumult of Passions, the Languor of Indolence, or the Flutter of light Amusements. Yielding to immoral Pleasure, corrupts the Mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it; both in their Degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to Wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular Exercise of his superior Powers his chief Attention, adoring the Perfections of his Maker, expressing Good-will to his Fellow creatures, cultivating inward Rectitude. To his lower Faculties he must allow such Gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler Pursuits. In the Regions inhabited by angelic Natures, unmingled Felicity for ever blooms; Joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant Stream, nor needs there any Mound to check its Course. Beings conscious of a Frame of Mind originally diseased, as all the human Race has Cause to be, must use the Regimen of a stricter Self government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary Excesses, must patiently sub-

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submit both to the painful Workings of Nature, and needful Severities of Medicine, in order to his Cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate Share of whatever alleviating Accommodations this fair Mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his Recovery. And, in Proportion as this Recovery advances, the liveliest Joy will spring from his secret Sense of an amended and improving Heart. — So far from the Horrors of Despair is the Condition even of the Guilty. — Shudder, poor Mortal, at the Thought of the Gulph into which thou wast just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every Encouragement to amend, the more innocent Soul will be supported with still sweeter Consolations under all its Experience of human Infirmities, supported by the gladdening Assurances, that every sincere Endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one the lowliest Self-abasement is but a deep-laid Foundation for the most elevated Hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled, under my Conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the Hero are inseparable; and to the Aspirings of unassuming Trust and filial Confidence, are set no Bounds. To him who is animated with a View of obtaining Approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no Difficulty is unsurmountable. Secure in this Pursuit of every needful Aid, his Conflict with the severest Pains and Trials, is little more than the vigorous Exercises of a Mind in Health. His patient Dependence on that Providence which looks through all Eternity, his silent Resignation, his ready Accommodation of his Thoughts and Behaviour to its inscrutable Ways, is at once the most excellent Sort of Self-denial, and a Source of the most exalted Transports. Society is the true Sphere
of

of human Virtue. In social, active Life, Difficulties will perpetually be met with ; Restraints of many Kinds will be necessary ; and studying to behave right in Respect of these, is a Discipline of the human Heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no Duty, but where it is necessary to avoid Guilt, or to do Good ; nor Pleasure a Crime, but where it strengthens the Influence of bad Inclinations, or lessens the generous Activity of Virtue. The Happiness allotted to Man in his present State, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal Prospects, and noble Capacities : but yet whatever Portion of it the distributing Hand of Heaven offers to each Individual, is a needful Support and Refreshment for the present Moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final Destination.

“ Return then with me from continual Misery, to moderate Enjoyment, and grateful Alacrity ; return from the contracted Views of Solitude, to the proper Duties of a relative and dependent Being. *Religion* is not confined to Cells and Closets, nor restrained to sullen Retirement. These are the gloomy Doctrines of *Superstition*, by which she endeavours to break those Chains of Benevolence and social Affection, that link the Welfare of every Particular with that of the Whole. Remember, that the greatest Honour you can pay to the Author of your Being, is such a cheerful Behaviour as discovers a Mind satisfied with his Dispensations.”

Here my Preceptress paused ; and I was going to express my Acknowledgments for her Discourse, when a Ring of Bells from the neighbouring Village, and the new risen Sun darting his Beams through my Windows, awaked me.

*On the FOLLY of being dissatisfied with
ONE's present CIRCUMSTANCES.*

FOR the Benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present Situations, and to illustrate the Folly and Madness of their Ambition, I beg leave to offer the Narrative of my own Life.

I am the Son of a younger Brother of a good Family, who at his Decease left me a little Fortune of a Hundred a Year. I was put early to *Eton* School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*, from whence I went to the University, where I learned, not totally to forget them. I came to my Fortune when I was at College; and having no Inclination to follow any Profession, I removed myself to Town, and lived for some Time, as most young Fellows do, by spending four Times my Income. But it was my Happiness, before it was too late, to fall in Love, and to marry a very amiable young Creature, whose Fortune was just sufficient to repair the Breach made in my own. With this agreeable Companion I retreated to the Country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my Wishes to my Circumstances. In this Endeavour I succeeded so well, that excepting a few private Hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a Sigh when a Coach and Six happened to drive by me in my Walks, I was a very happy Man.

I can truly assure you, Sir, that though our Family Oeconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in Consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great Straits and Difficulties, I experienced more real Satisfaction in this humble Situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable Circumstances. We were sometimes indeed a little in Debt, but when Money came in, the Pleasure of discharging
what

what we owed was more than an Equivalent for the Pain it put us to : and though the Narrowness of our Circumstances subjected us to many Cares and Anxieties, it served to keep the Body in Action as well as the Mind : For as our Garden was somewhat large, and required more Hands to keep it in Order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew Health from our Necessities.

I had a little Boy, who was the Delight of my Heart, and who probably might have been spoiled by Nursing, if the Attention of his Parents had not been otherwise employed. His Mother was naturally of a sickly Constitution, but the Affairs of her Family, as they engrossed all her Thoughts, gave her no Time for Complaint. The ordinary Troubles of Life, which to those who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us, than to Persons in easier Circumstances ; for it is a certain Truth, however your Readers may please to receive it, that where the Mind is divided among many Cares, the Anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest Situation, in the Midst of Ease, Health and Affluence, the Mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate Enjoyment of those invaluable Blessings, by the painful Suggestion that they are too great for Continuance.

These are the Reflections that I have made since ; for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an Addition to my Fortune. The Death of a distant Relation, which happened five Years after our Marriage, gave me this Addition, and made me for a Time the happiest Man living. My Income was now increased to Six Hundred a Year ; and I hoped with a little Oeconomy, to be able to make a Figure with it. But the ill Health of my Wife,
which

which in less easy Circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my Thoughts, and soured all my Enjoyment. The Consciousness too of having such an Estate to leave to my Boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at Pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by Exercise, I almost destroyed him by Confinement. We now did nothing in our Garden, because we were in Circumstances to have it kept by others: but as Air and Exercise were necessary for our Healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary Articles, and to set up an Equipage. This in Time brought with it a Train of Expences, which we had neither Prudence to foresee nor Courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the Circuit of our Visits, it greatly encreased our Acquaintance, and subjected us to the Necessity of making continual Entertainments at Home, in Return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The Charges that attended this new Manner of living were much too great for the Income we possessed; insomuch that we found ourselves in a very short Time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our Equipage; and to live in a Manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the Debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell the best Part of my Estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the Parade any longer, we thought it adviseable to remove of a Sudden, to sell our Coach in Town, and to look out for a new Situation, at a greater Distance from our Acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my Peace, I carried the Habit of Expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute Want, when by the unexpected Death of an Uncle and his two Sons,
who

who died within a few Weeks of each other, I succeeded to an Estate of Seven Thousand Pounds a Year.

And now, Sir, both you and your Readers will call me a very happy Man ; and so indeed I was. I set about the Regulation of my Family with the most pleasing Satisfaction. The Splendor of my Equipages, the Magnificence of my Plate, the Croud of Servants that attended me, the Elegance of my House and Furniture, the Grandeur of my Park and Gardens, the Luxury of my Table, and the Court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible Delight, so long as they were Novelties ; but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all Manner of Relish for them ; and I discovered in a very little Time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My Appetite grew palled by Satiety, a perpetual Croud of Visitors robbed me of all domestic Enjoyment, my Servants plagued me, and my Steward cheated me.

But the Curse of Greatness did not end here. Daily Experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than for myself. My Uncle had been a great Party Man, and a zealous Opposer of all ministerial Measures ; and as his Estate was the largest of any Gentleman's in the County, he supported an Interest in it beyond any of his Competitors. My Father had been greatly obliged by the Court Party, which determined me, in Gratitude, to declare myself on that Side ; but the Difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me : In-
somuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every Thing I have undertaken. To desert the Cause I have embarked in would disgrace me ; and to go greater Lengths in it will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual State of Warfare with the principal Gentry of the Country, and am cursed
Y by

by my Tenants and Dependents for compelling them at every Election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their Consciences.

My Wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the Thought of being useful to the Neighbourhood, by dealing out our Charity to the Poor and Industrious ; but the perpetual Hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for Objects ourselves ; and the Agents we entrust are either pocketing our Bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At Night when we retire to Rest, we are venting our Complaints on the Miseries of the Day, and praying heartily for the Return of that Peace, which was the only Companion of our humblest Situation.

Where Pain, Sicknefs, and absolute Want are out of the Question, no external Change of Circumstances can make a Man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an Ignorance of this Truth, that the universal Dissatisfaction of Mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the Lot of Life ; and he that aspires to Greatness in Hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a Furnace to avoid the shivering of an Ague.

The only Satisfaction I can enjoy in my present Situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in its Wrath to make me a King.



On the JUSTICE of PROVIDENCE.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of *Egypt*, had dwelt securely for many Years in the silken Pavilions of Pleasure, and had every Morning anointed his Head with the Oil of Gladness, when his only Son *Abaram*, for whom he had crouded his Treasures with Gold, extended his Dominions with Conquests, and secured them with impregnable Fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an Arrow from an unknown Hand, and expired in the Field.

Bozaldab, in the Distraction of Grief and Despair, refused to return to his Palace, and retired to the gloomiest Grotto in the neighbouring Mountain : He there rolled himself on the Dust, tore away the Hairs of his hoary Head, and dashed the Cup of Consolation that *Patience* offered him to the Ground. He suffered not his Minstrels to approach his Presence ; but listened to the Screams of the melancholy Birds of Midnight, that slit through the solitary Vaults and echoing Chambers of the Pyramids. " Can that God be benevolent," he cry'd, " who thus wounds the Soul, as from an Ambush, with unexpected Sorrows, and crushes his Creatures in a Moment with irremediable Calamity ? Ye lying *Imans*, prate to us no more of the Justice and the Kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence ! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable Sons of Men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest Flowerets in the Garden of Hope ; and like a malignant Giant, to beat down the strongest Towers of Happiness with the iron Mace of his Anger. If this Being possessed the Goodness and the Power with which flattering Priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those Evils

which render the World a Dungeon of Distress, a Vale of Vanity and Woe,—I will continue in it no longer!”

At that Moment he furiously raised his Hand, which *Despair* had armed with a Dagger, to strike deep into his Bosom; when suddenly thick Flashes of Lightning shot through the Cavern, and a Being of more than human Beauty and Magnitude, arrayed in azure Robes, crowned with Amaranth, and waving a Branch of Palm in his Right-hand, arrested the Arm of the trembling and astonished *Caliph*, and said with a majestic Smile, “Follow me to the Top of this Mountain.”

“Look from hence,” said the awful Conductor, “I am *Caloc*, the Angel of *Peace*, look from hence into the Valley.”

Bozaldab opened his Eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary Island, in the Midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly Figure: It was a Merchant just perishing with Famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild Berries nor a single Spring in this forlorn uninhabited Desert; and begging the Protection of Heaven against the Tygers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last Fuel he had collected to make nightly Fires to affright them. He then cast a Casket of Jewels on the Sand, as Trifles of no Use; and crept feeble and trembling to an Eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every Evening to watch the setting Sun, and to give a signal to any Ship that might happily approach the Island.

“Inhabitant of Heaven, cried *Bozaldab*, suffer not this Wretch to perish by the Fury of wild Beasts.” “Peace, said the Angel, and observe.”

He looked again, and behold a Vessel arrived at the desolate Isle. What Words can paint the Rapture of the starving Merchant, when the Captain of-

offered to transport him to his native Country, if he would reward him with half the Jewels of his Casket. No sooner had this pitiless Commander received the stipulated Sum, than he held a Consultation with the Crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining Jewels, and leave the unhappy Exile in the same helpless and lamentable Condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such Injustice to be practised," exclaimed *Bazadab*?—"Look again, said the Angel, "and behold the very Ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the Merchant might embark, dashed in Pieces on a Rock; dost thou not hear the Cries of the sinking Sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his Disposal of Events. The Man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary Solitude, but not by the Method thou wouldst prescribe. His Vice was Avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty Charm in Wealth, which, like the Wand of *Abdiel*, would gratify every Wish and obviate every Fear. This Wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: He cast his Jewels upon the Sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered Part of them to the Mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the Situation and Temper of the Possessor. Happy is he whom Distress has taught Wisdom! But turn thine Eyes to another and more interesting Scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent Palace, adorned with the Statues of his Ancestors wrought in Jasper; the Ivory Doors of which, turning on Hinges of the Gold of *Golconda*, discovered a Throne of Diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty Nations, and with Ambassadors in various Habits and

of different Complexions; on which sat *Aberam* the much lamented Son of *Bozaldab*, and by his Side a Princess fairer than a Houri.

“Gracious *Alla*! — It is my Son,” cried the Caliph — “O let me hold him to my Heart!” “Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial Vision, replied the Angel: I am now shewing thee what would have been the Destiny of thy Son, had he continued longer on the Earth.” “And why, returned *Bozaldab*, was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a Witness of so much Felicity and Power?” “Consider the Sequel,” replied he that dwells in the fifth Heaven. *Bozaldab* looked earnestly, and saw the Countenance of his Son, on which he had been used to behold the placid Smile of Simplicity and the vivid Blushes of Health, now distorted with Rage, and now fixed in the Insensibility of Drunkenness: It was again animated with Disdain, it became pale with Apprehension, and appeared to be withered by Intemperance; his Hands were stained with Blood, and he trembled by Turns with Fury and Terror. The Palace so lately shining with oriental Pomp, changed suddenly into the Cell of a Dungeon, where his Son lay stretched out on cold Pavement, gagged and bound, and his Eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his Side, enter with a Bowl of Poison, which she compelled *Aberam* to drink, and afterwards married the Successor to his Throne.

“Happy,” said *Caloc*, “is he whom Providence has by the Angel of Death snatched from Guilt! from whom that Power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater Misery than it could make upon others.”

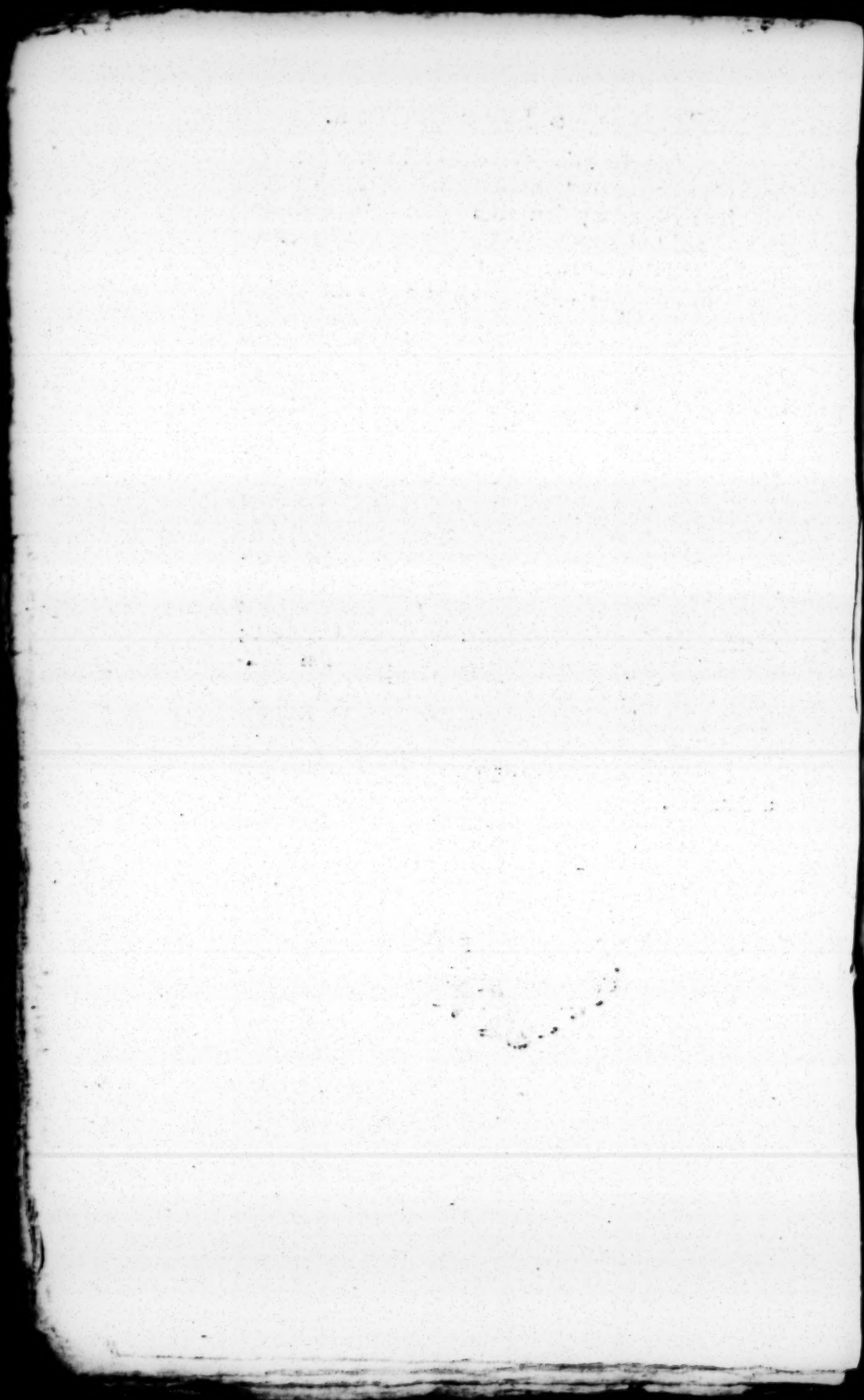
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"It is enough, cried *Bozaldab* ; I adore the inscrutable Schemes of Omniscience !— From what dreadful Evil has my Son been rescued, by a Death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature ! a Death of Innocence and Peace, which has blessed his Memory upon Earth, and transmitted his Spirit to the Skies.

"Cast away the Dagger, replied the heavenly Messenger, which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own Heart. Exchange Complaint for Silence, and Doubt for Adoration. Can a Mortal look down, without Giddiness and Stupefaction, into the vast Abyss of eternal Wisdom ? Can a Mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any Thing among an Infinity of Objects mutually relative ? Can the Channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual Inundations of thy *Nile* contain the Waters of the Ocean ? Remember that perfect Happiness cannot be conferred on a Creature ; for perfect Happiness is an Attribute as incommunicable as perfect Power and Eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his Pinions to fly back to the Empyreum, and the Flutter of his Wings was like the rushing of a Cataract.







T H E
H E R M I T.

— *I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the Ways of God to Men.*

MILTON.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to public View,
From Youth to Age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the crystal Well.
Remote from Man, with God he pass'd his Days,
Pray'r all his Bus'ness, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one Suggestion rose ;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway.
His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
And all the Tenor of his Soul is lost :
So when a smooth Expanse receives impress'd
Calm Nature's Image on its watry Breast,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow ;
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side,
And glimm'ring Fragments of a broken Sun ;
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books or Swains report it right,

(For

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(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
 Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
 He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim's Staff he bore,
 And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before;
 Then with the Sun a Rising-journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wasted in the pathless Grass,
 And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass;
 But when the southern Sun had warm'd the Day,
 A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way;
 His Raiment decent, his Complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail, he cry'd;
 And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
 Words follow'd words, from Question Answer flow'd
 And talk of various Kinds deceiv'd the Road;
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
 Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
 Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around. —
 But here the Youth enjoin'd the eager Sire,
 Who into hidden Truths did much inquire:
 If he'd in Silence each Event behold,
 He would to him, some wond'rous Things unfold.
 Agreed; — and now the closing Hour of Day
 Came onward, mantl'd, o'er with sober grey;
 Nature in Silence bid the World repose;
 When near the Road a stately Palace rose:
 There by the Moon, thro' Ranks of Trees they pass,
 Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping Sides of Grass.
 It chanced the noble Master of the Dome
 Still made his House the wand'ring Stranger's Home.
 Yet still the Kindness from a Thirst of Praise,
 Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.
 The Pair arrive, the livery'd Servants wait;
 Their Lord receives 'em at the pompous Gate.

The

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 263

The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to Rest, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day
Along the wide Canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring Wood, to banish Sleep.
Up-rise the Guests, obedient to the Call;
An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall;
Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
Which the kind Master forc'd the Guests to taste,
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go;
And, but the Landlord, none had Cause of Woe;
His Cup was vanish'd; for in secret Guise
The younger Guest purloin'd the glitt'ring Prize.
Now on they pass—when far upon the Road
The wealthy Spoil, the wiley Partner show'd.

As one who spies a Serpent in his Way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the Summer-ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with Fear:
So seem'd the Sire, he walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part*:
Murm'ring, he lift his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'tous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory shrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their sable Clouds:
A Sound in Air presag'd approaching Rain,
And Beasts to Coverts scud across the Plain.
Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
'Twas built by Turrets on a rising Ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.

* On Account of his Promise at first setting out.

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As near the Miser's heavy Door they drew,
Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew ;
The nimble Light'ning, mix'd with Show'rs began,
And o'er their Heads loud rolling Thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast ;
('Twas then his Threshold first receiv'd a Guest.)
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
And Half he welcomes in the shiv'ring Pair ;
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest Sort, with dead small Beer
(Each hardly granted) serv'd 'em both to chear ;
And when the Tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With still Remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost Wealth a Thousand want beside ?
But what new Marks of Wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling Feature of his Face !
When from his Vest the young Companion bore
That Cup, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious Bowl
The stinted Kindness of his churlish Soul ;
Just sunk to Earth, the Miser in Surprise
Receiv'd the glitt'ring Gift with startled Eyes ;
But e'er he could recover from his Fright
The generous Guests were gone quite out of Sight.
Now the brisk Clouds in airy Tumults fly,
The Sun emerging ope's an azure Sky,
A fresher Green the smelling Leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble chear the Day.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Bosom wrought
With all the Travel of uncertain Thought ;

His

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 265

His Partner's Acts without their *Cause* appear, *
'Twas there a Vice, but seem'd a Madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky, }
Again the Wand' rers want a Place to lie,
Again they search and find a Mansion nigh. }
The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its Master's Turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praise, but Virtue, kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then bless the Mansion, and the Master greet ;
Their Greeting fair, bestow'd with modest Guise,
The courteous Master hears, and thus replies :
Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a Part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome Table spread,
Then talk'd of Virtue 'till the Time of Bed,
When the grave Household round his Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hours with Pray'r

At Length the World renew'd by calm Repose
Was strong for Toil, the dapple Morn arose ;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant slept,
And writh'd his Neck : The Landlord's little Pride,
Ostrange Return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors ! what ! his only Son !
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done ?
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue Fire, could more assault his Heart.

Z

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* To steal the Cup from the most generous Man, and give it to a
Wretch that would scarce admit them within his Gate.

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Confus'd and struck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed,
His Steps the Youth pursues ; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant shew'd the Way.
A River cross'd the Path ; the Passage o'er
Was nice to find, the Servant went before ;
Long Arms of Oak an open Bridge supply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a Time to sin,
Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his Head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the Dead.

Wild sparkling Rage inflames the Hermit's Eyes,
He bursts the Bands of Fear, and wildly cries,
Detested Wretch ; ——but scarce his Speech began
When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man,
His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet ;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet ;
Fair Rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair ;
Celestial Odours breathe in purpled Air ;
And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd like the Day,
Wide at his Back their dazzling Plumes display.
The Form ethereal bursts upon his Sight.
And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do :
Surprize in secret Chains his Words suspends,
And in a Calm his settling Temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne ;
Their Charms, Success in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy Mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel, ——Thy Fellow-servant I.
Then

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Then know the Truth of Government divide,
And let the Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty through all depends
On using second Means * to work his Ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uses, not controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more Surprize,
Than those which lately struck thy wand'ring Eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain Man, who far'd on costly Food,
Whose Life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,
And forc'd his Guests to Morning Draughts of Wine,
Has, with the Cup, the graceless Custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean suspicious Wretch, whose bolted Door
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor ;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind ;
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artists melt the sullen Oar of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head ;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And loose from Dross the Silver runs below.

Long had our pious Friend in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Soul from God ;

Z 2

(Child

* Second Means——God often appoints wicked and abandoned Wretches to be his Instruments of Justice upon others, for some Ends tending to public Good, though unperceived by human Eyes.

268 *The* PLEASING INSTRUCTOR:

(Child of his * Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Excesses had his Dotage run !
But God, to save the Father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow.)
The poor fond Parent humbled in the Dust,
Now owns in Tears the Punishment was just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wreck,
Had the false Servant sped in Safety back ?
This very Night, (by secret Plot contriv'd)
Of Life and Wealth his Master he'd depriv'd ;
Had he in this Conspiracy prevail'd ;
What Funds of Charity would then have fail'd. †

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind: This Trial o'er,
Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding Pinions here the Youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high
His Master took the Chariot of the Sky ;
The fiery Pomp ascending, left the View ;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r began,
" Lord ! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be done,"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient Place,
And spent a Life of Piety and Peace.

TRUTH

* Child of his Age, —— a Child born to him when in Years,
on which he doated too fondly.

† He gave largely to the Poor.

TRUTH *and* FALSHOOD.
A FABLE.

SOON as the Iron Age on Earth began,
And Vice found easy Entrance into Man :
While from his tow'ring Height the flaming Sun,
Fierce on the pendant Globe directly shone,
Forth from her Cave infernal Falshood came ;
Falshood, the Hate of Gods, of Men the Shame.
A silken Robe she wore, of various Hue,
Its Colour changing with each different View ;
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimic'd Truth and ap'd her heav'nly Smile ;
But mimic'd Truth in vain : The varying Vest
To every searching Eye the Fiend confess.
At length she saw celestial Truth appear ;
Serene her Brow, and chearful was her Air ;
Her Silver Locks with shining Fillets bound,
With laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples crown'd :
A Lilly Robe was girded round her Waste,
And o'er her Arms a radiant Mantle cast ;
With decent Negligence it hung behind,
And loosely flowing, wanton'd in the Wind.
Thus Truth advanc'd, unknowing of Deceit,
And Falshood, bowing low, began the Cheat.

Hail, charming Maid, bright as the Morning Star,
Daughter of *Jove*, and Heav'n's peculiar Care ;
'Tis thine to weigh the World in equal Scales,
And chide the conscious Soul when Vice prevails,
Dispensing Justice with impartial Hand,
The mightiest Pow'rs submit to thy Command ;
E'en Gods themselves, tho' in their Actions free,
Consult, resolve, and act as you decree :
Great Sovereign *Jove*, the first etherial Name,
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly Frame ;

270 *The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR.*

As Truth approv'd, he bid the Fabric rise,
 And spread the azure Mantle of the Skies ;
 Plac'd ev'ry Planet in its proper Sphere,
 Nor rolls this Orb too wide, nor that too near.
 But why thus wa'k we, mindless of our Ease,
 Expos'd beneath the Sun's meridian Blaze ?
 Better retire, and shun the scorching Ray,
 Till fanning Zephyrs cool our evening Way.
 Hear how yon limpid Streams run murmuring by,
 And tuneful Birds their sylvan Notes apply :
 See fragrant Shrubs along the Border grow,
 And waving Shades beneath the Poplar-bough ;
 All these invite us to the River Side,
 'To bathe our Limbs, and sport within the Tide ;
 So cool the Stream, the flow'ry Banks so sweet,
Diana's self might covet the Retreat ;
 Nor can a short Diversion check your Haste,
 Fresh Strength will soon succeed such welcome Rest ;
 As rapid Currents, held a while at Bay,
 With swifter Force pursue their liquid Way.

So spake the Fantom, and with friendly Look,
 Supporting what she said, approach'd the Brook :
 Truth followed, artless, unsuspicious Maid,
 And, in an evil Hour, the Voice obey'd.
 Both at the crystal Stream arriv'd, unbound
 Their different Robes ; both cast them to the Ground ;
 The Fiend upon the Margin ling'ring stood,
 The naked Goddess leapt into the Flood ;
 Sporting she swims the liquid Surface o'er,
 Unmindful of the matchless Robe she wore.
 Not Falshood so — she hasty seiz'd the Vest,
 And with the beauteous Spoils herself she dress'd ;
 Then wing'd with Joy, out flew the swiftest Wind,
 Her own infernal Robe far left behind.
 Streight she aspires above her former State,
 And gains Admittance to the Rich and Great ;
 Nay,

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 271

Nay, such her daring Pride, that some report,
When thus equipp'd, she boldly went to Court ;
There spake and look'd with such a graceful Air,
Mistaken Fame pronounc'd her wise and fair,
She fill'd the Wanton's Tongue with specious Names,
To deal in Wounds and Deaths, in Darts and Flames ;
She prefac'd all her lewd Attempts with Love,
And Fraud prevail'd where Reason could not move.
At length she mingled with the learned Throng,
And tun'd the Muse's mercenary Song.
In all the Labyrinths of Logic skill'd,
She taught the subtle Reas'ner not to yield,
Instructed how to puzzle each Dispute,
And boldly baffle Men, tho' not confute.
Now at the Bar she play'd the Lawyer's Part,
And shap'd out Right and Wrong by Rules of Art.
Now in the Senate rais'd her pompous Tone,
Talk'd much of public Good, but meant her own.
Oft to the *Olympian* Field she turn'd her Eyes,
And taught the Racers how to gain the Prize.
In Schools and Temples too she claim'd a Share,
While Falshood's self admir'd her Influence there.

Deluded Truth observ'd the Fraud too late,
Nor knew she to repair a Loss so great :
In vain her heav'nly Robes she sighing seeks,
In vain the humid Pearls bedew her Cheeks ;
In vain she tears the Laurel from her Hair,
While Nature seems to sympathize her Care ;
The glowing Flow'rs, that crown th' enamell'd Meads,
Weep fragrant Dews, and hang their drooping Heads,
The sylvan Choirs, as conscious of her Pains,
Deplore the Loss in melancholy Strains.
Thus pensive and uncloath'd upon the Shore
She stands, and sees the Robe which Falshood wore ;
Detested Sight ! nor longer now she mourns,
But Grief, to Rage transform'd, with Anger burns ;
Into

272 *The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR:*

Into the Stream the hellish Robe she tost,
And scorn'd a Habit so unlike the lost.

Hence Truth now naked roves, as in Disgrace ;
None, but the Wise and Virtuous see her Face ;
From Cities far she modestly retreats,
From busy Scenes of Life to peaceful Seats ;
Is chiefly found in lonely Fields and Cells,
Where Silence reigns and Contemplation dwells.
Hence Falshood cheats us, in the fair Disguise,
And seems Truth's self to all unwary Eyes ;
Thrives, and triumphs in Power, and Wealth and
Fame,
And builds her Glory on her Rival's Name :
With Safety dares to flatter, fawn and sooth ;
For who knows Falshood, when array'd like Truth ?



LUXURY and WANT. A VISION.

A S late I mus'd on Fortune's Ebb and Flow,
Life's airy Pleasures, and substantial Woe,
The thoughtless Mirth that laughs in Pleasure's Eye,
The Boast of Vice, and Pride of Vanity,
O'er nodding Reason downy Slumbers stole,
And Fancy's Visions open'd on my Soul.
Aloft, on proud *Ionic* Columns rear'd,
A sumptuous Dome in ruin'd Pomp appear'd ;
A baseless Pillar here, with Moss o'ergrown,
Press'd Earth's green Bosom with a Length of Stone ;
There, a tall Portal, sculptur'd once so gay,
Records no Story but its own Decay.

I enter'd - Crouds, who blush to be descri'd,
With famish'd Looks, thro' mould'ring Arches glide.
I paus'd, and curious as I gaz'd around,
Saw a lean Hag lie stretch'd along the Ground :

Round

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 273

Round either Arm a tatter'd Rug she drew,
Her Shame conceal'd with Rags of various Hue ;
A Cloth her Forehead bound, her Legs were bare,
And foul and clotted was her grizzled Hair.

“ Whence and what art thou, Wretch,” surpriz'd
I cry'd ;

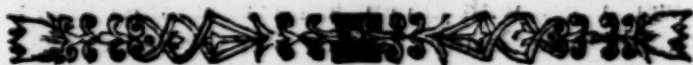
Want is my Name, well known, the Wretch replied.
The Work of Luxury, this lofty Dome,
So righteous *Jove* ordains, is now my Home.
Time was, this Roof return'd the dulcet Voice
Of Music, blended with a Critic's Choice.
Dependent thence a thousand Tapers glow'd,
The Vine's rich Juice from Silver Fountains flow'd ;
An hundred Dainties o'er the Board were spread,
And all *Arabia* spicy Fragrance shed.
The Velvet Couches, and the cushion'd Chair,
Swell'd high with Down, as soft as Summer's Air ;
And Female Beauty, smiling o'er the Scene,
Spread Joy around, of every Joy the Queen !

“ Then at these Doors by Hunger and by Grief
Oppress'd, with suppliant Voice I sought Relief :
Relief I sought, alas ! but sought in vain,
With poignant Taunt rebuk'd, and sour Disdain.
The batt'ning Priest with supercilious Face,
Infer'd from Indigence the Want of Grace.
The Lawyer, in quaint Terms, with Look demure,
Gave Hints of Statutes against vagrant Poor.
Unmov'd and cool the garter'd Statesman cry'd,
For *me* fit Refuge Colonies supply'd.
I sigh'd in secret, and to Heav'n my Heart
Ascending, Heav'n in Pity took my Part.
Loud Thunder roll'd—the Fabric from its Base
Shook ; and proud Luxury vanish'd from the Place.
Th' astonish'd Croud their Patron's Fall deplore,
And pale and trembling issue from the Door.

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I enter'd, prompted by a Voice divine,
Which thrice repeated, "Want! this Pile is thine;
For know by *Jove* and Fate it stands decreed,
Where Luxury riots thou shalt still succeed.
Here unmolested from that Hour I reign,
And all the Court of Luxury forms my Train;
Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n,
By keen Necessity, the Scourge of Heav'n;
These are the Wretches which around me throng
To me the Lawyer, Statesman, Priest belong."

She ceas'd; her Words such strong Emotions
bred,
They wak'd me trembling, and the Vision fled.
Save me from Luxury, gracious Heav'n, I pray'd,
That Want's drear Haunts my steps may ne'er invade.



The MEDICINE. A TALE — for the Ladies.

MISS *Molly*, a sun'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had Wealth and Charms — but then she had a
Tongue!

From Morn to Night th' eternal Larum rung,
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame;
Possess'd he thought of every Joy of Life;
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Excess of Fondness did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the Knight lov'd Wine.
From whence some pretty Discords vould arise.
As, *You're a Fool* ——— and, *You are mighty wife!*
Tho'

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, — for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then after a faint Kiss, — cry, by dear Moll;
Supper and Friends expect me at the Rose.
And, what Sir *John*, you'll get your usual Dose!
Go, stink and smoke, and guzzle nasty Wine;
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine.

Oft as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the Knight would get his Business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture Home.

My Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! in a sweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is every Day the Trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn sends stagg'ring Home a drunken Beast,
Resolv'd to break my Heart as well as Rest.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous
Spouse,
What, can't you find one Bed about the House?
Will that perpetual Clack lie never still?
That Rival to the Softness of a Mill!
Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led.
With snarling Meals, and each a sep'rate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain.

Old

276 *The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR.*

Old *Wise*wood smok'd the Matter as it was,
Chear up, cry'd he ! and I'll remove the the Cause.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic Jars, and matrimonial Strife,
The best Elixir t' appease Man and Wife ;
Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his sullen Airs Sir *John* should come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth—then
mum :

Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold ;
One Month this sympathetic Med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.
But dearest Niece, keep this grand Secret close,
Or every prattling Hussy 'll beg a Dose.

A Water-bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not Nants could sooner ease the Lady's Grief :
Her busy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,
And, Female like, impatient for the Event !

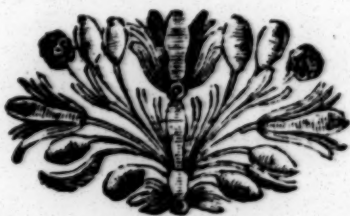
The bonny Knight reels Home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour and domestic War ;
Ent'ring, he cries,—hey ! where's our Thunder fled !
No Hurricane ! *Betty's* your Lady dead ?
Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,
Court'fies, looks kind, but not a Word she speaks :
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd,
Why, how now, *Moll*, what's the Crotchet now ?
She smiles and answers only with a Bow.
Then clasping her about —why let me die !
'I hese Night-cloths, *Moll*, become thee mightily !
With that, he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undress.

Nay,

Nay, kiss me, *Molly*——for I'm much inclin'd :
Her Lace she cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
'The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

For many Days these fond Endearments past,
The reconciling Bottle fails at last ;
'Twas us'd and gone,——Then Midnight Storms arose,
And Looks and Words the Union discompose ;
Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,
To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies,
Transported does the strange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State !

Why, Niece, says he,——I prithee apprehend
The Water's Water.—Be thyself thy Friend ;
Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm :
Be silent and complying.—You'll soon find,
Sir *John* without a Med'cine, will be kind.



ODE to SPRING.

YOUTH of the Year! delightful Spring,
 Thy blest Return on genial Wing
 Inspires my languid Lays;
 No more I sleep in Sloth supine,
 While all Creation at thy Shrine
 Its annual Tribute pays.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing Pow'r
 Each Blossom greets thee, and each Flow'r;
 And, foremost of the Train,
 By Nature (artless Handmaid)'prest,
 The Snowdrop comes in lillied Vest
 Prophetic of thy Reign.

The Lark now strains her tuneful Throat
 And ev'ry loud, and sprightly Note
 Calls Echo from her Cell;
 Be warn'd, ye Maids, that listen round,
 A beauteous Nymph became a Sound,
 The Nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd Sun, with Warmth benign
 Bids Tree, and Shrub, and swelling Vine
 Their infant Buds display;
 Again the Streams refresh the Plains,
 Which Winter bound in icy Chains,
 And sparkling blest his Ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around
 And instant glows th' enamell'd Ground
 With Nature's varied Hues;
 Not so returns our Youth decay'd,
 Alas! nor Air, nor Sun, nor Shade
 The Spring of Life renews.

The

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 279

The Sun's too quick revolving Beam
Apace dissolves the human Dream,
And brings the appointed Hour;
Too late we catch his parting Ray
And mourn the idly wasted Day,
No longer in our Pow'r.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd Sight
Pursues by Virtue's constant Light
A Hope beyond the Skies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And Suns eternal rise.



An ELEGY, written in a Country Church yard.

THE Curfew tolls, the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homewards plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landkip on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tow'r,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary Reign.

Beneath these rugged Elms, that Yew-tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring
Heap,

Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Fore-fathers of the Hamlet sleep.

280 *The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR.*

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
Shed,

The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy House-wife ply her Evening Care,
No Children run to kiss their Sire's Return,
Or climb his Knees the envy'd Kifs to share.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
Their Harrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their Team a field!
How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys and Destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short and simple Annals of the Poor.

'The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour;
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the Fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long drawn Isle, and fretted Vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

Can story'd Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid,
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wake to Extasy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Full

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear,
Full many a Flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the Desert air.

Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his Country's Blood.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbid: Nor circumscrib'd alone,
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd,
Forbidden to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind:

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense kindled at the Muse's Flame.

Far from the madding Croud's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life,
They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhymes; and shapless Culture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,

The Place of Fame and Elegy supply,
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring Look behind?

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On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires ;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate,
If Chance by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the Upland Lawn.

There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic Roots so high,
His listless Length at Noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the Brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
Mutt'ring his way-ward Fancies, he would rove :
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.

One Morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree ;
Another came, nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he :

The next, with Dirges due, in sad Array,
Slow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him
borne ;

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the Lay
Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen, are Showers of Violets found ;
The Red breast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground."

The E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

The PLEASING INSTRUCTOR. 283

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere,
Heav'n did a Recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry (all he had) a Tear :
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
Friend.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.



*The PANTHER, the HORSE, and other
BEASTS. A FABLE.*

THE Man, who seeks to win the Fair,
(So Custom says) must Truth forbear ;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye ;
And raise the Goddess to the Sky ;
For Truth is hateful to her Ear,
A Rudeness, which she cannot bear---
A Rudeness ?---Yes.---I speak my Thoughts :
For Truth upbraids her with her Faults.

How wretched, *Cloe*, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lye ;
And still to make you less my Friend,
I strive your Errors to amend.
But shall the senseless Fop impart
The softest Passion to your Heart,
While he, who tells you honest Truth,
And points to Happiness your Youth,
Determines, by his Care, his Lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot ?

Trust me, my Girl, with greater Ease,
Your Taste for Flatt'ry I could please,

And

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And Similes in each dull Line,
Like Glow-worms in the Dark, should shine:
What if I say your Lips disclose
The Freshness of the op'ning Rose?
Or that your Cheeks are Beds of Flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing Show'rs?
Yet certain as these Flow'rs shall fade,
Time ev'ry Beauty will invade.
The Butterfly, of various Hue,
More than the Flow'r resembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy Thing,
To Pleasure ever on the Wing,
Gayly coquetting for an Hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the Bloom of Youth should last?
'Tis Virtue that must bind it fast;
And easy Carriage, wholly free
From sour Reserve, or Levity;
Good-natur'd Mirth, an open Heart,
And Looks unskill'd in any Art;
Humility, enough to own
The Frailties, which a Friend makes known,
And decent Pride, enough to know
The Worth, that Virtue can bestow.

These are the Charms, which ne'er decay,
Tho' Youth and Beauty fade away,
And Time, which all Things else removes,
Still heightens Virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what Intent
This blunt Address to you is sent?
I'll spare the Question, and confess
I'd praise you if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude when you are vain.

Be-

Beneath a Lion's peaceful Reign,
When Beasts met friendly on the Plain,
A Panther, of majestic Port,
(The vainest Female of the Court)
With spotted Skin, and Eyes of Fire,
Fill'd ev'ry Bosom with Desire;
Where e'er she mov'd, a servile Croud
Of fawning Creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Assemblies ev'ry Week she held,
(Like modern Belles) with Coxcombs fill'd,
Where Noise, and Nonfense, and Grimace,
And Scandal echo'd round the Place.

Behold the gay, fantastical Thing,
Encircled by the spacious Ring;
Low-bowing, with important Look,
As first in Rank, the Monkey spoke.
"Gad take me, Madam, but I swear,
"No Angel ever look'd so fair—
"Forgive my Rudeness, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Those Limbs! that Shape! and then those Eyes!
"O, close them, or the Gazer dies!"

Nay, gentle Pug, for Goodness hush,
I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this Rate—
'Tis so like Flatt'ry—which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper Cunning vers'd,
The Beauties of her Mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of Knowledge, Taste, and Sense,
To which the Fair have vast Pretence;
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his Part,
That Pug was rival'd in his Art.

The

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The Goat avow'd his am'rous Flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a Meeting in the Wood
Might make his Meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold Address,
She frown'd ; but yet she must confess,
Such Beauties might inflame his Blood,
But still his Phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her Neatness much admir'd ;
The formal Ass her Swiftness sur'd ;
Thus all to feed her Folly strove :
And by their Praises shar'd her Love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous Heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile Flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful Courage, Silence broke,
And thus with Indignation spoke.
When flatt'ring Monkeys fawn, and prate,
They justly raise Contempt, or Hate ;
For Merit's turn'd to Ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning Fool.
The artful Fox your Wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish Ends ;
From the vile Flatt'rer turn away,
For Knaves make Friendships, to betray.
Dismiss the Train of Fops and Fools,
And learn to follow Wisdom's Rules ;
Such Beauties might the Lion warm,
Did not your Folly break the Charm ;
For who would court that lovely Shape,
To be the Rival of an Ape ?

He said ; and snorting in Disdain,
Spurn'd at the Croud, and sought the Plain.

The

The GOOSE and the SWANS. A FABLE.

I Hate the Face, however fair,
That carries an affected Air;
The lisping Tone, the Shape constrain'd,
The studied Look, the Passion feign'd,
Are Fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior Grace enchants
The Face, which Nature's Pencil paints!
Where Eyes, unexercis'd in Art,
Glow with the Meaning of the Heart!
Where Freedom, and Good-humour sit,
And easy Gaiety, and Wit!
Tho' perfect Beauty be not there,
The Master-lines, the finish'd Air,
We catch from ev'ry Look Delight,
And grow enamour'd at the Sight;
For Beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our Wonder, more than Love,
While the Agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the Wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my *Amorist* this Care,
That forms you in Effect, less fair?
If Nature on your Cheek bestows
A Bloom, that emulates the Rose,
Or from some heav'nly Image drew,
A Form, *Apelles* never knew,
Your ill-judg'd Aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious Art?
Or had you, Nature's Error, come
Abortive from the Mother's Womb,
Your forming Care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her Defects.

When

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When such, of glitt'ring Jewels proud,
Still prefs the foremost in the Croud,
At ev'ry public Shew are seen,
With Look awry, and aukward Mein,
The gaudy Dress attracts the Eye,
And magnifies Deformity.

Nature may underdo her Part,
But seldom wants the Help of Art ;
Trust her, she is your surest Friend,
Nor made your Form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling Train,
With proud, and elevated Crest,
Precedence claim'd above the Rest.

Says she, I laugh at human Race,
Who say, Geese hobble in their Pace ;
Look here ! —the stand'rous Lie detect ;
Not haughty Man is so erect.
That Peacock yonder ! Lord how vain
The Creature's of his gaudy Train !
If both were stript, I'd pawn my Word,
A Goose would be the finer Bird.
Nature to hide her own Defects,
Her bungled Work with Fin'ry decks ;
Were Geese set off with half that Show,
Would Men admire the Peacock ? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the Mead she stalks,
The cackling Breed attend her Walks ;
The Sun shot down his Noon-tide Beams,
The Swans were sporting in the Streams ;
Their snowy Plumes, and stately Pride
Provok'd her Spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what Arrogance we see !
Those Creatures ! how they mimic me !

Shall

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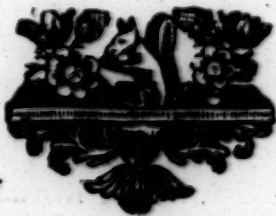
Shall ev'ry Fowl the Waters skim,
Because we Geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own Emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended Wings,
Lightly upon the Wave she springs;
Her Bosom swells, she spreads her Plumes,
And the Swan's stately Crest assumes.
Contempt and Mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of Laughter shook the Flood.

A Swan, superior to the Rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the Fool address'd.

Conceited Thing, elate with Pride!
Thy Affectation all deride;
These Airs thy Awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy Equals of the Flock,
Thou had'st escap'd the public Mock,
And as thy Parts to Good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest, hobbling Goose.

Learn hence to study Wisdom's Rules;
Know, Foppery's the Pride of Fools;
And striving Nature to conceal,
You only her Defects reveal.



The SPIDER and the BEE. A FABLE.

THE Nymph, who walks the public Streets,
And sets her Cap at all she meets,
May catch the Fool who turns to stare,
But Men of Sense avoid the Snare.

As on the Margin of the Flood,
With silken Line, my *Lydia* stood,
I smil'd to see the Pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent Hook.
Along the Forest as we stray'd,
You saw the Boy his Lime-twig spread;
Guess'd you the Reason of his Fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the Bush we lay,
The Lianet flutter'd on the Spray.

Needs there such Caution to delude
The scaly Fry, and feather'd Brood?
And think you with inferior Art,
To captivate the human Heart?

The Maid, who modestly conceals
Her Beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a Glimpse, and Fancy draws
Whate'er the *Grecian Venus* was.
From *Eve's* first Fig-leaf to Brocade,
All Dress was meant for Fancy's Aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful Nymph conceals.

When *Celia* struts in Man's Attire;
She shews too much to raise D sire;
But from the Hoop's bewitching Round,
Her very Shoe has Pow'r to wound.

The

The roving Eye, the Bosom bare,
The forward Laugh, the wanton Air
May catch the Fop ; for Gudgeons strike
At the bare Hook, and Bait, alike ;
While Salmon play regardless by,
Till Art, like Nature, forms the Fly.

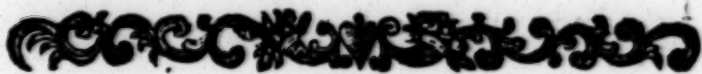
Beneath a Peasant's homely Thatch,
A Spider long had held her Watch ;
From Morn to Night, with restless Care,
She spun her Web, and wove her Snare.
Within the Limits of her Reign,
Lay many a heedless Captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the Toils,
To burst the Chains, and shun her Wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful Eye,
And thus began. Mean Thing give o'er,
And lay thy slender Threads no more ;
Athoughtless Fly, or two, at most,
Is all the Conquest thou can'st boast ;
For Bees of Sense thy Arts evade,
We see so plain the Nets are laid.

The gaudy Tulip, that displays
Her spreading Foliage to the Gaze ;
That points her Charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton Breeze,
Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with Thorns, the modest Rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant Bosom lie ;
Reluctant, she my Ardour meets,
And bathful, renders up her Sweets.

To wiser Heads Attention lend,
And learn this Lesson from a Friend.

She, who with Modesty retires,
 Adds Fewel to her Lover's Fires ;
 While such incautious Jilts as you,
 By Folly your own Schemes undo.



A D V I C E *to* B E L I N D A .

THE Counsels of a Friend, *Belinda*, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a Lady's Ear,
 Unlike the Flatt'ries of a Lover's Pen,
 Such Truths as Women seldom learn from Men.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
 What female Vanity might fear to know :
 Some Merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater your's Sincerity, to bear.

Hard is the Fortune that your Sex attends ;
 Women, like Princes, find no real Friends.
 All who approach them, their own Ends pursue,
 Lovers and Ministers are never true.
 Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted Guide the most betrays :
 Hence by fond Dreams of fancy'd Pow'r amus'd,
 When most you're tyranniz'd you're most abus'd.

What is your Sex's earliest, latest Care,
 Your Heart's supreme Ambition ? To be fair.
 For this the Toilet ev'ry Thought employs,
 Hence all the Toils of Dress, and all the Joys :
 For this Hands, Lips, and Eyes, are put to School,
 And each instructed Feature has its Rule ;
 And yet how few have learn'd, when this is giv'n,
 Not to disgrace the partial Boon of Heav'n.

How

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How few with all their Pride of Form, can move ?
How few are lovely, Nature fram'd for Love ?
Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
An Elegance of Mind, as well as Dress ;
Be that your Ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease.

Nor make to dang'rous Wit a vain Pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest Sense ;
For Wit, like Wine, intoxicates the Brain,
Too strong for feeble Woman to sustain ;
Of those who claim it, more than Half have none,
And Half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your Sex's Arts,
Nor think Dishonesty a Proof of Parts ;
For you the plainest is the wisest Rule,
A cunning Woman is a knavish Fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's Shame
Can raise your Merit, or adorn your Fame ;
Prudes rail at Whores, as Statesmen in Disgrace
At Ministers, because they wish their Place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without all Beauty, and all Peace within :
The Honour of a Prude is Rage and Storm,
'Tis Ugliness in its most frightful Form.
Fiercely it stands defying Gods and Men,
As fiery Monsters guard a Giant's Den.

Seek to be Good, but aim not to be Great,
A Woman's noblest Station is Retreat ;
Her fairest Virtues fly from public Sight,
Domestic Worth, that shuns too strong a Light.

To rougher Man Ambition's Task resign :
'Tis our's in Senates or in Courts to shine.
To labour for a sunk corrupted State,
Or dare the Rage of Envy and be Great :

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One only Care your gentle Breasts should move,
Th' important Business of your Life is Love ;
To this great Point direct your constant Aim,
This makes your Happiness and this your Fame.

Be never cool Reserve with Passion join'd ;
Love not at all, or else be fondly kind ;
In this, Extremes alone can truly bless,
The Virtue of a Lover is Excess.

Contemn the little Pride of giving Pain,
Nor think that Conquest justifies Disdain ;
Short is the Period of insulting Pow'r ;
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful Hour,
Soon will resume the Empire which he gave,
And soon the Tyrant shall become the Slave.

Blest is the Maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose Soul entire by him she loves' possess,
Feels ev'ry Vanity, in Fondness lost,
And asks no Pow'r, but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the Bliss in sweet Return to prove,
The honest Warmth of undissembled Love ;
For her inconstant Man might cease to range,
And Gratitude forbid Desire to change.

Thus I, *Belinda*, would your Charms improve,
And form your Heart to all the Arts of Love.
The Task were harder to secure my own,
Against the Pow'r of those already known ;
For well you twist the secret Chains that bind,
With gentle Force the captivated the Mind ;
Skill'd ev'ry soft Attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring Hope, and each alluring Joy :
I own your Genius, and from you receive
The Rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

Story of PALEMON and LAVINIA.

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had Friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth;
For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
Of every Stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
Among the Windings of a woody Vale;
By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare.
Her Form was fresher than the Morning-rose, -
When the Dew wets its Leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the Lilly, or the Mountain Snow.
The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers:
Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,
Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods.
As in the hollow Breast of *Appenine*,
Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,

A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye,
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia*; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon's* Fields. The Pride of Swains
Palemon was, the Generous, and the Rich,
 Who led the rural Life in all its Joy,
 And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted Times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
 He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-train
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his Eye;
 Unconscious of her Pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not Half
 The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd.
 That very Moment Love and chaste Desire
 Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field:
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd.

"What Pity! that so delicate a Form,
 "By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 "And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,
 "Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
 "Of some indecent Clown? She looks, methinks,
 "Of old *Acasto's* Line; and to my Mind
 "Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
 "From whom my liberal Fortune took its Rise;
 "Now to the Dust gone down; his Houses, Lands,
 "And once fair spreading Family dissolv'd.

"Tis

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- " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
" Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
" Far from those Scenes which knew their better
Days,
" His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find.
" Romantic Wish, would this the Daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart,
And thro' his Nerves in shivering Transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd Flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden Tears,
Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

- " And art thou then *Acasto's* dear Remains?
" She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought
" So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
" The soften'd Image of my noble Friend;
" Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root,
" That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
" In what sequester'd Desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest Aspect of delighted Heaven;
" Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair;
" Tho' Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender Years?
" O let me now, into a richer Soil,
" Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns, and
Showers,

" Dif-

" Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence ;
 " And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy !
 " It ill befits thee oh it ill befits
 " *Acasto's* Daughter, his, whose open Stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler Heart,
 " The Father of a Country, thus to pick
 " The very Refuse of those Harvest-Fields,
 " Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task ;
 " The Fields, the Master, all, ~~my~~ Fair, are thine ;
 " If to the various Blessings which thy House
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt ~~add~~ ~~the~~ Blis,
 " That dearest Blis, the Power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the Youth ; yet still his speaking Eye
 Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude and Love,
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
 Of Goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent.
 The News immediate to her Mother brought.
 While, pierc'd with anxious Thought, she pin'd
 away
 The lonely Moments for *Lavinia's* Fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening-Hours :
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender Blis, and rear'd
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

The

The EXPERIMENT; & TALE.

VIRTUE and *Vice*, two mighty Powers
Who rule this motley World of ours,
Disputed once which govern'd best,
And whose Dependents most were blest.
They reason'd; rally'd, crack'd their Jokes,
Succeeding much like other Folks:
Their Logic wasted, and their Wit,
Nor one nor to'ther wou'd submit;
But both the doubtful Point consent
To clear by fair *Experiment*:
For this some Mortal, they declare,
By Turns shall both their Bounty share,
And, either's Pow'r to bless him try'd,
Shall then the long Dispute decide.

On *Hodge* they fix, a country Boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careless, poor:
Vice first exerts her Pow'r to bless,
And gives him *Riches* to Excess;
With Gold she taught him to supply
Each rising Wish of *Luxury*;
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
And liv'd like Minister of State;
He swore with Grace, got nobly drunk
And kept in Pomp his twentieth Punk.

One Morning as in easy Chair
Hodge sat with ruminating Air,
Vice, like a Lady fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to say,
(Behind her *Virtue* all the while
Stood slyly list'ning with a Smile)
" Know, favour'd Mortal, know that I
" The Pleasures of thy Life supply;

" I

" I rais'd thee from the clay-built Cell,
 " Where *Want*, *Contempt*, and *Slav'ry* dwell;
 " And (as each Joy on Earth is fold)
 " To purchase *all*, I gave thee Gold;
 " This made the Charms of *Beauty* thine,
 " This bless'd thee with the Joys of *Wine*;
 " This gave thee, in the rich Repast
 " Whate'er can please the tutor'd Taste.
 " Confess the Blessings I bestow,
 " And pay the grateful Thanks you owe;
 " My Name is *Vice*."—"cry'd *Hodge*, and leer'd,
 " Long be your mighty Name rever'd!
 " Forbid it, Heav'n! thus bless'd by you,
 " That I should rob you of your Due;
 " To *Wealth* 'twas you that made me Heir,
 " And gave, for which I thank you, *Care*;
 " *Wealth* brought me *Wine*, 'tis past a Doubt;
 " And *Wine*—see here's a Leg!—the *Gout*:
 " To *Wealth* I owe my *French Ragout*,
 " Whence *Asthmas*, *Aches*, and *Scurvy's* due.
 " And now to shew how much I prize
 " The Joys which from your Bounties rise,
 " Each coupled with so dear a Brother,
 " I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.
 " Avaunt, depart from whence you came,
 " And thank your Stars that I am lame."
 Enrag'd and griev'd away she flew,
 And all her Gifts from *Hodge* withdrew.

Now in his sad repentant Hour,
 Celestial *Virtue* try'd her Pow'r;
 For *Wealth*, *CONTENT* the Goddess gave,
 Th' unenvy'd Treasure of the Slave!
 From wild *Desires* she set him free,
 And fill'd his Breast with *CHARITY*;
 No more loud Tumults *Riot* breeds,
 And *TEMP'RANCE* *Gluttony* succeeds.

Hodge

Hodge in his native Cot at Rest
Now *Virtue* found, and thus address'd :
“ Say, for 'tis yours by Proof to know,
“ Can *Virtue* give the Bliss below ?
“ Content my Gift, and *Temp'rance* mine,
“ And *Charity*, tho' meek, divine !

With blushing Cheeks and kindling Eyes,
The Man transported thus replies.

“ My Goddess! on this favour'd Head,
“ The Life of Life, thy Blessings shed !
“ My annual Thousands when I told,
“ Insatiate still I sigh'd for Gold ;
“ You gave *Content*, a boundless Store,
“ And, rich indeed ! I sigh'd no more. —
“ With *Temp'rance* came, delightful Guest !
“ *Health*, *tasteful Food*, and *balmy Rest* ;
“ With *Charity*'s seraphic Flame,
“ Each gen'rous *social Pleasure* came,
“ Pleasures which in Possession rise,
“ And retrospective Thought supplies !
“ Long to attest it may I live,
“ That, all *Vice promises*, you give.

Vice heard, and swore that *Hodge* for hire
Had giv'n his Verdict like a Liar ;
And *Virtue* turning with Disdain,
Vow'd ne'er to speak to *Vice* again.



ON RURAL HAPPINESS.

HAPPY the Man to whom kind Heav'n
 A few paternal Fields has giv'n ;
 Thereon a useful Stock to graze,
 To guard from Want, and live at Ease :
 A Cottage neatly kept and clean,
 And by it close a running Stream ;
 A Garden join'd, that does afford
 Sufficient for its Master's Board ;
 Therein a Bow'r where Jessamine,
 And fragrant Honey-suckles join,
 With artful Wreaths, at scorching Noon,
 T' expel the Fury of the Sun.

If such my Lot, what shou'd I more ?
 I'd covet not the Miser's Store ;
 I wou'd not wish for shining State ;
 Or view, with envious Eyes, the Great ;
 Or sigh for Splendors of a Court,
 Where Kings themselves are Fortune's Sport.

Unmov'd and calm, I'd hear from far
 The Noise and Thunder of the War ;
 Where, 'midst Alarms, and Cannons' Roar ;
 'Midst dying Groans, and Seas of Gore,
 The guilty Soldier hunts for Fame ;
 And, stain'd with Blood, acquires a Name.
 I'd unconcern'd the Merchant view
 Thro' stormy Seas his Way pursue,
 In search of Gain, still wanting more
 (Tho' rich enough) t' encrease his Store.
 Exempt from Suits serenely hear
 The Brawls of the litigious Bar ;
 Where perjur'd Gownmen wrest the Laws,
 And, brib'd, give up the justest Cause.

From giddy Crouds, and Faction freed,
 When earn'd, I'd eat my peaceful Bread :

Nor

Nor shou'd my Hand refuse the Plough,
Or gather what I did not sow :
Nor wou'd I, undeserving, wear
What from my Sheep I did not shear ;
All Labour needful to bestow,
With chearful Heart I'd undergo.

Reliev'd from that, and Time to spare
I now and then would course a Hare :
Another Time the Angler's Skill,
A vacant Hour or two should fill.
Diversions each, with moderate Use,
That to a reverend Age conduce.

Sometimes, to know what happ'd of yore,
I'd o'er a sage Historian pore ;
Or else an Hour or two I'd spend
With *Pope*, or some poetic Friend ;
Each in Degree my Shelf shou'd grace,
From *Homer* down to *Hudibras*.

On Sundays always—once a Day—
I'd go to hear the Parson pray ;
Or from his Pulpit make Oration,
With now and then a—good Quotation ;
And if his Text he handled nice,
Perhaps I'd go to hear him twice.

Another Time, in chearful Mood,
If near my homely Dwelling stood
(And that I'd wish) a Cot or two,
With a good honest Friend, or so,
I wou'd a pleasant Evening pass ;
Where, free from Scandal, o'er a Glas,
Or spacious Jug of sparkling Beer
(To *Burgundy* superior far)
We wou'd of various Things debate ;
Or pun, or joke, or Tale relate :

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And then anon the Subject turn,
 And talk about our own Concern ;
 As how our Fields we shou'd bestow ;
 Which best for Pasture, which for Plough ;
 What Fruit wou'd such an Orchard yield ;
 What Loads of Corn wou'd such a Field.
 That o'er, we'd chat of other Things,
 And boldly weigh the Fate of Kings ;
 And free from Passion, gravely utter
 Our Sentiments upon the Matter ;
 How far their Quarrels bad or good,
 And which the Right or Wrong pursu'd :
 Or else compare our happy Station,
 With those call'd Rulers of the Nation ;
 Who, ign'rant of the happy Fate,
 That does attend a private State ;
 And placing all their Happiness
 In Grandeur, poorly sell their Peace.
 Thus chat, till each with Sleep oppress'd,
 And moderate Charge, retir'd to Rest.

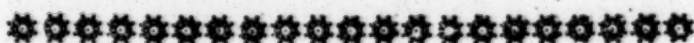
One Thing remains to sweeten Life,
 An honest and a careful Wife ;
 Who lov'd and loving, soft and kind,
 When gloomy Cares wou'd fill my Mind,
 With sweet Endearments wou'd repel
 The Fiend, and crush the growing Ill :
 And, more to bless the nuptial Tye,
 A blooming Girl and lusty Boy ;
 T' enjoy when we are dead and gone,
 The little Spot we bred 'em on ;
 To close our Eyes, when stealing Death
 Should rob us of our parting Breath ;
 For I this other Boon wou'd crave,
 One Dart to send us to the Grave.

Nor shou'd our Lives be only such
 As serve to guard us from Reproach ;

But

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But gracious Heav'n this too bestow,
That those may mourn our Bier who view;
Our passing Knell with Grief might hear;
Nor freeze, on Pity's Cheek, the Tear;
And let them, when they've read our Stone,
Say, for the little Good we'd done—
"Ye happy Pair from Trouble freed;
"When living, lov'd; and mourn'd, when dead."



The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art Good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more that Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

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Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolt to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am Right, Oh teach my Heart
Still in the Right to stay ;
If I am Wrong, thy Grace impart
To find the better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others show ;
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath :
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot ;
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus, let all Being raise !
All Nature's Incense rise !



The JUDGMENT of COMMON SENSE.
A VISION.

I Was the other Day buried in the deepest Contemplation, on reading that Paper of the *Guardian* in which we are presented with a View of that impartial Court of Justice in the infernal Regions, where Mankind (according to the ancient Mythology) are suppos'd to be dealt with, in Proportion to their good or evil Actions, while on Earth: In the Midst of this *Reverie* I was seized with a profound Sleep, when methought I was in that Part of the lower Regions I had been reading of. The great Hurry, and Fatigue of Business, made *Minos* (who then sat as Judge) to be desirous of some Respite; for which Reason he left *Common Sense*, lately arrived from the upper World, to officiate in his Room.

The first that appeared before this new Substitute of *Minos*' was a Figure that approached with an easy Assurance in his Countenance; he smiled on the Court with a seeming Complacency, and laid Claim to *Elysium*, from the many generous and friendly Actions of his Life. No public Subscription was attempted, but he was amongst the first to encourage it; no Acquaintance in Distress but he contributed to their Relief: In short, he was looked upon, while on Earth, as a humane, generous Man, beloved by his Neighbours, and esteemed by his Acquaintance;—but on a further Examination it was proved, that this very Person was mean enough to become Slave to a Party for a Pension; that though seemingly humane to Individuals, he was a Betrayer and

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and Ruiner of his Country's Interest, and that his seeming Virtues proceeded not from any Goodness of Heart, but an Ostentation to keep up the empty Shew of consequential Grandeur; on which *Common Sense*, with a Look of Severity, telling him that of all Cruelty, that towards the Public was the most unpardonable, nodded towards a black Officer on the Left to take him into Custody; which was no sooner done, than another Ghost was brought forward who amazed the whole Court with his unaccountable indolent Behaviour. When asked to what Purpose he had lived fifty-three Years and some odd Months; in the most careless pick-tooth Manner, with his Eyes half shut, he replied, None: And being told that was not a satisfactory Answer, retorted with a Gape,—Perhaps so. In a Word, he was found to be such a one as *Prior* describes,

*He soundly slept the Night away :
And just did — Nothing all the Day.*

This pretty Gentleman being informed that Indolence was not the Road to *Elysium*, was ordered to cast off to the Left. To him succeeded a first Minister of State: But it being proved on his Trial that Nature had designed him for a Juggler, and that he had by Mistake been forced to animate the wrong Body, he was remanded back again to Earth, to shine in his proper Sphere. I was buried in Thought for some Time at what I saw, when I waked out of my *Reverie* at the Appearance of a Ghost, with a bloated Countenance, who, on being asked what Sort of a Life he had led, answered, a very harmless one; that from the Moment he had come to his Estate, he had never known what it was to be thoroughly sober; that he had consequently been a great Friend to his Country by pro-

moting

moting the Excise ; and as it was his Fortune to be taken off in a drunken Fit, he humbly hoped he might be ranked with those who had died in the Service of their Country. The Court was for some Time puzzled to find out a proper Punishment for a Life so scandalously mispent : They knew Flames would be thrown away upon him ; But at length, his Station was fixed among the Suicides, the most dismal melancholy Spot in Hell.

Quite different from the former was the next that was called upon : It was a young Creature with an unspeakable Sweetness and Innocence in her Countenance, attended with a Melancholy and Wanness, which seemed deeply rooted in her. When the usual Question was put, instead of answering, she burst into a Flood of Tears, nor was she able to utter one Word ; but a neighbouring Ghost who happened to arrive about the same Time, informed *Common Sense* that she had an unblemished Character, and was universally esteemed for her Good-nature and Sense, till unfortunately she had given Credit to the Protections of a young Gentleman, who had vowed in the most sacred Manner to make her his Bride, but after gaining his Ends had basely deserted her, which flung her into a Melancholy that soon put an End to her Life. The whole Court was moved at the Relation, but *Common Sense* telling her she had already sufficiently expiated for her Credulity, and that the Villain who betrayed her was principally to answer for the Crime, ordered the Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Protection, which he had no sooner done than Sorrow fled away, her Bloom returned, and Modesty and Loveliness shone with the most becoming Sweetness. Upon seeing this, a whole Shoal of Coquets flocked to their Trials, not doubting to meet with the same good Fortune, but their Gambols had no other Effect on

Com-

Common Sense, than to hasten their filing off to the Left. As for Fops, Methodists, Jansenists, Humbuggers, and others of the same Species, as they were known Enemies to *Common Sense*, their Trials were deferred till the Return of *Adinas*, lest Justice from him might seem partial. What seemed to me remarkable was, that *Common Sense* often mistook Methodists for Jansenists, and Jansenists for Methodists; so greatly seemed to him the Resemblance between those two Sectaries.

Room now was made for a Lady of Figure, who press'd forward with an easy Freedom in her Air that bespoke her used to the best Company. The Question being put, she declared she had led a Life quite gay and polite: That Drums, Routs, Balls, Intrigues, Dress, &c. had taken up her whole Time, and that she had in the End died a Martyr to her Politeness, by a violent Cold she had got at a Masquerade. On being demanded what Good she had done? What Charities bestowed, &c. &c.? What Good, what Charities, replied she; these are very odd Sort of Questions; why, my dear, dear Sir, do you think we fine Ladies can have Time to think of such Things? No, no, our whole Life is taken up with the more important Articles of Cards, Scandal, Dress, &c. Away with her, cries *Common Sense*; to the Left with her; make Room for her Ladyship. Hey-day, who have we got here, continues he to a *Harlequin*, who entered playing his antic Tricks to the great Emolument, as he expected, of the Spectators: But no sooner did the Keeper of *Tartarus* spy him, than (without waiting for Orders) he laid his Clutches on him, and poor *Lunn* was immediately dragged from the Bar, amidst the repeated Hisses of the whole Court. Pray, Friend, says *Common Sense* to the next, why that dejected Countenance? I lived 37 Years a Farmer, (answered

ed the Ghost) had three Sons and one Daughter, by a Wife whom I tenderly loved, as I did my poor Children, whose Education I was particularly careful of, and should have been the happiest of Mankind; had not the Distemper among the Cattle, in a few Weeks, deprived me of my whole Stock: My Landlord threw me into Prison for a Debt he knew it was impossible for me at that Time to pay. In this Situation I did what I could to contribute to the Maintenance of my Family, by making Nets, Purfes, &c. but it was insufficient, and I died for Want of common Necessaries*. Pray take Care of him, cries *Common Sense* to the *Elysian* Keeper, and convince him, that the more unfortunate Virtue is in the other World, the greater the Reward here; and though your Children are deprived of you, they are more particularly the Care of a superior Power, and a better Parent, who never fails sooner or later to reward Goodness. The Keeper of *Elysium*, smiling, bid him enter the happy Portal, telling him he would meet with his Wife there, whom, it seems, a broken Heart had kindly delivered from a troublesome World about a Month before.

The next who mounted was a grave-looking Gentleman, who no sooner mentioned his being of the sacerdotal Order, than *Common Sense* cut him short, by telling him, it was a Rule of Court, when a Band and Cassock appeared, to have Enquiry made through *Elysium*, if any were in the least indebted to the Reverend Claimant for the Happiness then enjoyed, and if such Evidence appeared in his Behalf, he was to be admitted; if not, he was obliged to take the contrary Road. Upon his Dismission, appeared two Duellists, who had honourably

* This was exactly the Case of a poor Farmer, who died in a miserable Condition in York Castle.

ably expired in their Vocation; no sooner were they known, than *Common Sense*, acquainting the black Officer that Duellists were always his Property, desired he would lend them his Hand. On their disappearing, a gay young Fellow was introduced, hollowing and shouting with the most impudent Stare, and settled Assurance imaginable, in his Countenance: Hey-day, says *Common Sense*, who have we got here? Pray, good bashful Sir, what may you be? D——'e, old Gentleman, returns the Spark, do you know what a Buck, what a Wit is? But I cannot answer impertinent Questions now: I have kept a long Fast, d——'e. Can you help me to a fresh Bit of Game? Z——ns, I wish I had a few Brother Bucks here, we would soon shew them we could play Hell and the Devil, as well as the best of them below Stairs. Pray, good Mr Buck, cries *Common Sense*, move off to the Left; and you, Sir, (speaking to the black Officer) let his Buckship be well hunted when you get him into the dark Regions.

Well, Friend, says *Common Sense* to a Ghost who thrust forward, what may your Passport be to *Elysium*. I have been, replies the Ghost, all my Life-time a most zealous Churchman, a true Orthodox Believer, a staunch Advocate——Look ye, Friend, replies *Common Sense*, we never in this Court enquire into the Faith, but into the Actions of those who appear before us; how did you spend the 53 Years you were confined to the upper World? In shewing my Zeal, replies the Ghost, to the *True Religion*; by reviling, slandering, and persecuting all Unbelievers, and forcing into the Pale of the Church all who were in the wrong Road to——Hold, hold, cries *Common Sense*, you have been in the wrong Road yourself all your Life-time; Charity and Benevolence are the sure Guides to *Elysium*, as Persecution

cution and fiery Zeal, never fail leading their Followers to *Tartarus*; move off, pray,—away with him.

The next called up was a Ghost, who boasted much of his Ingenuity and superior Talents, and gloried in several Inventions which were of the utmost Consequence (as he said) to Mankind. I hope, cries *Common Sense*, the World is at present reaping the Benefit of your Ingenuity. It did, while I lived, answered the Ghost, but as I did not Care to publish those Secrets in my Life time, they died with me. Wretch, cries *Common Sense*, to imagine superior Qualifications were granted by Heaven, but for the Good of Society in which you were placed. Wise Men are designed to be Vehicles of Blessings from above: Nor are Misers of any Sort so detestable as those, who through mean selfish Views bury in Oblivion what might prove a public and a lasting Benefit to their Fellow-creatures: Take him away.

On this Gentleman's Disappearance, a Ghost advanced, who brought a Copy of his Epitaph (by Way of Credentials) with him from the other World, in which he was extolled beyond the Skies for a loving Husband, a tender Father, a sincere Friend, &c. &c. Which is as much as to say, cries *Common Sense*, that you died rich, and your Heirs were glad to dismiss you with a fulsome Compliment: What say your Actions for you? On Examination, this loving Husband was found to have kept a Brace of Mistresses, for whose Support he had abridged his Wife of the common Necessaries of Life. This tender Father took such Care of his Children, that they were unacquainted with every Kind of Knowledge but a few of the fashionable Vices: And as for Friendship, though it was a Word often in his Mouth, he never knew any strong enough to withstand the least Impulse of Interest. He was profuse to Extravagance, and yet the greatest of Mi-

fers where Merit in Indigence or Distress called for his Assistance. *Common Sense*, on this, beckoned to the Keeper of *Tarturus*, who without Ceremony, enlisted him among his sinister Acquaintance.

The Court, about this Time, were interrupted by a Noise at a Distance, which was occasioned by a Dispute between *Charon* and a Sailor, who had, unperceived by him, slipt into his Boat, and when he landed, refused to pay the usual Fare. The blunt Tar, without paying much Regard to those he was before, called *Charon* an old Fool, and swore he had not a Drop of Sailor's Blood in his Carcass, or he would have known better than to have asked a Brother for Passage Money: That for his Part, it had been his Fortune to be killed in a Naval Engagement, fighting against the Enemies of his Country, and had left all above Stairs at Sixes and Sevens; yet that nothing vexed him so much, as that a Fellow who wore Trousers, should have a mercenary Temper. *Common Sense*, who knew the Value of his blunt Honesty, ordered him, with a Smile, to veer off to the *Elysian* Side, and make Way for a Ghost, who had been born to a good Estate, but had foolishly squandered it away among Parasites and sharpening Gamesters, and left behind him a numerous Progeny of Beggars. This wretch was condemned to wear long Asses' Ears, a Fool's Coat, and a Rattle with Dice; to be the Scoff and Jest of all Hell, and in short, to be the most despicable among the Damned: Nor was this all, for the Sins of his Posterity, whom he by his Folly had reduced to the Necessity of committing many Crimes, were to be doubly punished in him. No sooner was he taken into Custody than I was called for to the Bar; but my Conscience accusing me of a Multitude of unrepented Crimes, threw me into such a Fright, that luckily for me it put an End to my Dream.

On

On the VANITY of some MEN'S WISHES
and PRAYERS.

MENNIPUS the Philosopher was a second Time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-door that was placed by his Footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. *Mennipus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words, *Riches, Honour, and long Life*, repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one; it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the Wisdom and the Bread of his humble Suppliant. *Mennipus* knew it, by the Voice, to be the Prayer of his Friend *Lycander*, the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned it Home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: 'This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole Volley of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical

Prince by his Subjects, who prayed for him in his Presence. *Mennipus* was surprised, after having listened to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher, seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its Way directly to the Trap-door, enquired of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke of a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in Time of Danger; it is a Rogue that is shipwrecked in the *Ionian Sea*: I saved him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners; the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking. — But yonder, says he, is a special Youth, for you, he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ach, I can tell him that for his Pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind through the Trap-door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephyrs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze

Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair, and Death. *Mennipus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him, that they came up to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every Day received Complaints of the same Nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at Random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man, of near a hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow, says *Jupiter*; he has made this Prayer to me for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old, he desired only that he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a Petition that he might live to finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which he flung down the Trap-door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that Day.

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being,

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are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this Means the Folly and Extravagance of Men's Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion.

ON AERIAL CASTLE-BUILDING.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the Value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian Money*. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket and having made Choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture, with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was over heard by one of their Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following Manner: "This Basket, says he, cost me
 " at the Wholesale-merchant's an hundred Drach-
 " mas, which is all I have in the World. I shall
 " quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in
 " Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a
 " very little While rise to four hundred, which of
 " Course will amount in Time to four Thousand.
 " Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making
 " eight thousand. As soon as by this Means I am
 " Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my Trade
 " of Glass man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then
 " deal in Diamonds, Pearls and all Sorts of rich
 " Stones. When I have got together as much
 " Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Pur-
 " chase

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“chase of the finest House I can find, with Lands,
“Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin
“to enjoy myself, and make a Noise in the World.
“I will not, however, stop there but still continue
“my Traffic till I have got together an hundred
“thousand Drachmas, When I have thus made
“myself Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas,
“I shall naturally set myself on the Foot of a Prince,
“and will demand the Grand Visir’s Daughter in
“Marriage, after having represented to that Mini-
“ster the Information which I have received of the
“Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities
“which his Daughter possesses. I will let him
“know, at the same Time, that it is my Intention
“to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of
“Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I have
“married the Grand Visir’s Daughter, I will buy her
“ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and the best
“that can be got for Money. I must afterwards
“make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great
“Train and Equipage. And when I am placed at
“his Right-hand, which he will do of Course, if it
“be only to honour his Daughter, I will give him
“the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him,
“and afterwards, to his great Surprise, will pre-
“sent him with another Purse of the same Value,
“with some short Speech ; as, *Sir, you see I am a*
“*Man of my Word. I always give more than I*
“*promise.*

“When I have brought the Princess to my House,
“I shall take particular Care to breed in her a due
“Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love
“and Dalliance. To this End I shall confine her
“to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit,
“and talk but little to her. Her Woman will re-
“present to me, that she is inconsolable by Reason
“of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to ca-
“refe

“ refs her, and let her sit down by me; but I will
 “ still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back
 “ upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then
 “ come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am
 “ seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with
 “ Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet,
 “ and beg of me to receive her into my Favour.
 “ Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Vene-
 “ ration for my Person, draw up my Leg and
 “ spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a
 “ Manner, that she shall fall down several Paces
 “ from the Sofa.”

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chi-
 merical Vision, and could not forbear acting with
 his Foot what he had in his Thoughts: So that un-
 luckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which
 was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked
 his Glasses to a great Distance from him into the
 Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces.

This is a humorous Ridicule upon the foolish Va-
 nity of building Castles in the Air, and idly wasting
 that Time, in empty flattering Schemes, which
 might have been usefully employed in attending our
 proper Business.



To begin NOTHING of which you have not well considered the END.

A CERTAIN *Cham* of *Tartary* going a Progress with his Nobles, was met by a *Dervise*, who cried with a loud Voice,—*Whoever will give me a hundred Pieces of Gold, I will give him a Piece of Advice.* The *Cham* ordered him the Sum; upon which the *Dervise* said: *Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End.*

The Courtiers, upon hearing this plain Sentence, smiled, and said with a Sneer, *The Dervise is well paid for his Maxim.* But the King was so well satisfied with the Answer, that he ordered it to be writ in Golden Letters in several Places of his Palace, and engraved on all his Plate. Not long after, the King's Surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned Lancet at the Time he let him Blood. One Day when the King's Arm was bound, and the fatal Lancet in the Surgeon's Hand, he read on the Bason—*Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well considered the End.*—He immediately started, and let the Lancet fall out of his Hand. The King observed his Confusion, and enquired the Reason: The Surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole Affair, and was pardoned, and the Conspirators died. The *Cham* turning to his Courtiers, who heard the Advice with Contempt, told them, *That Counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved a King's Life.*

ON GENEROSITY and disinterested HONESTY.

A CERTAIN *Cardinal*, by the Multitude of his generous Actions, was stiled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant Custom once or twice a Week, to give public Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One Day a poor Widow, encouraged with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about fifteen Years of Age. When her Turn came to be heard, among the Croud of Petitioners, the *Cardinal* discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter, he encouraged her to tell her Wants freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My Lord, I owe for the Rent of
 " my House Five Crowns, and such is my Misfortune that I have no other Means to pay it, save
 " what would break my Heart, since my Landlord
 " threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that odious Crime. What I beg of
 " your Eminence is, That you would please to interpose your sacred Authority, and protect us
 " from the Violence of this cruel Man, till by our
 " honest Industry we can procure the Money for
 " him."

The *Cardinal* moved with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it to the Widow's Hands, *Go*,
 said

said he, *to my Steward with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Woman overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a Thousand Thanks, went directly to his Steward, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read, he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonished at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the *Steward's* Trick to try her Honesty, refused to take above Five, saying, *She asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was some Mistake.*

On the other Side, the *Steward* insisted on his *Master's* Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controvery, he offered to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that *munificent Prince* and he was fully informed of the Business; *it is true*, said he, *I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it.* Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman: *So much Candor and Virtue deserve a Recompence; here, I have ordered you Five Hundred Crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.*

If I mistake not, this *Cardinal* was called *Farnese*: But, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly heroic, and which has but few Parallels.



ON CHARITY.

Zacchor and *Esreff*, two Youths, begged the Der-
 vise *Morat* their Tutor, who was a Seer, and
 blessed by *Mahomet* with the Knowledge of future
 Events, to permit them visit the Curiosities of
Aleppo, to which Place they were but lately come
 for the Advantage of the wise and holy Man's In-
 structions, and who had undertaken their Educa-
 tion: He gave each of them a few *Aspers* on going
 forth, to expend on whatever their Inclinations
 prompted to; and on their Return, he enquired
 how they had disposed of their Money. I said
Zacchor, cast my Eyes on some of the finest Dates
Syria ever produced, I laid out my *Aspers*, and in-
 dulged in what perhaps I shall never meet the like
 of again. And I, said, *Esreff*, met a poor helpless
 Wretch with an Infant at her Breast, whose Cries
 pierced my Soul: She was reduced to the very ut-
 most Extremity; the *Angel of Death* seemed to
 glare forth at her Eyes, and she had scarce Strength
 left to beg that Assistance my Heart yearned to give
 her, and which our Prophet commands all *Mussel-*
mans to bestow on Misery like hers. — She had my
Aspers, and I grieved I had not more to bestow:
 The Money, said *Morat* to *Zacchor*, which you ex-
 changed for the Dates, will in a few Hours be con-
 verted into the most odious of Substances, meer *Ex-*
crement: But *Esreff*, said he, turning to the other,
 besides the Pleasure you must enjoy whenever you
 reflect on what you have done, know that your
 well-bestowed *Aspers* will produce a never-fading
 Fruit, and contribute to your Happiness, both in
 this World and the World to come; and moreover
 know, that the Infant whose Life you have saved,
 and who without your Assistance must with its Mo-
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ther have perished, will (so Heaven has decreed) live to repay your Goodness by saving your Life many Years hence, and rescuing you from the most imminent of Dangers.

The Cause, Nature, and happy Effects of PRESENCE OF MIND.

ANATOMISTS seem to agree, that the whole nervous System centers in the Brain; and therefore, when the most trivial Injury happens to any the minutest Branch of this System, the Brain becomes immediately affected, and the Mind in Proportion disordered. However this may be, it is very certain, that the Calmness and Serenity of the Mind depends very much upon a happy constituted Frame of Body, and such a Habit of Life as may not contribute to alter that Frame from its natural Institution. Thus, from a regular Construction of Parts, and Sobriety of Living, springs that great Blessing of Life, called *Presence of Mind*, calculated to give a distinguished Figure to the Prince, the Minister, the General, the Admiral, and the Master of a Family. His Grace the late Duke of *Marlborough*, by this happy Equality of Soul, became that great General, and made that illustrious Figure on the Theatre of *Europe*, which History records to the Honour of that Age, and Admiration of Posterity. From this Coolness of Temper sprang Judgment and Penetration, a Capacity to inspect into the Genius and Abilities of others, a Readiness, on the one Hand, of executing any great Design, and, on the other, of extricating himself from all Kinds of sudden Difficulties. While other Men of the same Rank, otherwise constituted, were subject to infinite Cares, Fears and Solitudes, this great Man

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passed serenely on, and saw to a moral Certainty the Event of every Enterprize before it was put in Execution. The same Quality of the Mind answers many useful and important Purposes in private Life ; and as an Illustration in this Particular, I shall beg leave to give the Public a real Instance.

Just as that unhappy Prince, *James II.* left this Kingdom in Consequence of the Arrival of the Prince of *Orange*, a Whim took Place, that as we had no King, we had no Parliament, and no Parliament, no Law ; upon the Credit of this, several People took it in their Heads to range about the Kingdom in Bands to plunder ; 17 of those, well armed, came to the House of the Receiver General for the County of *Norfolk*, who had at that Time a considerable Sum of public Money in his Hands ; a Party of these Robbers entered the House, and as they were crossing the Hall, met the Receiver's Lady, who, not being apprized of the Motives of their Coming, paid them the usual Compliments of Reception, and they, in return, very genteely told her, that they were well informed what Money was in the House, and peremptorily demanded it ; the Lady, without the least Hesitation, and with a Smile on her Countenance, told them, she was sorry for their Disappointment, but that her Husband was gone that Morning early to *London* to pay the Money into the Exchequer ; upon which they very civilly retired, not in the least dreaming of their being so dextrously outwitted : For, indeed, neither was the Money out of the House, nor the Husband gone to *London*, he being at the same Time counting it over in the Room next adjoining.

The same *Presence of Mind* in this Lady, which preserved the Money, might, in other Cases, have preserved an Army, a Navy, a State, or a private Life ; and by this little Instance we sufficiently see its Use and Importance.

SELECT

S E L E C T T H O U G H T S.

FEW take Care to live *well*, but many to live *long* ; though it is in every Body's Power to do the former, but in no Man's Power to do the latter.

The first Requisite in Conversation is Truth ; the second, Sense ; the third, Good-humour ; and the fourth, Wit.

Slanderers are like Flies ; they pass over the good Parts of a Man, and indulge on his Sores.

Keen Glances of Censure proceed generally from a dark involved Temper, like Flashes of Lightening from a gloomy Sky.

Those who blow the Coals of others Strife, may chance to have the Sparks fly in their own Face.

Words are like Arrows, and should not be shot at Random.

The Poor are seldomer sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.

Those who are of Opinion that Money will do every Thing, may be reasonably suspected to do every Thing for Money.

A good Conscience is to the Soul, what Health is to the Body.

Content is natural Wealth, and Luxury is artificial Poverty.

A Liar is a Coward to Men, and a Bravo to his God.

King *Henry* the Fourth of *France* (to recommend Affability and good Nature) used to say, that one Drop of Honey attracts more Flies than a Spoonful of Vinegar.

A sure Way to please in Company, is to seem pleased with your Company.

None are so *empty*, as those who are *full* of themselves.

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Despise not Advice even of the meanest: The Cackling of Geese preserved the *Roman* State.

Ill Habits are easier conquered To-day than To-morrow.

A Knave may gain more than an honest Man for a Day; but the honest Man will gain more than the Knave in the Year.

If the Coat be ever so fine that a Fool wears, it is still but a Fool's Coat.

Despise not an Enemy though ever so weak; but consider that the Lion may perish by the Puncture of an Asp.

In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of *Men*, in the Country with the Works of *God*: One is the Province of *Art*, the other of *Nature*.

They worship God *best*, who resemble him *most*.

Passions are the Gales of Life; and it is our Part to take Care they do not rise into a Tempest.

To be angry, is to revenge the Faults of others upon ourselves.

Point not at the Faults of others with a foul Finger.

If the Devil catches a Man idle, he generally sets him at Work.

Those who love Flattery, are like Pots which are carried by the Ears.

When Men grow virtuous in their old Age, they only make a Sacrifice to God of the Devil's Leavings.

The Caresses of bad Men resemble the Fawning of a Greyhound, which, while he shews his Love, fouls you with his Paws.

We should never despise People for Want of natural Parts, but for making a wrong Use of them; thus, if a Man *walks* lame he is pitied, if he *dances* lame he is laughed at.

Some

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Some Persons are so very *obliging*, that they never *oblige*.

A malignant Praise has been always the most successful Vehicle to insinuate Slander, as Poison is never more artfully conveyed than in Perfume.

[*Part of an Epitaph.*] What I possessed is left to others; what I gave to the Poor remains with me.

Wisdom's best School is *Adversity*: *Prosperity* was painted by the Antients like a Harlot, quite blind, on the Brink of a frightful Precipice.

The voluptuous Man stands in the Market to be bought and sold.

Procrastination is the Thief of Time.

Industry is the *True Philosopher's Stone*.

He that injures One, threatens an Hundred.

Tongues are like Race-horses, which run the faster, the less Weight they carry.

When *Socrates* was told that his Judges had sentenced him to Death: And hath not Nature (said he) passed the same Sentence upon them.

Every Person has just as much Pride as he wants Sense.

He who *swears*, tells us his bare Word is not to be credited.

True Modesty is ashamed of every Thing that is criminal; *false Modesty* of every Thing that is unfashionable.

When *Compliments* were less in Fashion, *Sincerity* was more esteemed.

Nature has wisely furnished us with *two* Ears and but *one* Tongue; a most useful Lesson if rightly attended to.

Those who fear God the *most*, fear Men the *least*.

A Desire of appearing witty is the most certain Method of preventing it.

A Head, like a House when crammed too full, and
no

no regular Order observed in the placing what is in it, is only littered, instead of being turnished.

The ancient *Grecians* used to punish with *double Severity* Crimes done in Drunkenness; first, for debasing themselves below the Brute Creation; and secondly, for the Crime committed.

Friendship is the *true Balm* of Life: It is the Product of Virtue, and can never be allyed to Vice: Nor is any Thing more talked of by the World, or less practised.

Bigots of all Kinds, whether Professors of the *Christian, Jewish, or Mahometan* Religion differ in nothing but the Name; for though at first setting out they seem to take quite different Ways, yet like Travellers in a Circle, notwithstanding they set forward Back to Back, they soon meet and join in the opposite Part of the Circle.

It is usual in *Turkey*, by Way of Reproach, to blacken the Front of those Persons' Houses who are notorious for *Tale-bearing*, or propagating *Fals-hood*: If that were the Case with us, what a *dif-mal* Figure would most of the Towns in *England* make.

Nothing can be *honourable* that is not *virtuous*: Among the *Romans* the Entrance to the Temple of *Honour* always lay through the Temple of *Virtue*.



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